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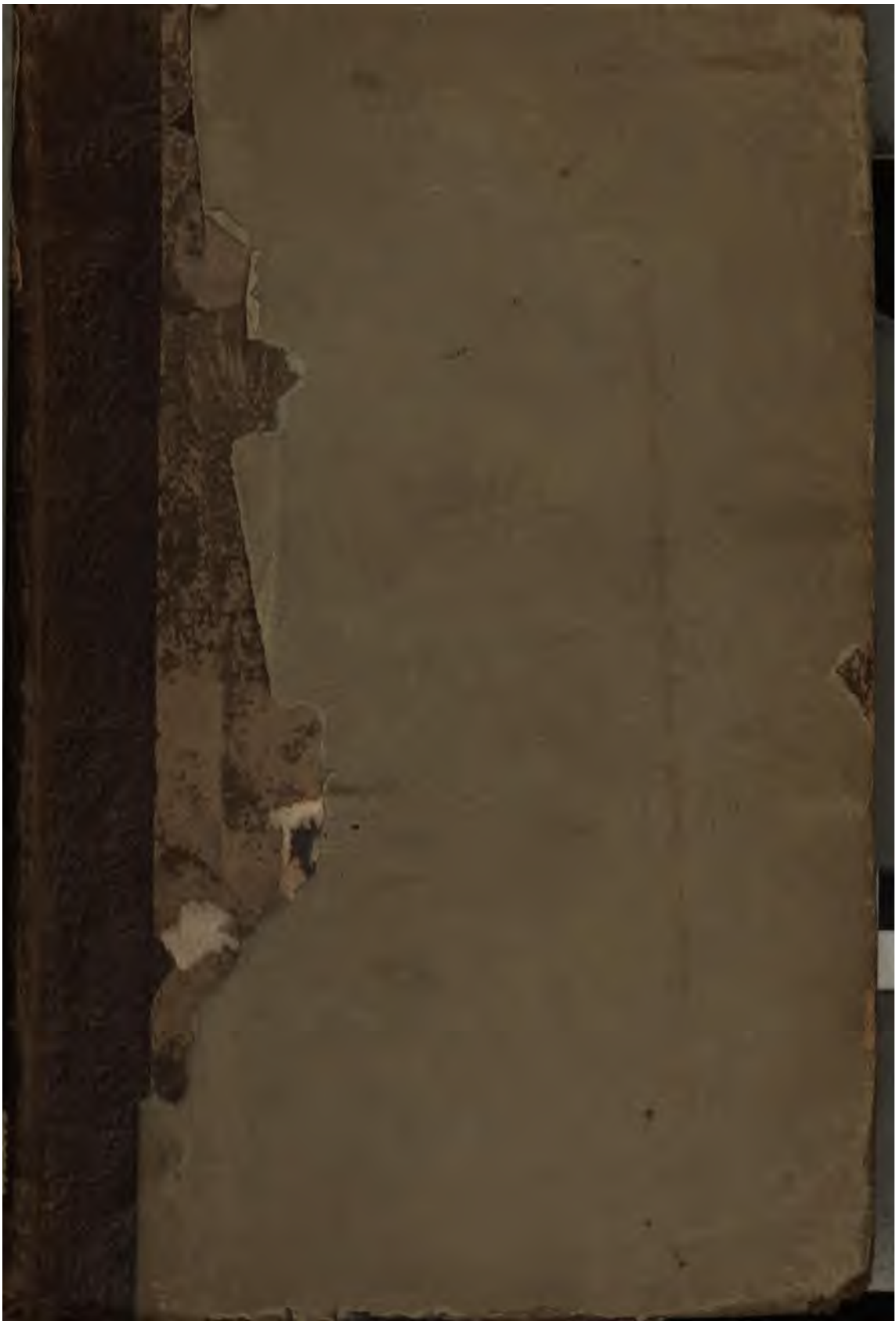
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His Royal Highness

THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL,

K.G. K.T. K.P. &c. &c.

J. Limbird, Publisher, 143 Strand.

THE

CASKET:

CONSISTING OF

LITERARY, ENTERTAINING, AND INSTRUCTIVE

TALES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS,

Delineations of Character, Facetia, Poetry,

THE

GEMS OF MODERN LITERATURE,

&c. &c. &c.

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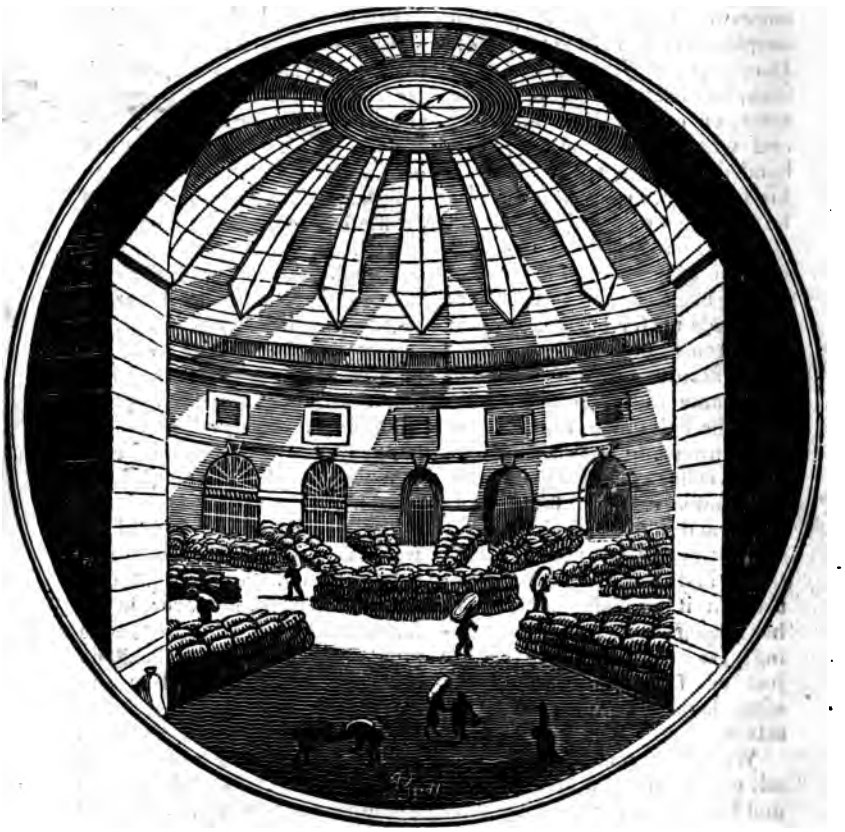
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The Casket.

No. 1.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10,, 1827. [PRICE 1d



HALLE AU BLE (CORN MARKET), PARIS.

We present to our readers an engraving of the interior of this edifice, with the sacks of corn and flour piled lower than usual, to give a better idea of the economy of the building. It is situate in the Rue de Viasmes, and was first constructed by M. Maixieres, in 1782, for the sale of wheat, &c. The lightness of its arches, the beauty of the architecture, and its imposing appearance, were universally admired. Although 360 feet in circumference, it was resolved to cover it in; but after standing 32 years, it was destroyed by fire in 1802.

The present hall is built of cast iron, and illuminated by a lanthorn dome. On the outside of this building is an astronomical column; at its foot a fountain and a large sun dial. It is worthy of observation to the curious in the corn-laws, that corn is sold in bulk, not by sample; and what enters the gates of Paris is not allowed to return. In the Boulevard Bourdon is the Greniers de Reserve, (Granaries) to store corn for the 'good city of Paris,' in case of that distress, the precursor of the French Revolution. It cost 12,000,000 francs, and can contain a supply of corn equal to six months' consumption.

THE TELL-TALE.

THE FISHERMAN'S TALE.

About six months ago a wedding took place in our village, and a more comely and better looked-on couple never came together. Mr. Douglas, though the son of a poor man, had been an officer in the army, an ensign, I'm thinking; and when his regiment was disbanded, he came to live here on his half pay, and whatever else he might have. Jeanie Stuart, at the time, was staying with an uncle, one of our folk, her parents having been taken away from her; and made up for her board as far as she could, by going in the summer season to sew in the families that came out then like clocks from the holes and corners of the great towns, to wash themselves in the caller sea. So gentle she was, and so calm in her deportment, and so fair to look on withal, that even these nobility of the loom and the sugar-hogshead thought it no dishonour to have her among them; and unknowingly, as it were, they treated her just as if she had been of the same human mould with themselves.

Well, they soon got acquainted, our Jeanie and Mr. Douglas, and the end of it was—they were married. They lived in a house there, just beyond the point that you may see forms the opposite angle of the bay, not far from a place called Kempuck-stane, and Mr. Douglas just employed himself like any of the rest of us, in fishing, and daundering about, and mending his nets, and such like. Jeanie was now a happy woman, for she had aye a mind above the commonalty; and I am bold to say, thought her stay long enough among those would-be gentry, where she sat many a wearisome day, and would fain have retired from their foolishness into the strength and greenness of her own soul.

But now she had a companion and an equal, and indeed a superior; for Mr. Douglas had seen the world, and could wile away the time in discoursing of the feries he had seen and heard tell of in foreign lands, among strange people and unknown tongues. And Jeanie listened and listened, and thought her husband the first of mankind. She clung to him as the honey-suckle clings to the tree; his pleasure was her pleasure, his sorrow was her sorrow, and his bare word was her law. One day, about two weeks ago, she appeared dull and dispirited, and complained of a touch of the headache: on which Mr. Douglas advised her to go to bed, and rest herself awhile, which she said she would do; and having some business in the village he went out. On coming back, however, in the forenoon, he found her just in the same spot, leaning her head on her hand; but she told him she was better, and that it was nothing at all. He then began to get his nets ready, saying he was going out with some lads of the village to the deep sea-fishing, and would be back the next day. She looked at him long and strangely, as if wondering at what he was doing, and understanding not any thing that was going on. But finally, when he came to kiss her, and bid her good bye, she threw her arms round him, and when he would have gone, she held him fast, and her bosom heaved as if her heart would break—but still she said nothing.

'What can be the matter with you, Jeanie?' said Mr. Douglas.

'Stay with me to-day!' said she at last—'depart not this night—just this one night—it is not much to ask—and to-morrow I will not be your hindrance a moment.'

But Mr. Douglas was vexed at such folly, and she could answer nothing better to his questions than that a thought had come into her head, and she could not help it. So he was resolved to go, and he kissed her and threw his nets on his shoulder, and went away. For some minutes after, Jeanie stood just on the same spot, looking at the door where he had gone out, and then began to tremble all over like the leaf of a tree; at length, coming to herself with a start, she knelt down upon both knees, and throwing back her forehead, turned her face up towards heaven, and prayed with a loud voice to the Almighty, 'that she might still have her husband in her arms that night.' For some moments she remained motionless and silent, in the same attitude, till at length a sort of brightness resembling a calm smile, passed over her countenance, like a gleam of sunshine on the smooth sea, and bending her head low and reverently, she rose up. She then went as usual about her household affairs, and appeared not any thing discomposed, but as tranquil and happy as if nothing had happened.

Now, the weather was fine and calm in the morning, but towards the afternoon it came on to blow; and indeed the air had been so sultry all day, that the old seafarers might easily tell there would be a racket of the elements before long.

As the wind, however, had been rather contrary, it was supposed that the boats could not have got far enough out to be in the mischief, but would put back when they saw the signs in the sky.

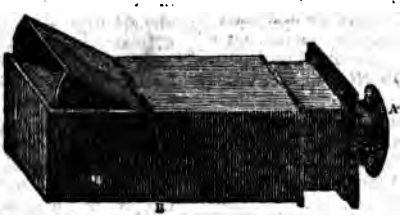
But in the mean time the wind increased, till towards night it blew as hard a gale as we have seen in these parts for a long time; the ships out there at the tail of the bank, were driven from their moorings, and two of them stranded on their beam ends, on the other side; every stick and stitch on the sea made for any port they could find, and as the night came on in darkness and thunder, it was a scene that might cow even the hearts that had been brought up on the water, as if it was their proper element, and been familiar with the voice of the tempest from their young days. There was a sad lamenting and murmuring then among the women folk, especially them that were kith or kin to the lads on the sea; and they went into one another's houses in the midst of the storm and the rain, and put in their pale faces through the darkness, as if searching for hope and comfort, and drawing nearer to one another, like a flock of frightened sheep in their fellowship of grief and fear. But there was one who stirred not from her home, and who felt no terror at the shrieking of the night-storm, and sought for no comfort in the countenance of man—and that was the wife of Mr. Douglas. She sometimes, indeed, listened to the howling of the sea, that came by fits on her ear, like the voice of the water-kelpie; and starting, would lay down her work for a moment—but then she remembered the prayer she had prayed to Him who holds the reins of the tempest in his hands, and who says to the roaring waters, 'Be still,' and they are still—and of the

glorious balm she had felt to sink into her heart, at that moment, of high and holy communion, even like the dew of heaven on a parched land. So her soul was comforted; and she said to herself, God is not a man that he can lie, and she rested on his assurance as on a rock, and laughed to scorn the trembling of her woman's bosom—for why? The anchor of her hope was in heaven, and what earthly storm was so mighty as to remove it? Then she got up and put the room in order, and placed her husband's shoes to air at the fire-side; and stirred up the fuel, and drew in the arm-chair for her weary and storm-beaten mariner. Then would she listen at the door, and look out into the night for his coming, but could hear no sound, save the voice of the waters, and the foot-step of the tempest, as he rushed along the deep. She then went in again, and walked to and fro in the room with a restless step, but an unblanched cheek. At last the neighbours came to her house, knowing that her husband was one of them that had gone out that day, and told her they were going to walk down to the Clough even in the mirk hour, to try if they could not hear some news of the boats. So she went with them, and we walked altogether along the road, it might be some twenty or thirty of us, but it was remarked that though she came not hurriedly nor in fear, yet she had not even thrown her cloak on her shoulders to defend her from the night air, but came forth with her head uncovered, and in her usual raiment of white, like a bride to the altar. And as we passed along, it must have been a strange sight to see so many pale faces, by the red glare of the torches they carried, and to hear so many human wailings filling up the pauses of the storm; but at the head of our melancholy procession, there was a calm heart and a firm step, and they were Jeanie's. Sometimes, indeed, she would look back, as some cry of womanish foreboding from behind would smite on her ear, and strange thoughts would crowd into her mind, and once she was heard to mutter—if her prayer had but saved her husband, to bind some other innocent victim on the mysterious altar of wrath, and she stopped for a moment, as if in anguish at the wild imagination. But now, as we drew nearer the rocks, where the light-house is built, sounds were heard distinctly on the shore, and we waved the torches in the air, and gave a great shout, which was answered by kent voices—for they were some of our own people, and our journey was at an end. A number of us then went on before, and groped our way among the rocks as well as we could for the darkness; but a woeful tale met our ear, for one of the boats had been shattered to pieces, while endeavouring to land there, and when we went down they were just dragging the body of a comrade stiff and stark from the sea. When the women behind heard it, there was a terrible cry of dismay, for no one knew but it might have been her own brother or son; and some who held torches dropped them from fear, trembling to have the terrors of their heart confirmed. There was one, however, who stood calm and unmoved by the side of the dead body. She spoke some words of holy comfort to the women, and they were silent at her voice. She then stepped lightly forward, and took a torch from

the trembling hand that held it, and bent down with it beside the corpse. As the light fell one moment on her own fair face, it showed no signs of womanish feeling at the sight and touch of mortality; a bright and lively bloom glowed on her cheek, and a heavenly lustre burned in her eye, and as she knelt there, her long dark hair floating far on the storm, there was that in her look which drew the gaze even of that terrified group from the object of their doubt and dread. The next moment the light streamed on the face of the dead—the torch dropped from her hand—and she fell on the body of her husband.

Her prayer was granted. She held her husband in her arms that night, and although no struggles of parting life were heard or seen, she died on his breast.—*Head-pieces and tail-pieces.*

DOMESTIC AMUSEMENTS.



PORTABLE CAMERA OBSCURA.

This amusing optical toy may be made in a box, that will go into the pocket. A magnifying glass is fixed in the wooden tube A, and the object is thrown upon the mirror B, placed at an angle of 45 degrees. A picture of an extensive view may thus be obtained in the space of a few inches.

ELECTRICAL PHENOMENON.

The effect of stroking a cat's back briskly with the hand, is well known as a domestic recreation, has been long and generally practised as an amusement, and is frequently adopted as pastime in winter evenings. Shocks may also be imparted to the other hand than that which is employed in stroking the animal by forming the electric circle as follows: Let the cat be placed before a good fire, for ten or fifteen minutes! then put it into the lap of the operator, who passing the palm of the hand over its back, the usual scintillæ will be emitted; but let the other hand be applied to the throat, so as the finger and thumb touch the jaw or shoulder bone, and the hand so applied will feel slight shocks, as if discharged by the Leyden phial. We would suggest the necessity for a good understanding between the operator and the apparatus, otherwise shocks very different from those described above may be anticipated.

SIMPLE MICROSCOPE.

The most powerful single microscopes are very small globules of glass, which may be made by melting the ends of fine threads of glass in the flame of a candle, or by taking a little fine powdered glass on the point of a very small needle, and melting it into a globule in that way. It was with such microscopes as these that Lewenhoeck made all his wonderful discoveries, most of which are deposited in the British Museum.

THE CHANGEABLE ROSE

Take a common full blown rose, and having thrown flowers of sulphur into a chaffing dish of hot coals, hold the rose over the perfumes thereof, and it will change to nearly white. If the rose has been a long time plucked, the white will be perfectly so. Afterwards dip it in water a short time, lay it aside for a few hours, and its colour will return as the effect of the sulphur is decomposed. A damp or humid atmosphere will bring about the same decomposition, but slower.

VARIETIES.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.—In 1810, towards the latter end of October, the Princess Amelia died, after a protracted and painful illness, which she had endured with exemplary meekness and resignation. Aware of what must be its termination, she had some of her hair set in a ring, and one day when her blind father, making his daily visit, came to her bed-side, and held out his hand to her, she put this sad memorial upon his finger silently. Her dissolution occurred so soon afterwards, that she never knew the fatal consequences. The king had suffered intense anxiety during her illness, and when he felt this last indication of his daughter's love, feeling at the same time but too surely all that it implied, it affected him so strongly as to bring on the recurrence of a malady which had rendered the appointment of a regent necessary two-and twenty years before.—*Southey's History, &c.* Vol. 2.

EPIGRAMMATIC DIALOGUE.

Lothario.

Ah, dearest Clara! for your love I'm dying,
And at your feet I lie— [dying,

Clara.

——— I see you're *lying*.

VOLTAIRE.—When Voltaire was writing his Tragedy of 'Merope,' he called up his servant one morning at three o'clock, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who was to perform the tyrant. His man alleged that it was the hour of sleep, and that the actor might not like to be disturbed. 'Go, I say,' replied Voltaire, 'Tyrants never sleep.'—*Mirror of Literature.*

PADDY'S OPINION OF POTATOES.—As several speculative philosophers have, in very unqualified terms, reprobated the use of potatoes, and ascribed all the evils, moral, political, and religious, which afflict Ireland, to the use of that vegetable by the poor natives, we think it but fair to make known the opinion of one of these sufferers on this important subject. Two Irish labourers were sitting on the quay at the Pigeon-house, Dublin, waiting for the packet to sail which was to bring them to England, along with many others of their countrymen, to look for work during the summer. One of them, called Jem, was whiling away the interval, eating some bread; and the other, Paddy, was, like a cameleon, feeding on air, when the following conversation occurred:—'Arrah Jem,' says his companion, 'how can you be ating that bread instid of a pratie?'—'Why, en troth,' replied Jem, 'it's so sildom I git a taste of bread, I'm very fund of it.'—'Oh! then,' says Paddy, 'the praties for me—I'd ate them with a "face o' clay:" what would become o' us, Jem, if any thing was to happen 'em?'—'Ogh!' answered Jem, 'G— would send us something as good instid.'—'By Jabers then,' says Paddy, 'twould puzale him!'

DELICATE APPETITE.—When Brazil was first discovered, the majority of the natives were cannibals, and many of them are so to this day. They had learnt to consider human flesh as the most exquisite of all dainties. A Jesuit one day found a Brazilian woman in extreme old age, and almost at the point of death. Having catechised her, and instructed her, as he conceived, in the nature of Christianity, and completely taken care of her soul, he began to inquire whether there was any kind of food which she could take. 'Grandam,' said he, that being the word of courtesy, by which it was usual to address old women, 'If I were to get you a little sugar now, or a mouthful of some of our nice things which we get from beyond sea, do you think you could eat it?'—'Ah, my grandson,' said the old convert, 'my stomach goes against every thing. There is but one thing which I think I could touch. If I had the little hand of a little tender Tapuya boy, I think I could pick the little bones; but woe is me, there is nobody to go out and shoot one for me!'

One of the Desmonds of Ireland being mortally wounded, was taken prisoner by his inveterate enemy, one of the Butlers, who threw him triumphantly on his shoulders, and tauntingly asked him, 'Where are you now, Desmond?' The brave, but expiring chief exultingly replied, 'Where I ought to be—on the neck of my enemy.'

AN IMPUDENT PICKPOCKET.—At the Chester Assizes, August 1825, William Leighton, for picking pockets at Congleton, was sentenced to be transported for life. On sentence being passed, the prisoner, in the most audacious manner, called out to the Judge, and snapping his fingers, said, "I'll *toss* you *hang* or *quits*."—*Anecdotes of Impudence.*

The Stage.—Surely no career is more [illegible]tly joyous, more crowded with [illegible], and more abundant in success, than that of a successful actor; nor is his art, when honourably pursued, wanting in dignity. He is not a mere reciter of the poet's language; for his greatest successes often occur where the words are few and unimportant: and where he has no prompter inferior to nature. And is it nothing to study Shakspeare, with unwearied love, with the confidence of an increasing power to render his most delicate beauties palpable, and to impress them by the force of intellect, feeling, and eye, on thousands of softened and glowing hearts, which [illegible]tain the image for ever? Is it [illegible] to detect shades of tenderness [illegible]ought—streaks and veins of fanc[illegible] a painter discovers graces in a landscape unheeded by others? Is it nothing to bid a crowded theatre feel those touches of nature which 'make the whole world kin;' to break the crust of self-love which encircles the worldling's heart, and compel it to feel for others; to afford some hint to the rude clown of the heroism, and the suffering of which his nature is capable; and to impart the first mild touch of sympathy and thought to the child? These, surely, are triumphs worth achieving; if they are short in duration, they are proportionably intense; and are, in truth, the more general as they partake of the fragility which belongs to all the pride and glory of human life. —*Literary Chronicle.*

Barbarity on Shipboard.—When sailors would fatten a goose, they sometimes adopt the following cruel method; They nail the feet to the deck, through the integuments, called the web, and constantly keep food before the bird; they say he eats all day for *very spite's sake.*

Wedding.—A tragic comic meeting; compounded of favours, footmen, faintings, farewells, prayers, parsons, plum-cake, rings, refreshments, bottles, blubberings, God-bless-ye's, and gallopings away in post-chaise and four!

There is not a word in the English language can be better chosen than the word 'that' for various purposes. There is a passage in Horne Took's 'Diversions of Purley,' where he says, 'That that that you spoke is not that that that I spoke of.'

The following charade is said to be from the pen of a worthy Alderman of the City of London:—

My first's a little thing what hops,
My second gives us good hay crops,
My whole I eats with mutton chops.

Solution—*Sparrowgrass.*

A provincial paper once stated, that the grains of wheat were so large that year, that 'they choaked the little birds that attempted to swallow them!'

A chattering troublesome fellow, returning last season from France in the Quentin Durward steam packet, annoyed the other passengers exceedingly by his incessant twattle. At dinner he demanded, in a very authoritative tone, of the steward, what pies he had. 'Pies, Sir!' said the steward, 'we have but one on board.' 'But one pie,' said the man of consequence, 'and pray what pie is that, Sir?' 'A magpie,' replied the steward. 'The devil; and what sort of a pie is that, Sir!' 'It is an exceedingly offensive pie, Sir, and nobody likes it.'

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Blacking.—The best blacking for preserving the leather of boots, shoes, &c., and which will make it perfectly water-tight, is the following:—Take of yellow wax one ounce and a half; of mutton suet four ounces and a half; horse turpentine half an ounce; ivory black three ounces. Melt first the wax, to which add the suet, and afterwards the horse turpentine. When the whole is melted remove it from the fire, mix in gradually the ivory black, constantly stirring till it is cold. The composition is sometimes run into moulds, and sold under the name of blacking-balls. When it is used, it may be laid or rubbed upon a brush which should be warmed before the fire. It is also the best blacking for every kind of harness. When it is wanted in a large quantity it may be gently melted in a ladle or pot, over a chafing-dish with live coals.

To Remove Chilblains.—Take an ounce of white copperas, dissolved in a quart of water, and occasionally apply it to the affected parts. This will ultimately remove the most obstinate blains. —N. B. This application must be used before they break, otherwise it will do injury.

To prevent Snow Water, or Rain, from penetrating the Soles of Boots or Shoes in wet weather.—This simple and effectual remedy is nothing more than a little bees'-wax and mutton suet, warmed in a pipkin until in a liquid state; then rub some of it slightly over the edges of the sole where the stitches are, which will repel the wet, and not in the least prevent the blacking from having the usual effect.

Orthography Extraordinary.— The following is a literal copy of a sale bill given into the hand of the bellman of Blackburn:—'goods to be Sould by Ticke at Joseph Dawes Brunch Stret No 14 Ny the Brick-kills In holey Banks Consisting of Tables Shares feder Beds and Bedeing Camp Bed Stedes Mago-ney Droes Mag Card Table 2 Magoney Snap tables one hoake Dresser 6 wonet Sharse with mo hare Botms and quan-tey of kittchen unster. two days to men-chen.'

POETRY.

HENRI QUATRE.

(From French Melodies: the Poetry by E. Roche, Esq.)

Air—'La Belle Gabrielle;' composed by Henri Quatre.

The evening before one of his most celebrated victories, Henri Quatre passed disguised through the enemy's camp, and paid a visit to La Belle Gabrielle, whose castle lay a few miles behind the hostile quarters. He returned without being discovered, and was in time, the next morning, to strike the first blow of the battle. The following sentiments are supposed to have been uttered by the chivalrous and poetical monarch at the moment of his departure, when some of his nobles remonstrated against his incurring such unnecessary risk.

The battle storm is sleeping
In silence on the hill,
And dews of night are steeping
The flow'rs which blood must fill;
But in the western sky
Thy star I see,
And where it beckons fly
From war to thee!

Cease, warriors, round me bending
In terror and in pray'r;
Love's care is ere attending
The brave who seek the fair.
Though many an hostile lance
The king might slay,
Not e'en an eye shall glance
The lover's way.

To-morrow, ere by banner
Rise gleaming in the sun
Ere breath of war shall fan her,
Or deeds of honour's done.
This sword my hand shall wave,
This voice shall call
The Brave to meet the Brave
In slaughter's hall.

To morrow, ere at even
Yon star of beauty glows,
This heart, in battle riven,
May calm in death repose
Then fame and empire's call,
And war, farewell!
And, dearer still than all,
Fair Gabrielle.

THE KISSE.

1. Among thy fancies tell me this,
What is the thing we call a kisse?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherries red.
By love and warme desires fed, [bed.
Chor. And makes more soft the bridal-

2. It is an active flame that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies;
Chor. And stills the bride too when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek the eare,
It frisks and flyes, now here, now there,
'Tis now farre off, and then 'tis nere,
Chor. And here, and there, and every where.

1. Has it a speaking virtue? 2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say? 2. Do you but this,
Part your joyn'd lips, then speaks your kisse,
Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body? 2. I, and wings,
With thousands rare encolourings;
And as it flyes, it gently sings,
Chor. Love honey yields, but never stings.

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DOMESTIC AMUSEMENTS.

TO RAISE A SPECTRE.

Enclose a small magic lantern in a box large enough to contain a small swing dressing-glass, which will reflect the light thrown on it by the lantern, in such a way, that it will pass out at the aperture made at the top of the box; which aperture should be oval, and of a size adapted to the cone of light to pass through it. There should be a flap with hinges, to cover the opening, that the inside of the box may not be seen.

There must be holes in that part of the box which is over the lantern, to let the smoke out; and over this must be placed a chafing-dish of an oblong figure, large enough to hold several lighted coals. This chafing-dish, for the better carrying on the deception, may be inclosed in a painted tin box, about a foot high, with a hole at top, and should stand on four feet, to let the smoke from the lantern escape.

There must also be a glass planned to rise up and down in the groove *a*, *b*, and so managed by a cord and pulley *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, that it must be raised up and let down, by the cord coming through the outside of the box. On this glass, the spectre (or any other figure you please) must be painted in a contracted or squat form, as the figure will reflect a greater length than it is drawn.

When you have lighted the lamp in the lantern, and placed the mirror in a proper direction, put the box in a table, and setting the chafing-dish in it, throw some incense in powder on the coals. You then open the tray-door, and let down the glass in the groove slowly, and when you perceive the smoke diminish, draw up the glass, that the figure may disappear, and shut the trap door.

This exhibition will afford a deal of wonder; but observe that all the lights in the room must be extinguished; and the box should be placed on a high table, that the aperture through which the light comes out may not be seen.

The Tell-Tale.

THE TWIN BROTHERS OF MEZZORANIA.

Amidst the extensive wilds of Africa lies a territory, the inhabitants whereof are as numerous and even as civilized as the Chinese. They are called the Mezzoranians.

Twin-brothers of this country, which is still so little known to our geographers, were both enamoured of a young lady, who equally favoured them both.

The two lovers and the fair one chanced to meet together at the festival instituted in honour of the sun. This festival was solemnized twice in the year, because, as the kingdom lay between the two tropics, yet somewhat more on this side the line, it had two springs and two summers. At the commencement of every spring season, this adoration was paid to the great luminary throughout all the nomes or districts of the land. It was celebrated in the open air, to denote that the sun was the immediate cause of all the productions of nature. They made an offering to it of five small pyramids of frankincense, in golden dishes. Five youths, and an equal number of virgins, are named by the magistrate to place them on the altar, where they remained till the fire had consumed them. Each of these young persons is dressed in the colour of their nome, and wears a diadem on the head.

One of the two brothers, with the damsel of whom we are speaking, composed the first couple who were to place the incense on the altar. This done, they saluted one another. It was customary for them now to change their places, the youth going over to the side of the virgin, and she coming to his. When the five pair have done in this manner, then follow all the standers-by in the same order, by which means they have an opportunity of seeing each other completely.

It is here that commonly such as have not hitherto made their choice, determine upon one; and as it depends solely on the determination of the damsel, the young man takes all imaginary pains to win the love of her whom he has selected from the rest. For avoiding every species of misunderstanding and jealousy, the maiden, when the young man pleases her, takes from him a flower not yet fully blown, which he offers to her acceptance, and sticks it in her bosom. But, has she already entered into some engagement, she gives him to understand as much by showing him a flower; and, if this be only a bud, then it is a sign that he will make her the first proposal; if it be half-blown, it implies that her love has already made some progress; but if it be fully blown, the virgin thereby betokens that her choice is made, and that she cannot now retract it. So long, however, as she does not publicly wear this token, it is always free for her to do as she pleases.

If she be free, and the man that offers her the flower is not agreeable to her, she makes him a profound reverence, and shuts her eyes till he is retired. Indeed, at times, it happens here, as well as in other places, though but rarely, that she disguises herself to her lover. If a man be already contracted, he likewise bears a token. Such maidens as have yet met with no lover, have it in their choice either to remain virgins, or to inscribe themselves

among the widows, which if they do, they can only be married to a widower. But let us return to our twin-brothers.

The brother, who stood at the altar with the young damsel, felt as violent a passion for her as she did for him. They were so very intent upon the ceremony, that they forgot to give each other the accustomed signs. On her leaving the altar, the other brother saw her, became enamoured of her, and found opportunity, when the ceremony was over, for presenting her with a flower. She accepted it at his hands, as being fully persuaded that it was the person who had just before been with her at the altar. But as she took herself away in some haste with her companions, she imperceptibly dropped the token she had received. The elder brother accosted her once more, and offered her a flower. Ah, said she to herself in an amiable confusion, it is the very same! and took it likewise. The young man, who heard this, imagined for certain that it meant him; but as the law allowed them to remain no longer together, they departed their several ways.

He that had first presented the flower found an opportunity, some days afterwards, of seeing his charmer by night at a lattice.—This sort of conversation, though strictly prohibited by the laws, was yet connived at. The damsel appeared so kind, that he ventured to offer her the token of a half-blown flower. This she accepted, and in return presented him with a scarf embroidered with hearts interwoven with thorns, giving him to understand thereby that there were still some obstacles to be surmounted; she allowed him, at the same time, to declare himself her lover, without, however, giving him her name, and without even acquainting him with the reason of her silence on that head.

Not long afterwards, the elder brother met her at the very same window; but the night was so dark, that he could not distinguish the second flower which she wore in her bosom. The extreme satisfaction she discovered at his coming, seemed to him, indeed, somewhat extraordinary; but he ascribed it to a sympathy, which between lovers banishes all restraint. He began to excuse himself for not having seen her so long, and assured her, that if he could have his way, no night should pass but he would come to assure her of the ardour of his inclination. She admired the vehemence of his passion. The lover received such clear indications of her favourable dispositions towards him, that he thought he might easily wave the ceremony of the second token, and accordingly gave her the third—a nearly full blown flower. She accepted it of him, telling him, however, that she would not immediately wear it; that he must first go through certain forms, and that she must still see more proofs of the fidelity of his attachment. At the same time, to assure him of the sincerity of her love, she gave him her hand through the lattice, which he kissed in the greatest transports. Upon this, she made him a present of a fillet, on which were wrought two hearts in her own hair, over which was a wreath of pomegranates, seemingly almost ripe; a joyful token, which gave him to understand that the time of gathering was at hand.

Thus all three were happy in their error. On all public occasions the two brothers appeared with the signs of their inclinations, and felicitated each other on their success; but, as mysteriousness was not destitute of charms for them, they cautiously avoided every opportunity of explaining themselves to each other. The return of the grand festival was now at no great distance, when the youngest brother thought it the proper occasion for venturing to give his beloved the third token of his affection. He told her that he hoped she would now willingly wear the full-blown flower as a testimony of her consent; at the same time presenting her with an artificial carnation, interspersed with little flames and hearts. She stuck the carnation in her bosom, unable to conceal her joy as she received it; at which her lover was so transported, that he determined to demand her of her parents.

His elder brother, who had given her the full-blown flower, at the same time thought that nothing more was wanting to his happiness than the approbation and consent of her relations. Chance brought them both on the very same day to the parents of their beloved. But how great was their astonishment on their meeting each other! As soon as the father appeared, each addressed him for his daughter. He assured them that he had but one child, of whose virtue he was fully convinced, that she never, in opposition to the laws of the land, could favour two lovers at once. He, however, concluded, from the perfect likeness that subsisted between the two brothers, that some mistake had happened, and sent for his daughter to clear up the matter. She immediately appeared, decorated with the four flowers she had received, in the complete conviction, that the two full-blown had been presented her by one and the same hand.

Venus herself, attended by the graces, could not have shone more lovely than Berilla — for thus was the damsel called.— Her form was noble and majestic, and her complexion surpassed the blooming rose. No sooner did she perceive the great resemblance between her lovers, and the tokens they wore of her inclination, than she exclaimed: "I am deceived! thou knowest my innocence, O almighty Sun!" She was unable to utter more, but fell motionless on the earth. Her beautiful cheeks were covered with the veil of death. The father, frantic with agony, held her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. "My dear, my only daughter, live, or I must die with thee. I know that thou art innocent." Her mother and the servants were fetched to her relief, and with much difficulty restored her to herself.

She lifted up her eyes, raised a deep sigh, closed them again, and said:— 'Unhappy Berilla, thou art now dishonoured! thou wert the comfort of thy pasents, who loved thee in their hearts; and, as the reward of their tenderness, thou art become the cause of their distress!' On uttering these words, she burst into a flood of tears. Her father himself, oppressed with sorrow, strove to calm her tortured mind, by every endearing expression, and by giving her repeated assurances that he was convinced of her innocence. 'O, my father,'

said she, 'am I still worthy of thee?' 'That thou art,' he replied, 'thy sorrow indicates, which at once is thy justification, and the triumph of thy sensibility. Compose thy spirit,' added he with sighs, 'I know thy innocence.' The two brothers stood speechless at this mournful scene; they alternately cast on each other looks of distrust, of anger, and then of compassion.

In the mean time, the amiable maiden completely revived, at least so far as to be able to reply to some questions that were made her. She declared that the first who led her to the altar was the person that made impression on her heart; that she, presently after, as she believed, accepted from him the first token of his inclination, and at length consented to become his; that thereupon she wore the full-blown flower, but she was totally ignorant which of the two brothers it was by whom it was given her. She concluded by saying that she was ready to abide by the judgment of the elders, and to submit to any punishment they should think fit to inflict.

As the marriage engagement is among the weightiest concerns of the empire, and as there was no law already provided in regard to so peculiar a case, it was necessarily left for decision of the pophar, or prince of the country. The cause was propounded in presence of him and the elders. The likeness of the two brothers was in reality so great, that they were scarcely distinguishable asunder. The prince asked which of the two it was that led her to the altar. The eldest replied that it was he. Berilla confessed that indeed he pleased her at first; but the impression he made on her was but slight. Upon this, it was asked who gave the first flower, and it proved to be the youngest. Berilla said she lost that, but shortly after her lover returned it to her; though at this moment he appeared less amiable to her than before. However, she constantly thought it had been the same. The point which most perplexed the judge was that the maiden had received the full-blown flower from both the lovers. They looked steadfastly on each other, without daring to utter a word. The pophar interrogated the young lady, whether at the time she gave her consent, she did not believe she was giving it to him who had led her to the altar. She affirmed that she did, but likewise declared that her greatest inclination had fallen on him from whom she received the first flower. Both the brothers were now set before her, and the question was put to her, which of the two she would choose if the election were now freely left to herself. She blushed, and, after a few moments of consideration, replied:—'The youngest seems to have the greatest inclination for me.' At the same time darting him a look that betrayed the secret wishes of her soul.

All men now waited with impatience for the decree of the prince, and eagerly strove to read in his eyes the judgment he was going to pronounce; but particularly, the two lovers, who seemed expecting the sentence of life and death. At length the prince addressed himself to Berilla, with a stern and gloomy countenance: 'Thy misfortune, or rather thy imprudence, prevents thee from ever possessing either of the brothers. Thou hast given to each an incontestable right to thy person. One hope alone remains for thee; and that is, if one of them will forego his

pretensions. And now, my sons,' continued he, 'what have you to say? Which of you is disposed to sacrifice his own happiness for his brother?' They both made answer that they would sooner lose their lives. The prince turned again to the damsel, who seemed on the point of sinking to the earth, and said, 'Thy case excites my compassion; but as neither of the two will yield, I am obliged to condemn thee to a single state, till one of thy lovers shall change his opinion or die.'

The lot was cruel; for in Mezzorania the state of celibacy was a heavy disgrace. The whole assembly was about to separate, when the younger brother threw himself on his knees before the judge. 'I implore your patience for a moment,' said he, 'I will rather sacrifice my right than see Berilla so severely doomed. Take her, O my brother, and may ye live long and happily together! And thou, the delight of my life, forgive the trouble my innocent love has caused thee! This is the sole request I have to make thee.' The assembly rose up, and the magnanimous lover was about to depart, when the prince commanded him to stay. 'Son, remain where thou art,' said he, 'thy magnanimity deserves to be rewarded. The damsel is thine; for by this sacrifice, thou hast merited her love. Give her thy hand, and live happily with her.'

Varieties.

Impudent Humourist.— Lord Belgrave having clenched a speech in the House of Commons with a long Greek quotation, Sheridan in reply admitted the force of the quotation so far as it went; 'but,' said he, 'had the noble lord proceeded a little farther, and completed the passage, he would have seen that it applied the other way.' Sheridan then spouted something, *ore rotundo*, which had all the ais, ois, kous, and koss, that give the world assurance of a Greek quotation; upon which lord Belgrave very promptly and handsomely complimented the honorable member on his readiness of recollection, and frankly admitted that the continuation of the passage had the tendency ascribed to it by Mr. Sheridan, and that he had overlooked it at the moment when he gave his quotation. On the breaking up of the house, Fox, who piqued himself on having some Greek, went up to Sheridan, and said, 'Sheridan, how came you to be so ready with that passage? It certainly is as you state, but I was not aware of it before, you quoted it.' It is unnecessary to observe that there was no Greek at all in Sheridan's impromptu.—*Anecdotes of Impudence.*

The Impudent Bride.—Not long since in Liverpool, as a couple were going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the churchyard gate, the gentleman stopped his fair comrade with the following unexpected address:—'Mary, during our courtship I have told you most of my mind, but not all my mind—when we are married, I shall insist upon three things.' 'What are they?' asked the astonished lady. 'In the first place,' said he, 'I shall lie alone; secondly, I shall eat alone; and lastly, I shall find fault when there is no occasion; can you submit to these conditions?' 'O yes, sir, very easily,' she replied, 'for if you lie alone, I shall not; if you eat alone, I shall eat first; and as to your finding fault without oc-

casion' that I think may be prevented, for I will take care that you shall never want occasion.'—*Ibid.*

Irish Legacy.—'What will you leave me in your will?' asked a lady of an Irishman. 'The wide world,' he replied.

The Spanish Lover.—A lady of the palace inspired the poet John Macias with a passion, which nothing could overcome, and which resisted alike the marriage of his mistress, the remonstrances of the grand master, and the imprisonment to which this officer thought it his duty to subject the intractable lover. In this situation he calmly passed his life, occupied with poetical lamentations of his misfortune, and the praises of the lady of his affections. The irritated husband, notwithstanding the security which he enjoyed from the situation of his rival, determined to get rid of him for ever; and, having bribed the gaoler, despatched him, by shooting an arrow through the grate of his dungeon. Macias was then singing one of his own impassioned lamentations, and died while in the act of repeating the name of his mistress.—*Monthly Review.*

The Destroyer caught.—The skin of a noble lion was sent by the Sheikh of Bornou, a kingdom of Central Africa, to major Denham; it had been taken near Kabshary, and measured from the tail to the nose fourteen feet two inches. He had devoured four slaves, and was at last taken by the following stratagem: The inhabitants assembled together, and with loud cries and noises drove him from the place where he had last feasted; they then dug a very deep circular hole, armed with sharp pointed stakes; this they most cunningly covered over with stalks of the gussub: a bundle of straw enveloped in a tobe, or African shirt, was laid over the spot, to which a gentle motion, like that of a man turning in his sleep, was occasionally given by means of a line carried to some distance. On their quitting the spot, and the noise ceasing, the lion returned to his haunt, and was observed watching his trap for seven or eight hours, by degrees approaching closer and closer; and, at length, he made a dreadful spring upon his supposed prey, and was precipitated to the bottom of the pit. The Kabsharians now rushed to the spot, and before he could recover himself, despatched him with their spears.—*Major Denham and Captain Clapperton's Travels in Africa.*

A Miracle of Honesty.—At a party the other evening, several gentlemen contested the honour of having done the most extraordinary thing. A reverend D. D. was appointed to be the sole judge of their respective pretensions. One produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it; a buz went through the room that this would not be outdone, when a second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money lent to him. 'The palm is his,' was the universal cry; when a third observed, 'Gentlemen, I cannot boast of the feats of either of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they had left at my house.' 'I'll hear no more,' cried the arbiter, 'this is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty and unheard of deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any person capable. The prize is yours.'

Useful Receipts.

A substitute for Milk & Cream. Beat up the whole of a fresh egg in a basin, and then pour boiling tea over it gradually, to prevent its curdling. It is difficult from the taste to distinguish the composition from rich cream.

Tooth Powder.—To one ounce of fine powder of bark, and one ounce of gum myrrh, add three-fourths of an ounce of bole armenic. Mix these ingredients well together, and they will produce an excellent tooth powder, valuable in itself, and highly approved of by many gentlemen of the faculty.

Against Burns and Scalds.—Plunge the part scalded into cold water as soon as possible; wet it with linen steeped in rectified spirits, or common brandy. Poultices and oily applications are to be avoided.

To prevent danger from wet clothes.—Keep (if possible) in motion, and take care not to go near a fire, or into any very warm place, so as to occasion sudden heat, till some time after you have been able to procure dry clothes.

Poetry.

AFFECTION'S KISS.

Mortals, who desire to know
A solace sweet for ev'ry woe,
Whose warm hearts would taste of bliss,
Seek it in Affection's Kiss.

Maidens, whose fond bosoms prove
All the hopes and fears of love,
Would not the tormentor miss,
If sweeten'd by Affection's Kiss?

Man's proud race are fain to own
Every other pleasure flown,
The soothing influence still of this,
Woman's gift—Affection's Kiss.

FRAGMENT,

FOUND IN THE SKELETON CASE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY ONE OF THE STUDENTS, AND DEPOSITED THERE BY HIM.

Behold this ruin!—'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat—
This space was thought's mysterious seat!
What beauteous pictures fill this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear
Has left one trace or record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void,
If social love that eye employed—
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But through the dew of kindness beam'd,
The eye shall be for ever bright,
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
And where it could not praise was chain'd,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee;
When death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of joy they fled
To soothe affliction's humble bed—
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
And home to virtue's lap return'd,
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

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The Casket.

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KNAPP HILL,

THE LAST DEER HUNTED BY GEORGE III.



The above engraving, from a sketch by Mr. John Berryman, is a portrait of Knapp Hill, the last deer hunted by George III. Having been chased twenty-eight times, he was taken at Knapp Hill, near Chertsey, whence his name. His Majesty then ordered that he may be taken to Richmond Park, there to end his days. He died at the age of twenty-eight years. His head was preserved, and may be seen at the Park Lodge, Richmond.

Ancient and modern method of Deer Killing.---The old way of taking the deer was first by shooting and wounding him, and then to let a couple of hounds pull the animal down; but modern park-keepers generally take aim with such certainty as to bring the buck to the ground without the assistance of the canine race; and this they are anxious to do, in order to prevent the hounds from tearing him, which spoils the beauty of the venison. When a deer has been wounded, and not killed, he immediately makes for his companions of the herd; but they, like faithless friends in human life, take every method of avoiding him.

The Tell-tale.

RENEE CORBEAU.

In the year 1594, a young Norman gentleman entered at the university of Angers, to study the civil law. Renee Corbeau was the daughter of a tradesman in the same town. She was young, prudent, and handsome, and possessed an extraordinary share of understanding and wit. But these brilliant qualities were tarnished by a fault, of which philosophers make but little account, but which, in the eyes of the world, was deemed unpardonable—Renee Corbeau was poor. The young student no sooner beheld this amiable lady, than he became enamoured, and had the good fortune to inspire her with an equal passion. So rapid was the progress of their mutual flame, that in a few weeks he made her an offer of marriage, and in the transports of his affection, gave her a promise in his hand-writing. It was in one of these transporting intervals that the poor young lady forgot her prudence; thus love, in an instant, supersedes that which is the work of years, and the fruits of incessant cultivation.

The effects of this amour could not long be concealed, and the unhappy girl was obliged to tell the sad tale to her mother, who disclosed it to her father. It was now past the season for reproaches; all that was left them, was to lay their heads together, to discover the best remedy which the case admitted. After a reasonable consultation, it was agreed that the parents should feign a design of going into the country that same evening, while the daughter, on this pretext, was to give an interview to her lover at their own house, so that they may be surprised together. The contrivance succeeded entirely; the lover was surprised, and, in the first emotions of his fear, confessed himself ready to enter into any engagement that would be deemed most satisfactory. Not to lose this opportunity, they pressed him upon his word, and forced him to sign a contract of marriage. This business was scarcely transacted in the regular form by a notary, before the young gentleman felt his passion unaccountably chilled; and a sense of compulsion gave the engagement into which he had entered, the colour of an odious obligation. He quitted his mistress in two or three days after this transaction with very little ceremony, and repaired to his father, to whom he related his story from beginning to end. This father was, as fathers often are, a stranger to the true interests of his child, and determined against any match for his son, that was not brilliant in point of fortune and connexion. In this difficulty, the only means of escaping was by entering immediately into holy orders, a proposition to which the son readily agreed.

Renee Corbeau received the intelligence of this cruel transaction with such grief and indignation as was natural in her situation. Her parents determined to avenge her infamy, and entered into a prosecution of the perjured seducer. The affair was referred to Commissioners from the Parliament of Paris, of which Mons. de Villeray was President. Here the whole proceeding being traced and laid open, its iniquity appeared so flagrant in the eyes of the Judges,

that the culprit was condemned to lose his head, unless he chose to fulfil his engagement; and as this was rendered impossible by his entrance into holy orders, it was decreed that the sentence of decapitation should be executed. He had only a few hours given him to prepare himself, with the aid of his confessor, for his approaching dissolution.

In the mean time the heart of Renee Corbeau was cruelly torn when she considered what a lamentable end her excessive love was on the point of bringing upon its object. She was unable to support this idea; and, in a distracted state of mind, rushed into the hall where the Judges were yet assembled. Here, with such eloquence as grief inspired, she thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen, I come to present before you a lover, the most wretched that the cruelties of fortune have ever afflicted. In condemning to death that dear person, you pronounce the same sentence upon me—upon me whom you have judged more unfortunate than culpable. Nay, the very infamy of his death will rebound to me; and I shall die, alas! as dishonoured as I have lived. You have done this to repair the wound my honour has received; but in doing it you have doubled my disgrace, and have made me an object of detestation to the world. How can you reconcile such a conduct with the justice you profess? You were men before you were judges, and have some of you felt what lovers feel: yes, you have felt enough to paint to your imaginations the torment which one who dearly loves must feel, when she can reproach herself with being the cause of death—of a miserable death, to the object of her passion. Tell me, if yo are men, and sympathise like men, is there in the compass of your decrees a punishment equal to this terrible idea? Death is a blessing in comparison. I am now going, Sirs, to open your eyes. I have hitherto concealed my crime, that your decision might be favorable to me; but, urged by remorse, I can no longer dissemble my guilt. It was I that loved the first; I communicated the flame which was consuming me; I was the seducer; I was the instrument of my own dishonour. Spare an innocent person—spare my love; and let your punishments fall upon the real offender. He has, indeed, engaged in holy orders, to avoid the necessity of fulfilling his contract. But this is not his own action; it is the action of a barbarous father, whom he had no power to resist. Is it right in you, who are fathers, to postpone the duties of a child, to the duties of a lover? But how can you retract your first decree? You condemned my lover to death, unless he performed his promise to me; and then, by your second award, you precluded that option which your first had allowed. You permit him a mockery of choice, and then choose for him what his own heart would of course have rejected. That he may yet marry me, in spite of the profession he has embraced, who can doubt? Although, in truth, I am nothing but an ignorant girl, my love prompts my tongue upon this occasion. Ah! what science could not such love as mine inspire me with, if its interests required it! Yes, I know—and you, Sirs, cannot be ignorant, that an

ecclesiastic may marry with a dispensation from the pope. The legate from his holiness is expected soon to arrive, and he has all the plenitude of the papal power. I will ask myself—on my knees will I beg this dispensation, and I know I shall obtain it. My love is a match for all obstacles. Oh! deign, then, to suspend the execution of your decree, till the legate arrives. Though you still persist in thinking the crime of my lover enormous, ah! consider, in your clemency, what crime is not all the apparatus and show of death, that has already moved before his eyes, sufficient to expiate? Are you still inflexible? Then refuse me not the consolation of dying under the same axe with my lover.

The judges were melted, and suspended the decree; but the legate was so struck with the iniquity of the young man's conduct, that he would grant the dispensation to no instances or tears. Distracted with the disappointment, Renee Corbeau rushed into the presence of the king, and threw herself at his feet. It was Henry the Fourth, and afflicted beauty was imploring his assistance;—little more need be said. The kind monarch himself became her advocate, and easily obtained the dispensation. The marriage was immediately celebrated, and became the happiest in all France.

THE PORTER OUTWITTED.

The Marquis Della Scalas, an Italian nobleman, having invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, the major-domo entering the drawing-room hastily, told the marquis there was a wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy; for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price. "Regard not his price," cried the marquis; "pay him the money directly." "So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take any money." "What, then, would the fellow have?" "An hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says, he will not bate a single blow." On this the whole company ran down stairs to see so singular a man. "A fine fish!" cried the marquis, "What is your demand, my friend?" Not a quatrini, my lord," answered the fisherman; "I will not take money. If your lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado on my naked back; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere." "Rather than lose the fish," said the marquis, "we must e'en let this fellow have his humour. Here!" cried he, to one of his grooms, "discharge this honest man's demands, but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much!" The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordship's orders. "Now, my friend," said the fisherman, "keep an exact account, I beseech you; for I don't desire a single stroke more than my due." The whole company were astonished at the amazing fortitude with which the man submitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth lash; when, addressing himself to the servant, "Hold, my friend," cried the fisherman; "I have now had my full share of the price." "Your share!" exclaimed the marquis; "what is the meaning of all this?" "My lord," re-

turned the fisherman, "I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged, that he shall have his full half of whatever I receive for the fish; and your lordship, I dare venture to say, will by-and-by own that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke." "And pray, honest friend," said the marquis, "who is this partner?" "Your porter, my lord," answered the fisherman, "who keeps the outer gate, and refused to admit me, unless I would promise him half what I should obtain for the fish." "Ho! Ho!" exclaimed the marquis, laughing very heartily, "by the blessing of heaven, he shall have double his demand in full tale!" The porter was accordingly sent for; and, being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; desiring him to call annually for the like sum, as a recompense for the friendly service he had rendered him.

EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

The following letters and account are extracted from a manuscript found in the library of Mr. Goodwin, author of the life of Henry V., at the latter end of whose reign the affair is supposed to have happened.

His Grace the Duke of B—— to the Lord ——. Being the first letter that passed between them.

MY LORD,—The affront which you gave me at the Imperial minister's ball last night, would argue me a person very unworthy the character I bear, to let it pass unregarded. To prove me that adventurous knight, which your evasive expression would have given the noble lady to understand, may, perhaps, be the most acceptable means to reconcile your spleen; convince me then that you are more of a gentleman than I have reason to believe, by meeting me near the first tree behind the Lodge at Hyde Park, precisely at half-past five to-morrow morning; and, that there may be no pretensions to delay, I have sent by the bearer of this two swords, of which I give you the privilege to make a choice, and shall approve of whatever terms of fighting you will be pleased to propose. In the interim I wish your lordship a good rest. B——.

Whitehall, 9 o'Clock.

Lord B—'s answer to the above.

I received your grace's message, and accept the contents. It would give me a sensible concern to be obliged to give up the pretensions which your grace is doubtful of. It was an oversight, I presume, that your grace gave me the privilege to choose my sword, except your grace has been so little used to this sort of ceremony as to have forgot that it is the challenger's choice. This, however, is but a trifle, (if any thing;) the terms I leave to our seconds, and will not fail to appear at the time appointed; and in the interim, I wish your grace a very good night.

B——.

Cavendish-square, 11 o'Clock.

After my Lord B. had answered his grace's letter, he visited several of his friends, and was observed to be remarkably jocose when at Lady Nottingham's. He told the messenger that carried

his letter, to bring his grace's answer to lieutenant-general De Lee's, (the gentleman whom he had pitched upon for his second, and with whom he lay that night, at his house in St. James's street,) which was done. About four in the morning his lordship waked, and got softly up, without (as he thought) being observed by his bedfellow, and dressing himself, buckled on his sword, and fixing two agate flints in his pistols, then charged them; but recollecting that his grace's seconds would probably desire to see them loaded, drew them again.

By this time the general was awake, and observing his lordship to take a book out of his pocket, he thought it improper to give him to know he was observed. His lordship kneeled down by a small jasper table in the lieutenant's bed-room, and seemed to pray with great devotion for a quarter of an hour, often repeating, just loud enough to be heard, the errors of his youthful days, and fervently supplicating the Almighty not to impute them; after which he arose, and bid the general awake, for he would not willingly have his grace, he said, wait a moment, as the morning was a little rainy, and cold withal. By the time they were accoutred, it wanted just half an hour of the appointed time. General De Lee desired to view his lordship's sword, and examining the point and handle very cautiously, then returned it, saying, that he heartily wished it was going to be employed in a cause more serviceable to his country. His lordship answered, it could be of little consequence in that respect, let the event be what it would.

Just as his lordship was opening the door for departure, the lieutenant-general desired to know if there was any thing his lordship thought proper to communicate. To which he replied, it was very fortunate that he had mentioned that, and delivered a letter, directed for the Right Hon. the Countess of E——, desiring that he would give it her alone, and not upon any consideration trust it to another hand. As for his family affairs, they were already settled according to his will. On this they immediately left the apartment, and arrived somewhat before the appointed time, and took several turns from the lodge to the tree. His lordship several times expressed wonder at his grace's delay, though it was not two minutes, by general De Lee's watch, above the limited hour, when he arrived, attended with one second only.

He bade his lordship a good morning, and hoped they had not waited for them long; then pulled out his watch, said he had hit it to a point; adding at the same time, that he had rather die than break his promise upon such an occasion. His lordship returned the expression with this addition, that though they had waited a little, there was sufficient time left to despatch the business they were upon. To which his grace replied, the sooner it was despatched the more leisure there will be behind. In the interim, the seconds were pairing their swords, and each one loaded his adversary's pistols; then agreed to the following terms: viz. First, That the distance of firing should not be less, at either time, than seven yards and a half. Secondly, That if either should be dangerously wounded the first discharge the duel should cease, if the

wounded person would own his life in the hands of his antagonist. Thirdly, That between the firing and drawing their swords, there should be no limited time, but each should endeavour to make the first thrust. Fourthly, That if either should yield, as in the second article, during the engagement with sword, whether by wound, false step, or any other means, then the engagement should cease. To which four articles they both consented. His grace stripped off his coat, which was scarlet, trimmed with broad gold lace, when my Lord B—'s second stepped in to unbutton his waistcoat, on which, with some indignation, his grace replied, Do you take me to be a person of so little honour as to defend myself by such base means as hiding a shield under my doublet? Lieutenant-general De Lee desired his excuse, adding, he was bound in honour to see justice to the cause he had espoused.

The same ceremony passed upon his lordship, who had already pulled off his coat, which was crimson with broad silver lace; and both the combatants being now ready, my Lord B— added, "Now, if you please your grace, come on;" when they instantly both stepped in the circle. His grace fired and missed; but my lord B——, perhaps from more experience, knew that battles were seldom won by hasty measures, deliberately levelled his, and wounded his antagonist near the throat. They both discharged again, when his lordship received a slight wound in his turn, on which they instantly drew their swords, and impetuously charged each other, rather each of them meditatating the death of his adversary than his own safety. In the first or second thrust, Lord B—— entangled the toe of his pump in a tuft of grass, and in evading a push from his antagonist, fell on his right side, but supporting himself with the sword in hand, by inconceivable dexterity, sprung backwards, and evaded the push apparently aimed at his heart.

A little pause intervening here, his grace's second proposed to his lordship a reconciliation; but the ardent thirst after each other's blood so overpowered the strongest arguments of reason, that they insisted to do each other's will, whatever might be the consequence. Nay, the anger of his grace was raised to such a pitch of revenge, that he, in that critical moment, swore if for the future either of the seconds interposed, he would run him through his body. Thus, after finding all remonstrances of saving them without effect, the seconds retired to their limited distance; and perhaps one of the most extraordinary duels ensued that the records of history can produce. The parrying brought on a close lock, which Monsieur De Barreux says, nothing but the key of the body can open. In this position they stood for I dare say a minute, striving to disengage each other by successive wrenches; in one of which his grace's sword-point got entangled in the guard of his lordship's, which his lordship overlooked; so that this disadvantage was recovered by his grace, before the consequence which it might have brought on was executed. At last, in a very strong wrench on both sides, their swords sprung from their hands; I dare say his lordship's flew six or seven yards upright.

This accident, however, did

not retard the affair a moment, but both seizing their thistles at the same time, the duel was renewed with as much malevolence as ever. By this time his lordship had received a thrust through the inner part of his sword arm, passing right forward to the exterior part of the elbow; his at the same time, passing a little over that of his antagonist, but alertly drawing back, I think partly before his grace had recovered his push, run him through the body a little above the right pap. His lordship's sword being thus engaged, nothing was left for his defence but a naked left arm, and his grace being in this dangerous situation, yet had fair play at almost any part of his lordship's body; yet he bravely put by several thrusts exactly levelled at his throat, till at last, having two fingers cut off by defending the pushes, and the rest mangled to a terrible degree, his grace lodged his sword one rib exactly below his heart, and in this affecting condition they both stood, neither being able to make another push, and each by this time covered with blood; when both the seconds stepped in, and begged they would consider their situation, and the good of their future state; yet neither would consent to part, until, by the greater loss of blood which his lordship sustained, in being first wounded, he fell senseless, but in such a position, that he drew his sword out of his grace's body; recovering himself a little before he was down, he faltered forward and falling with his thigh across his sword, snapped it in two.

His grace observing him no longer capable of defence, or sensible of danger, immediately broke his own, and fell on his body with the deepest signs of concern, and both expired before any assistance could be got, though Dr. Fountain had orders from his grace not to be out of the way, in case he should be called on that morning. Thus fell these two gallant men, whose personal bravery history can scarcely equal, and whose honour nothing but such a cause could stain.

[This anecdote was signed R. Deerhurst, who, it is presumed, was his grace's second.]

Poetry.

THE SHADOW

I hung o'er the side of the vessel while cleaving
'Mid the blue rolling waters her pathway of light;
Behind was the white silver track she was leaving,
And before her the billows lay buoyant and bright.

Her white sail was spread to the beauty of morning,
Which waked like a rose crimson from her night's rest---
Now wooing the wind, and now, woman-like, scorning
The lover whose home was yet deep in her breast.

On sprang the ship, like the stag from its pillow,
In beauty, in music, in gladness, she past;
But follow'd her still one dark shade on the billow;
That fair ship! from her could such darkness be cast?

The sunbeam hath its shadow, and youth hath its sorrow,
The fair bark its dark side, and such is mine own;
Brightness and gladness my pathway may borrow,
But still my heart's darkness upon it is thrown.

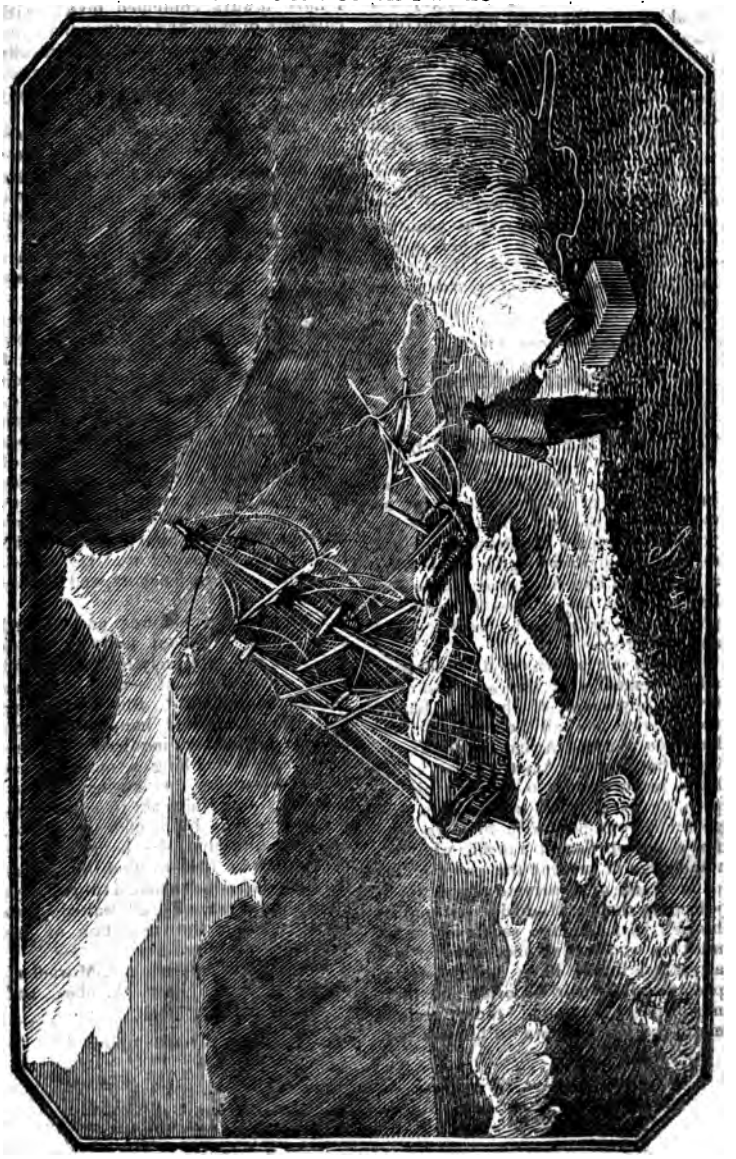
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No. IV.] SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1827. [Price 1d.

SUCCESSFUL APPLICATION OF CAPTAIN MANBY'S APPARATUS IN A CASE OF SHIPWRECK.



GREAT YARMOUTH. Feb. 14.—On Monday night, seventeen persons were saved from the Brothers, a schooner, stranded near the Old Jetty, by Captain Manby's apparatus, kept at the pier, in charge of the Custom-house officers. The sea was running so high, and breaking over the vessel with such fury, that no boat could approach, and every instant it was expected the persons on board would perish from the vessel going to pieces; but by the prompt exertions of the tide waiter, his crew, and a preventive man, a communication was soon effected, and by it a warp raised to the mast head, on which, in a sling, the number above stated were all safely landed, when it was admitted by all present that no other means could possibly have rescued them from inevitable death!—*Chelmsford Chronicle.*

EASTERN TALES.

THE HISTORY OF MORADBAK.

HUDJADGE, one of the most celebrated Kings of Persia, underwent so total a loss of sleep, that it was beyond all example; it inflamed his blood to that prodigious degree, that from a gentle and humane prince, as he was before, when he enjoyed the same repose as his subjects, he became cruel and barbarous.

He had for above twenty years used all the remedies of the sages and celebrated physicians of the east; but all their advice and all their prescriptions had been useless. At length, not knowing what further method he could have recourse to, to retrieve his repose, he gave orders to his vizier, who generally watched with him, to send for a person named Fitead, who had the charge of keeping the gates of the palace, and of a private prison which joined to them: Hudjadge persuading himself, that a man so sedentary as he must be, who was at once a porter and a gaoler, might have heard several persons relate their histories and their misfortunes; and that those recitals might perhaps restore to him his rest. When Fitead arrived in his presence, he said to him, 'I can take no repose; I command thee to relate some history to me.' Alas! my sovereign lord,' said Fitead prostrating himself, 'I cannot read, and I have no memory; I have always contented myself with carefully opening and shutting the gates of you majesty's palace, and faithfully keeping the prisoners you have intrusted to me; I have never thought of any thing else.'

'I believe thou sayest the truth,' resumed Hudjadge; 'but if thou dost not find me some one who can relate to me histories capable of lulling me to rest, or of amusing me if I cannot sleep, I will cause thee to be put to death. Begone: I give thee three days to obey me in, if not I shall keep my promise to thee.'

Fitead, as he departed, said within himself, never shall I be able to perform what the king demands of me; I have no other way left than to abandon my country, and seek my fortune elsewhere. However, he wandered through the whole city, asking all those whom he met, if they could inform him of any person who knew histories or tales capable of lulling a man to sleep; but the whole world made a jest of his question, and left him plunged in the same perplexity as before. He returned home very melancholy, and deeply afflicted.

Fitead was a widower, and he had a daughter of about fourteen years old, who was extremely handsome, and had a great share of sense; she was named Moradbak.* She perceiving that something had happened which affected her father, inquired the cause of it in so touching a manner, that he soon satisfied her curiosity. Moradbak conjured him not to afflict himself, and to put his confidence in God, assuring him that she hoped by the next day to be able to find him what the king had not demanded till two days after: however, Fitead waited with impatience for the execution of his daughter's promise.

When night approached, Moradbak passed into her own chamber, and

* The desire accomplished.

lifting up the mat, which was between her bed and the wall, entered into the subterranean vault, and went to the iron gate, in order to consult the sage Aboumelek upon so delicate a conjuncture.

To understand this history, it is necessary to know, that the king Hudjade had formerly caused this great man to be imprisoned, with orders to give him only bread and water for his subsistence, and prevent him from speaking to any person whatsoever. This prince had absolutely forgot both the sage and the orders he had given, since when fifteen years had elapsed. This wise man, who, however, fatally for him, when he endeavoured to reprove and amend a king, had been drawn to the court of that prince by the hopes of curing his distemper; and to succeed in it he had represented to him how greatly his cruelty had sharpened and soured his blood, and by consequence banished his repose; but he was punished for that salutary advice, by an imprisonment more cruel than death. About three years before the time of this history, the young Moradbak, as she was playing in the chamber where she lay, with a bird, which for some days had been her entire amusement, had found behind her bed a mat, and behind that mat a place in the wall that was decayed, and in which there were some chinks into which the bird, which was her sole delight, had entered; her voice was useless to recal it, and touched with the cries of this little animal, she took out some stones with so much facility, that in a very short time she entered into a subterranean vault, the door of which had been very badly walled up. Moradbak recovered her bird, and in the fear of being reproved for having demolished the wall, she took care to conceal the door of the vault with the mat, in such a manner as had made it impossible to be perceived. Young people are naturally curious; this subterranean vault, as horrible as it appeared at the first sight, was high and broad enough for a man to pass through, Moradbak by degrees accustomed herself to see it without horror. A complaining voice, which she heard at the extremity of the vault, at first gave her terrors, which by little and little decreased; she wanted to know from whence it came: twenty times she advanced, and twenty times she returned back again; but at length she found that this subterranean vault led to the dungeon which enclosed the sage Aboumelek, and was only separated from it by two dreadful grates of iron, which opened into the dungeon. 'Whoever thou art,' cried out the sage, 'have pity upon my misery.' 'Alas!' replied Moradbak to him, 'what can I do for you? I am the daughter of Fitead, I am but eleven years old, and my father will perhaps be angry with me for having spoken to you. Are you,' continued she, 'that prisoner to whom he every day carries bread and water, and whom he will not suffer me to see?' 'I am the person,' replied Aboumelek.—Moradbak then became less afraid, advanced to the iron grate, and soon brought him there all that she could procure, and often deprived herself of what her father gave her, in order to soften the rigour of the sage's confinement. To return and acknowledge so humane an action, he, on his side, resolved to form her mind to virtue, and to the most sublime knowledge. With a design of succeeding in this, and to render his lessons of morality more agreeable to her, he had related to her several histories. Therefore Moradbak, when she promised her father to find him such a man as he sought for, thought immediately of proposing to him the sage Aboumelek: she even looked upon the command of Hudjadge as a means of procuring his liberty, and an occasion she would make use of to return the obligations she had to him. However, she resolve to consult him before she made any proposition to her father, to consider how to speak of him without injury to herself, or in what manner she might engage Fitead to make use of him upon the present occasion in a way that might appear natural, and without danger to either of them. It was with these intentions that she descended to the grate of the dungeon, and gave an account to the sage of what had happened, and of what she had projected.

Aboumelek answered her, that Hudjadge might perhaps still remember

the menaces he had made him, and that it would be exposing herself in vain to propose it; that it would be much better for her to present herself so to relate the histories that were desired. 'You have a great memory,' added he; 'I have related many to you, and will continue to learn you more as long as you shall stand in need of them. Go, and forget not that you ought to expose yourself to any danger to preserve the life of your father.' This discourse made an impression upon the young Moradbak, who notwithstanding her merit, was not presuming, and determined her to propose herself next day to her father. 'My father,' said she to him, 'I am so happy as to be able to deliver you from the pain you are in, and to preserve your life from the cruelty of Hudjadge.' 'Ah! my daughter, how great obligations have I to thee;' said he, embracing her with tears in his eyes, 'where shall I find this illustrious person to whom I am to be so greatly indebted? I will go and prostrate myself at his feet, and give him all the marks of the most lively gratitude.' 'You need not go far,' resumed Moradbak, 'to return your thanks for an action which duty and nature have made it a pleasure to undertake. It is myself,' continued she. 'Is it thee?' replied Fitead, with a surprise mingled with vexation: 'I am obliged to thee for thy good intention; but since thou hast no other resource to offer me, I see plainly I must leave my country. Prepare thyself to follow me in my flight; I have no other, way to choose, and we may perhaps be happier elsewhere.' 'If you are obliged to abandon your country, it is certain,' replied Moradbak tenderly, 'that I shall follow you with joy; but you are not reduced to that extremity. Be calm; I will answer with my head for the success of all. The king cannot sleep; I do not design to propose embarrassing questions to him, which must keep the mind in suspense, according to the custom of the Indian philosophers: as for example, thus:—

A woman entered into a garden, where she gathered up some apples. This garden has four gates, each kept by one man. The woman gave the half of her apples to him who kept the first gate; when she arrived at the second, she gave the half of those she had remaining to the second porter; to the third she did the same thing; and at last she shared them again with the fourth, so that she had only ten apples remaining: the question that is asked is, How many she gathered up?

Fitead, pleased, endeavoured to guess how many the woman had really gathered up: but Moradbak interrupted him in his calculation, and said to him, she took one hundred and sixty. Be assured then, pursued she, that I shall know how to preserve the just bounds that my enterprize demands. Fear not that I should behave like the woman whose fortune was raised by Ebouali Sina, and who could not contain herself within the rules that the sage had prescribed to her. You shall hear the history of it. Fitead consented, and Moradbak continued thus:—

Ebouali Sina, a sage dervise, and much beloved by the great prophet, had passed the night in the house of a poor woman, who had exercised all the duties of hospitality towards him. He was touched with the unfortunate condition to which she was reduced; and resolving to succour her in her misfortunes, he loosened a stone from out of the wall of the house, and pronouncing some words over it, placed it again where it was before, and pierced it with a little pipe, at the end of which he placed a cock. He then said to the woman, as he returned his thanks and bid her adieu, "My good mother, whenever you may want permetz,* turn the cock, and draw out as much as you please. Take the quantity that is necessary for your own use, and carry the remainder to the market. Be assured that the source shall never fail. All that I exact from you, is not to unloose the stone, nor to look what I have put behind it." The good woman promised him she would not, and during some time she observed what the holy man had recommended to her. She gathered riches, and affluence and plenty soon reigned in her family. At length curiosity became so strong within her, that she

* A celebrated preparation of wine.

submitted to its dictates: she displaced the stone, and found nothing behind it but one single grape. She placed the things in the order she found them, but the permetz run no more; it was vanished for ever. Be persuaded then, my dear father, pursued Moradbak, that I shall not remove the stone by too earnest a desire of success, which I shall profit by the conversations that I shall have with the king, and that you shall never repent your having conducted me to recite my histories to him.

Fitead, charmed with the great sense of Moradbak, embraced her several times, and yielded to her entreaties, persuaded that he should meet with no reproach for it; he repaired therefore to the king's levee, or more properly, to his first audience, which he gave early in the morning, for he never slept; and prostrating himself at his feet, said to him, "Your majesty yesterday allowed me three days to find out some person who might relate histories to you, I am, however, capable of presenting one this day, with whom I hope your majesty will be content." "Thou hast done well to find him," replied Hudjadge, "thy head shall answer for him. But who is it thou art to produce before me?" "My lord," replied Fitead, "it is my own daughter." "Thy daughter," returned the king, "of what age is she?" "Fourteen," replied Fitead. "Wretch, dost thou make a jest of me," interrupted Hudjadge enraged, "what can she relate at that age? Nizier," continued he, "punish this audacious man immediately." The Vizier represented to him, with the utmost caution that it would be always in his power to punish him if he abused the confidence of his sovereign. Luckily for Fitead, Hudjadge agreed to this, and said to his porter. "Come then this evening, and bring thy daughter; the vizier and I will listen to the fine tales that this child can tell us: I am even resolved," said he, turning to Fitead, "that thou thyself shalt judge of her merit; according to which, I swear by my beard, thou shalt be punished or recompensed."

Fitead retired, and came to inform Moradbak of what had passed, telling her, his life was in her hands; but she had so great a confidence in the words of the sage Aboumelek, that she said every thing to her father that was necessary to re-assure him.

The evening being come, Fitead conducted her to the apartment of the king, who saw her appear with some degree of surprise. The uncommon height of her stature, and her extraordinary beauty, a little softened the fierceness of Hudjadge: however, he said to her, 'relate a tale, which may either lull me to sleep, or amuse me; let us see if thou canst save the life of thy father.' Moradbak was not the least astonished at so disagreeable a reception; Aboumelek having instructed her in the character of Hudjadge, she answered him with courage, and receiving orders to be seated, together with the vizier and Fitead, she began in these terms:—

(*To be resumed on p.* 34.)

GREAT BAT OF JAVA.

I had often seen, since my arrival in Java, flying in the day time at a great elevation, an animal making a noise so resembling the cawing of a crow, that at first I mistook it for a species of this bird. I now saw many of its species suspended in large clusters with their heads downward from the branches of trees; and so firmly did they adhere, that although I fired at them, and must have destroyed two or three, they did not fall. By throwing large stones, I obliged them to quit their resting places, and to take wing, many of them with young ones clinging to their breasts. They then hovered about, screeched violently, and flapping their enormous wings, circled close over my head, reminding me of the harpies of antiquity. After some trials, I succeeded in shooting two, a male and a female; the male being the larger. Nothing could be more hideous than their aspect. Their bodies, covered with long hair, resemble that of a fox in colour, smell, and form, but that of a full grown rat in size. They are suspended between wings, similar in texture to those of a common bat, but extending five feet from one extremity to the other. The tail, which is four inches long, is also like that of the fox, and is enclosed by the membrane uniting the hinder extremities. The female, which

was only wounded in one of its wings, endeavoured to strike me with the other, screeching violently at the same time, and grinning horribly. When left to itself it exerted its fury on the wounded limb, which it smashed with its teeth. The great bat of Java,* as far as I could learn, is not carniverous, but is much dreaded for the destruction it occasions to fruit trees, whole orchards of which it denudes of their blossoms. The stomach also connects it with herbivorous animals; and that it does not feed on mice, as supposed by some authors, is rendered probable by its habit of flying at great heights. It is often seen in the day time passing over the straits of Sunda in large flocks.—*Abel's China.*

VARIETIES.

HIGH PRICE OF PROVISIONS.

The day after the surrender of the town of Rochelle to the French, which was on the 23rd of October, 1625,

	£.	s.	d.
A bushel of wheat sold for	120	0	0
A pound of bread . . .	20	0	0
A quarter of mutton . . .	5	0	0
A pound of butter	1	10	0
An egg	0	8	0
An ounce of sugar	0	2	6
A dried fish	1	0	0
A pint of wine	1	0	0
A pound of grapes . . .	1	0	0
A pint of milk	1	10	0

Lansdown Mss.

DIRTY BUSINESS.

When the late lord Clive was a boy, and once walking with a schoolfellow through Drayton market, the two lads stopped to look at a butcher killing a calf. 'Dear me, Bobby,' says the lad, 'I would not be a butcher for all the world.' 'Why, I should not much like it,' said Clive, 'its a dirty beggarly business; but I'd a plaguy deal rather be a butcher than a *calf*.'

* The great bat of Java bears the same name as that of New Holland, flying fox. It also in some respects resembles it, but differs from it in having an undivided membrane between its hinder extremities.

UP AND DOWN.

In one of sir Richard Steel's drunken frolics, the waiters were hoisting him into a hackney coach, with some difficulty, when a Tory mob was passing by, and crying 'Down with the *Rumps*' 'Up with the *rump*,' cried sir Richard, or I shall not be home to-night.'

FULLER ALL OVER.

A Mr. Fuller and a Mr. Sparrowhawk walking together, among other merry discourse, says Fuller, 'What is the difference between an owl and *sparrowhawk*?' 'O!' says sparrowhawk, 'tis *fuller* in the face, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over.'

DOMESTIC AMUSEMENTS.

CURIOUS TRANSCOLOURATIONS.

Put half a table-spoonful of syrup of violets, and three table-spoonfuls of water into a glass; stir them well together with a stick, and put half the mixture into another glass. If you add a few drops of acid of vitrol into one of the glasses and stir it, it will be changed into a crimsom; put a few drops of fixed alkali dissolved into the other glass, and when you stir it, it will change to green. If you drop slowly into the green liquor, from the side of the glass, a few drops of acid of vitriol, you will perceive crimson at the bottom, purple in the middle, and green at the top; and by adding a little fixed alkali dissolved, to the other glass, the same colours will appear in different order.

TO FORM FIGURES IN RELIEF ON AN EGG.

Design on the shell any figure or ornament you please, with melted tallow, or any other fat oily substance; then immerse the egg into very strong vinegar, and let it remain till the acid has corroded that part of the shell, which is not covered with the greasy matter: those parts will then appear in relief, exactly as you have drawn them.

FULMINATING POWDER.

A Fulminating powder may be made by rubbing together, in a hot marble mortar, with a wooden pestle, three parts, by weight, of nitre, two of mild vegetable alkali, and one of flowers of sulphur, till the whole is accurately mixed. If a dram of this powder be exposed to a gentle heat in an iron ladle, till it melts, it will explode with a noise as loud as the report of a cannon.

TO CAST FIGURES IN IMITATION OF IVORY.

Make isinglass and strong brandy into a paste, with powder of egg-shells, very finely ground. You may give it what colour you please; but cast it warm into your mould, which should be previously oiled over. Leave the figure in the mould till dry, and on taking it out, you will find it bears a strong resemblance to ivory.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

CAUSE AND EFFECT, OR THE OBVIOUS REASON.

Says tender Will to Ann his wife
Why plague yourself so much my life?
Pray, why so frequent scour the floor?
Do what you will you may do more.
Says Ann, you might have guess'd with ease,
That frequent scourings kill the fleas!
Kill the fleas! says Will; how's that?
Says Ann, why don't you know, you flat?
A child with ease could tell you then,
That damps kill fleas as well as men;
For I can say without presumption;
That damps bring colds, and colds consumption.

TO THE GNAT.

Ah, thou little stinging fly!
Thy buzzing horn,
At night or morn,
Brings back the dreams of infancy!
Dost thou still invade my ear,
With drowsy hum,
As constant come
The spectral hours of midnight drear?
On the silent couch reclin'd,
When thought is rife
On death and life,
I scarcely hear the howling wind:
Yet, slight imp! thy shrilly tone
Will aye be heard,
Like evening's bird,
Because, like her, thou fliest alone;
But, obey a poet's word,
And hence begone!

Oriental Herald,

ENIGMA.

I'm always in a fright,
Yet always in a fray,
I'm ne'er beheld in night
Nor ever seen in day.

In the fire I love to dwell,
But hate the raging tide.
Tho' ne'er in cloistered cell,
With friars I reside.

In coals I never thrive,
Nor wood, tho' fire I love;
And tho' with fish I live,
In streams I never rove.

WOLF HUNTING.

An exploit performed lately in a rencontre with a wolf, by the son of Benjamin Fowle, Esq. of Caledonia, a lad of fifteen years of age, is unparalleled either in the story of Putnam, or that of the no less celebrated bear hunt of M'Donald, in Scotland. For some time previous, many of the farmers of Caledonia, and of the neighbouring towns, complained loudly of the ravages committed in their sheepfolds by some voracious animal infesting the forests and swamps of the vicinity, supposed to be a wolf. A large number of sportsmen having been rallied, and appearing in the costume of hunters, with rifles, bugle horns, &c. went in quest of the lawless depredator. After an unsuccessful chace for several days, the wolf cunningly eluding their pursuit, and in the mean time extending his mischief, they started on the morning of the seventh instant, with a view of acting more systematically, in concert. Mounted on horseback, young Fowle had distanced his companions nearly a mile, when he discovered the wolf making his way ahead over a piece of rising

ground, with his utmost speed. Applying his whip to his horse, he soon overtook and passed him, as on the eve of entering an almost impenetrable swamp.

Having diverted the wolf from his course, being without fire-arms, he tried, at first, to run his horse on him, in order to disable and impede him until he could be dispatched. But the horse, of less courage than the rider, shrinking from the contest with so ferocious an enemy, the boy dismounted, took off a rope halter, thrust it into his bosom, and followed on foot. Again overtaking the wolf, who was plenteously gorged with the flesh of the animals which he had devoured, and nearly exhausted, he seized him by the tail with both hands, and with his feet well braced, he held him fast. He continued thus for some minutes waiting for his companions, when the wolf having recovered in some measure from his excessive fatigue, turned round to attack him: the boy with an intrepidity rivalled only in the battle of Decatur, seized his antagonist by the nape of his neck with his right hand, having still hold of his tale with his left, and a struggle took place between them, the one whirling round the other four or five minutes, till the boy fell uppermost. The wolf being nearly covered in the deep snow, the boy bore down on his neck with his right foot to prevent his biting, and succeeded in tying one of his hind legs with the halter to a small tree. He then with a leap, placed himself out of his reach. Breaking off a large sapling, which was the best weapon he could procure, he beat him on the head till the blood gushed from his nostrils. The wolf, after several unavailing attempts to extricate himself, was maddened to desperation, exhibiting so frightful an appearance as for a moment to daunt the courage of the boy, and make him shudder at the idea of the danger he had encountered. The boy continued to watch him for nearly half an hour, in the meantime hallooing with all his might, for the rest of the company to come up. At length growing impatient, and thinking, perhaps, they had missed his track, he remounted his horse, and rode after them. When they arrived, the wolf had gnawed off the rope, and made his escape; but every appearance confirmed the story of the boy. Several of the party, however, thought it incredible, and were not satisfied until the next day, when the wolf was shot, and a piece of the identical rope halter was found on him wound twice round his leg, and fastened in a gordian knot. This wolf measured three feet in height, and six in length, from the nose to the end of the tail.

ANECDOTE OF LADY BEDFORD.

The lady of the fifth earl of Bedford, and mother of the celebrated lord Russell, was highly accomplished in mind and person. She was remarkable, for the strictest purity of conduct and delicacy of sentiment, although she was the daughter of Robert Carr, earl of Somerset, by the dissolute countess of Essex. But the guilt of her parents, and the murder of sir Thomas Overbury, had been industriously concealed from her; and all she knew was their conjugal infelicity and separation. She came one day into her lord's study, her mind oppressed and weakened by the death of lord Russell, when the earl was suddenly called away, and left her alone. Her eye was suddenly caught by a thin folio, which was lettered: 'Tryal of the earl and countess of Somerset.' She took it down, and turning over the leaves, was struck to the heart by the guilt and conviction of her parents. She fell back, and was found dead in that posture, with the book lying open before her.

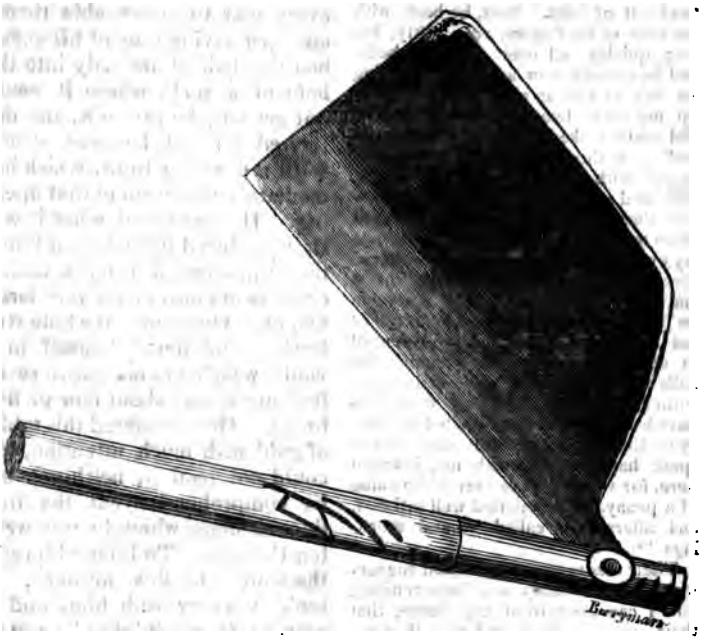
A BOW FOR NOTHING.

A Turkish youth meeting one day an old man of a hundred years, who leaning on his staff, formed with his curved person almost the figure of a bow, the youth said, 'how much, Shaick, have you paid for that bow, I want to buy just such another.' 'Have patience, my son,' rejoined the old man, 'if you live long enough you will get such a one for nothing.'

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The Casket.

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CHINESE BARBERS!!!

No circumstance arrests the eye of a stranger in the cities of China more than the great number of barbers, who are met with in its streets, and form a considerable portion of every crowd. Why they are so numerous is readily explained by a reference to the universal custom amongst the Chinese of shaving all but the crown of their head, and of eradicating every straggling hair from the face, especially from the ears, eyes and nostrils; and to their practice of shampooing: a single operation, consequently, occupying so much time, that one man cannot serve many employers in a day. The barbers carry about with them all the necessary implements of their avocation: a stool, a small furnace, water, razors, and brushes, comprised in two small stands, suspended from the two ends of a bamboo, supported across the shoulders. Besides these, they have a variety of small instruments, made of white copper, the forms of which tell little of their appropriate uses. I could only observe that they were flourished with great rapidity about the face of the patient. They were probably used in the process of shampooing, of which the following curious account is given by one who underwent it:—"Shampooing is an operation not known in Europe, and is peculiar to the Chinese, which I had once the curiosity to go through, and for which I paid but a trifle. However, had I not seen several China merchants shampooed before me, I should have been very apprehensive of danger, even at the sight of all the different instruments that were arranged in proper order on the table, before the operator began. He first placed me in a large chair; then began to beat with both his hands very fast upon all parts of my body. He next stretched out my arms and legs,

and gave them several sudden pulls that racked my joints; then got my arm upon his shoulder, and hauled me sideways a good way over the chair, and as suddenly gave my neck a twitch or jerk round, that I thought he would have put my head out of joint. Next, he beat, with the ends of his fingers, very softly, but very quickly, all over my head, body, and legs, every now and then cracking his fingers with an air; then he stroked up my ears, temples, and eye-lashes; and again racked my joints. After he had gone through this process, he proceeded with his instruments to scrape, pick, and syringe my ears, every now and then tinkling with an instrument close to my ears. The next thing was my eyes, into which I patiently suffered several small instruments to be thrust and turned about, by which operation he brought away half a tea-cup full of hot waterish stuff. He next proceeded to scraping, paring, and cleaning the nails of my fingers and toes; and then to cutting my corns. I only wanted to have had a lock of hair plaited to complete the operation. But after he had spent half an hour with me, it ended here, for which I gave him to the value of a penny. He departed well satisfied, and afterwards called several mornings."*

Their razors (see the prefixed engraving) looked clumsy and inconvenient; but I can state from experience, that their edge is keen, and that they are used by expert manipulators. At the commencement of an illness that required the shaving of my head, I was induced by commit myself to the hands of a Chinese barber, and at a more advanced period of my disorder, put myself under another of the fraternity, after suffering from the inferior skill of one of my countrymen.—*Abel's Narrative of a Journey in China.*

EASTERN TALES.

THE HISTORY OF DAKIANOS.

HISTORIANS relate, that there was in ancient Persia a shepherd named Dakianos, whom nature had endowed with gifts capable of raising him to the highest employments, had he lived in the great world.

One day, as he was at his usual prayers, his flock took fright and were dispersed. Dakianos ran every way to re-assemble them; and perceiving one of his sheep had got half of its body into the hole of a rock, where it could not get out, he ran to it, and delivered it! but he was struck with a dazzling light, which immediately shone out of that opening. He examined what it was that produced it, and soon found that it proceeded from a tablet, or plate of gold, of no very large extent. He opened the hole still farther, and found himself in a vault, which was not above seven feet high, and about four or five broad. He considered this tablet of gold with much attention, but could not read it, neither could he comprehend what the four lines signified which he saw written thereon. To inform himself, therefore, of this mystery, he took it away with him, and as soon as it was night, he put it under his vest, and repaired to the city. His first care was to show it to those who, he was informed, were the most learned men; but however versed they might be in the sciences, there was not one of them who could explain this inscription. However, one of the doctors said to him, 'No person here can translate these characters; go into Egypt, you will find there a venerable man of three hundred years of age, who can read the most ancient writings, and who knows all the sciences; he alone can satisfy your curiosity.' Dakianos delivered his flock to the person to whom it belonged, and departed immediately for Egypt.

The old man was so celebrated,

* Voyage to the East Indies, 1762.

that every body was ready to show him his house. On being presented with the tablet of gold, he received it with affability, and was struck with astonishment at the sight of this wonder. He read the characters with the greatest ease; but after having reflected some time, he cast his eyes upon Dakianos, and said to him, How did this tablet fall into your hands? Diakanos gave him an account of his adventure. These characters, resumed the old man, promise to the person who shall find them, events which it is not likely can happen to you. You have, continued he, a happy countenance, and this inscription speaks of an infidel, whose end must be fatal and tragical; but since fortune has given you this tablet, what is written upon it, doubtless regards you. Dakianos groaned, he sighed, he even wept, and he cried out, 'Would to God that I had never found this golden tablet, that I had never shown it to you, and that I had never heard so terrible a sentence!' 'What use would it have been to you, not to have brought it to me?' said this learned man; 'the predestination of God is from all eternity; what is written in the book of life cannot be effaced; but I may be mistaken; the knowledge of men is often doubtful: God alone is infallible. I can. however, inform you, that this golden tablet indicates a most considerable treasure, and that all those riches belong to him who shall be possessor of the tablet.' This word riches consoled Dakianos, and in the transport of his soul, he said to the old man, 'Delay not a moment; let us go to seek the treasure; we will share it like two brothers.' But the old man said to him, sighing, 'You will no sooner be master of all these riches, but you will abuse them. It is not an easy talent to know how to be rich, and I shall, perhaps, be the first to repent my having done you this service.' 'What a discourse do you hold to me!' cried Dakianos. 'What! shall I have the obligation to you of procuring me such treasures; shall you make my fortune, and do you think I shall be failing in my return! An infidel would not be guilty of such ingratitude, and I cannot so much as harbour a thought of it. I swear then to look upon you as my father, and to share equally all the riches with you; or rather, you shall give me what share you please, and I shall always be content.'

These protestations would not much have re-assured the old man, but that avarice, the only pssion which is felt at a certain age, overcame his reflections, and he consented to their departure. They arrived at the place where Dakianos had found the tablet of gold. The old man commanded him to dig the ground about twenty feet round. They soon discovered a gate of steel, and the old man told Dakianos to open it. Dakianos obeyed with such eager haste, that he broke the door open with his foot, though the key was in the lock. After having gone some steps, a faint light made them distinguish objects. The farther they advanced, the more the light increased. They found themselves at last before a large and magnificent palace; the seven gates of which were closed, but the keys were fastened by them. Dakianos took that of the first gate, and opened it.

The first apartment enclosed

ornaments and habits of the greatest magnificence; and above all, girdles of solid gold, adorned with jewels. They opened the second, which they found filled with sabres, the hilts and sheaths of which were covered with the most precious stones. The third was adorned with an infinite number of cuirasses, coats of mail, and helmets of gold of different fashions, and all the arms were enriched with the most magnificent jewels. The fourth enclosed the most superb horse furniture, answerable to the magnificence of the arms. The fifth offered to their sight piles of gold and silver ingots. The sixth was full of gold coin; and it was scarce possible to enter into the seventh, it was so heaped with sapphires, amethysts, and diamonds.

These immense treasures dazzled Dakianos. From that moment he was sorry that he had a witness of his good fortune. 'Do you consider,' said he, to the old man, 'of what consequence secresy will be upon this occasion?' 'Doubtless,' replied he. 'But,' resumed Dakianos, 'if the king has the least knowledge of this treasure, his first act will be to confiscate it. Are you sure of yourself? Do you fear nothing from your own indiscretion?' 'The desire of possessing the half of these riches,' replied the old man, 'ought to be a pledge that will satisfy you.' 'The half of these riches!' interrupted Dakianos, with an alteration visible in his countenance; 'but that half surpasses the treasure of the greatest kings.' The old man perceived this alteration, and said to him, 'If you think the half too much for me, you may give me only a quarter of it.' 'Most willingly,' returned Dakianos. 'But what precaution will you take to remove them with safety? You will make us be discovered, and be the occasion of our ruin.' 'Well then,' replied the old man, 'though you have promised me much more, give me only one of the apartments, I shall be satisfied with that.' 'You do not answer my question. We will examine at leisure what you have proposed to me,' returned Dakianos, 'I am glad, however, that you are more reasonable, and that you begin to understand yourself.' Dakianos again examined these riches with more avidity, and his eyes were still farther dazzled by them. After having thoroughly considered the magnificent apartment of the diamonds in which they then were, 'You are sensible,' said he to the old man, 'that this is the most valuable, and that it is not natural I should yield up to you the lawful right I have over it.' 'You have reason for what you say,' returned the old man, 'and I do not demand it of you.' They passed afterwards into the apartment which was filled with gold coin. 'This treasure,' said Dakianos, after having looked upon it for some time, 'is certainly what would cause the least trouble, and be the most easily disposed of; it may be useful also towards preserving all the rest, either by establishing a guard, or raising of walls; therefore I believe you too reasonable not to agree to the necessity that engages me to keep it.' 'I agree to it;' replied the old man, 'let us pass on to another.' 'These piles of ingots of silver and gold are not all necessary to you,' said he, as he viewed the fifth apartment. 'No,' returned Dakianos, 'I might possibly do without some

of these; but I have too great obligations to you to expose you, by giving them to you: how could you convey them away? What a trouble it would be to you to dispose of them.' 'That will be my business,' replied the old man. 'No, no,' added Dakianos, 'I love you too well to consent to it; besides, it would be the means to have me discovered: you would be arrested, and you could not prevent yourself from accusing me. Let us see the others.' They opened the fourth apartment. 'This horse-furniture is absolutely unsuitable to you; your age is an obstacle to the use of them.' He made use of the same difficulty to refuse him the cuirasses and the armour which filled the third. When he had locked that up with the same care as the rest, they found themselves in that which contained the sabres; and the old man said to him, 'These arms are easy to carry, I will go and offer them to the kings of the Indies; I will sell them separately, and you will run no risk.' 'You are right,' returned Dakianos, 'I may give you some of these.' As he said these words, he examined them, both as to the weight of the gold and the value of the diamonds. At length he drew one of them out of the scabbard; then he compared all the riches of which he might be the sole possessor, with the head of one man; and unable to conceive how he could have hesitated so long, 'I distrust thee,' said he, springing upon the old man. The old man embraced his knees. 'Be moved' said he to him, 'with my old age; the treasures no longer make any impression upon me, and I pretend not to them.' 'Truly I believe not,' resumed Dakianos, 'they are mine; the tablet of gold gives them to me.' The old man recalled his promises to his memory. 'But I will cancel them,' pursued he: 'to return the obligation you have to me, I only demand my life.' 'I have offended thee too far.' replied Dakianos, 'thy life would be my death, it would give me too much inquietude.' Then, at one blow, striking off the head of the old man, 'Now' cried he, 'my secret is my own.'

Having made a grave, and deposited in it this unfortunate victim of his avarice, in what trouble did he not find himself, when he was obliged to leave it in order to seek for provision.

Not to die with hunger in this subterranean vault, he was obliged to quit it, and go to a place at some distance; but unwilling to lose sight of his treasure, he delayed his departure till night, when he took some handfulls of the gold coin, and repaired to the city. There he bought a horse, which he loaded with biscuit, and with a small barrel of water, and returned before day break to his treasure.

His first care was to make a very deep ditch round the cavern. He then contrived a passage to it under ground; and afterwards raised a hut of earth to preserve himself from the weather.

When he had conducted his work so far as to be able to leave it without fear, he repaired again to the city, but only in the night. He purchased some slaves, with whose assistance he brought thither every thing that was necessary for his safety and convenience. Soon after, he gathered workmen, and built more solidly the works which he had began. He surrounded the place with three walls of stone, and laid al-

ways between the first and the second. He took great care to spread abroad a report that he carried on a large foreign commerce, and spoke much of the fortune he had made in Egypt. Upon this pretext he built a magnificent palace: that of the thousand columns erected by Melik Jouna, the ancient king of the Indies, was nothing in comparison to it.

So great magnificence soon made him considered and respected by the world. He sent caravans to all parts of the Indies to authorise the expenses he bestowed in slaves, in building, in women, and in horses; and fortune also favoured a commerce which was of little consequence to him. His heart, fully satisfied as to riches, was not long without being sensible to ambition. The court has strong attractions for the rich; and Dakianos, who joined to his opulence an immeasurable ambition, neglected nothing to introduce himself at the court of the king of Persia, but made presents to the viziers, to obtain his protection. His magnificence and his generosity soon reached the ears of the king, who desired to see him. Dakianos had audience as soon as he appeared; but to give a favourable impression of him, and to deserve the favor of the king, he brought him presents, which the greatest kings upon earth could not, perhaps, have collected together. It is generally by nines that the eastern presents are given, when they would extend their magnificence to the last degree; he therefore caused himself to be preceded by nine superb camels.

The first was loaded with nine suits and ornaments of gold, adorned with the most beautiful jewels, of which the jewels were of the greatest lustre.

The second bore nine sabres, the hilts and scabbards of which were of gold, adorned with diamonds.

Upon the third were seen nine suits of armour, of equal magnificence.

The fourth had for its load nine suits of horse-furniture, suitable to the other presents.

Nine cases full of sapphires were upon the fifth.

Nine other cases heaped with rubies loaded the sixth.

The same weight of emerald was upon the seventh.

The amethysts, in an equal number of cases was the load of the eighth.

At last there appeared upon the ninth camel nine cases of diamonds.

Nine young women of the greatest beauty, and magnificently adorned, followed this caravan; and eight young slaves who had yet no beard, immediately preceded Dakianos.

In the midst of the surprise which these presents gave to the king and the whole court, some of those who composed it demanded where was the ninth slave. Dakianos, who expected the question, pointed to himself. The king, pleased with that turn of delicacy, which he joined to such considerable presents, received him with extreme distinction; and his natural eloquence increasing his favour, it was impossible for the king to be without him. He made him be seated by him, gave him the pleasures of his music, sent him every day dishes from his own table, and very often the most exquisite wines; during which, on his side he returned all this bounty by pre-

sents, the quantity of which was as surprising as their magnificence. At length he obtained so great a power over the king, that he created him his vizier.

Dakianos governed Persia with an absolute sway. He ought to have enjoyed a happiness which might satisfy his vanity; but can ambition ever be satisfied?

An event soon happened which promised to realise his highest hopes. An ambassador arrived from the emperor of Greece, demanding from the Persian monarch seven years' tribute; and threatening, if his claims were not satisfied, to enforce them at the head of an army. By the advice of Dakianos, the ambassador was haughtily dismissed, and an army of one hundred thousand men raised to meet the emperor. Ten thousand were added to these by Dakianos, and equipped at his own expense; and with these, and a body of 2000 of the king's chosen troops for a guard, he prepared to take the field as general of the Persian army, taking with him all his riches, which ten thousand camels could scarcely carry. The king of Persia, who parted from his vizier with regret, accompanied him for three days, and quitted him with tears in his eyes, giving him a thousand benedictions.

(*To be resumed at page* 42.)

CURIOUS SPEICIMEN OF POLITICAL DUPLICITY.

Being the Translation of a Letter written by the Cardinal Mazarine to the French Ambassador at Rome.

SIR,—M. Campy, a Savoyard friar is to be the bringer to you of this letter. He is one of the most vicious persons, that I have ever yet known; and hath earnestly desired me to furnish him with a letter for you of recommendation; which I grant to his importunity; for, believe me, Sir, I should be sorry if you were to be mistaken as to his true character. as many other persons have been, and who are of my best friends here, I am most desirous to advertise you, to take particular notice of him, saying nothing at all in his presence, in any sort; for I may with truth assure you there cannot be a more unworthy or base person in the world, I am assured, that as soon as you have opportunities to observe him, you will thank me for this timely advice. civility hindereth me from now saying more upon this subject. of the holy order of St. Benedict, of news from me by the receipt discreet, wise, and least wicked, or (among all I have conversed with) to write to you in his favour, and credence on his own behalf, with my merit, I assure you, rather than to his he is ready to deserve your love. wanting in kindness to him from being It would afflict me much if you were thus deceived, who now value him, Sir, and for no other motive that you ought, more than any, and to show him the greatest respect: that may offend or displease him say that I love him as myself, and strong or convincing argument of an than to be willing to do him any injury cease to be a stranger to his virtue, and will love and respect him as I do, and The assurance I have of your great writing farther of him to you, or of

I am, &c. MAZARINE.

The following is a similar composition in verse:—

THE VICAR OF BRAY'S CREED.

I love with all my heart
The Hanoverian part—
And for their settlement
My conscience gives consent,
Most righteous is the cause
To fight for George's laws
This is my mind and heart,
Tho' none should take my part.

The Tory party here,
Most hateful doth appear,
I ever have denied
To be on James's side;
To be for such a king;
Will Britons ruin bring,
In this opinion I
Resolve to live and die.

VARIETIES.

Previous to the battle of Marston Moor, in 1644, lieut. general Cromwell had sent out spies to reconnoitre the king's forces under the command of Prince Rupert. Not confiding in their report of the disposition of the enemy, and determined to gain personal information, he, unknown to any of his officers, procured the habit of a farmer, with which having equipped himself, he mounted a cart-horse, takes a circuit from the camp, and reconnoitres the king's forces from every convenient point of view; but being observed, troopers were sent out to take him prisoner. On coming suddenly upon him, they accosted him roughly. Oliver, pretending deafness, asked, with the greatest tranquillity, "For what purpose those men were armed?" On being informed that they were the king's, and that the opposite troops belonged to the parliament, "What," says Oliver, "have they differed, then?" The simplicity of the question excited laughter among the troopers, and Oliver was permitted to proceed to his camp without further molestation. —*Life of Cromwell.*

Whimsical Anecdote.—Samuel Baldwyn, a gentleman of Hampshire, had, by his will, in the year 1736, ordered, that, after his decease, his body should be thrown into the sea beyond the Needles, which was accordingly complied with. On making inquiry into his motives for the singular distribution of his remains, it was discovered, that he made it for the purpose of disappointing a young wife, who had frequently assured him, by way of *consolation*, that she should *dance upon his grave.*

Colour of the Devil.—A negro servant being asked what colour he believed the devil was, 'Why,' replied the African,' the white men paint him *black*, we say he is *white*; but from his great age, and being called *Old Nick*, I should suppose him *grey*.'

Embarrassment.— Notwithstanding lord Rochester was the most debauched and impudent nobleman of his time, and though he had even exhibited as a mountebank upon Tower-hill, yet he had not confidence enough to speak in the house of peers. One day, making an attempt, he gave a true picture of this defect. 'My lords,' said he, 'I rise this time—my lords, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches—my lords, if ever I attempt to branch in this house again, I'll give you leave to cut me off root and branch for ever.'

POETRY.

TWO OR THREE SAD TRUTHS.

There's storm to crush the flower,—
Stern winds to freeze the stream;
And Adversity's chilling power,
To destroy life's loveliest dream.

Tyrants to quell the free,
Cold hearts to irk the kind;
Falsehood to stab fidelity,
And corrode the confiding mind.

Pain in the purest pleasure,
Fear in the hours most secure;
Dismay in the happiest leisure,
And doubt, when delight seems most sure.

Such is our nature's doom,—
Thus linked the joys we prize;
And 'tis only in the certain tomb
That certain quiet lies!

A. D.

ALAS! THAT MORNING SEEN SO BRIGHT.

Alas! that morning, seen so bright,
Gleaming in all its vest of light,
Should ever fly,
And leave the sky,
To vanish into gloomy night.

'Tis thus the morn of life, which glows
In splendid tints that mock the rose,
Sees sorrows blight
Its hours of light,
And midnight darkness shade its close.

L. E. L.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

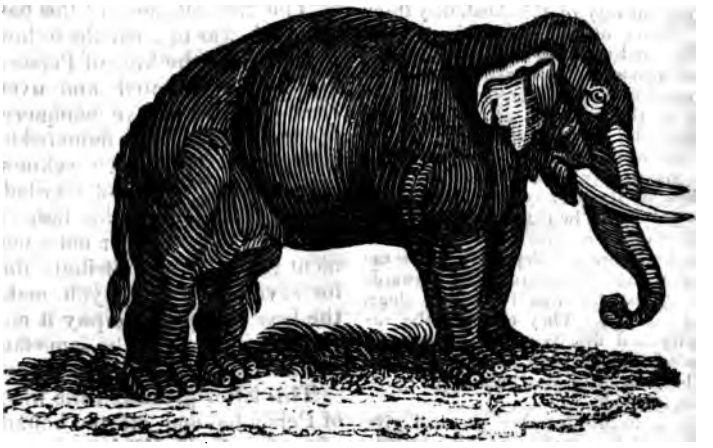
H. R. has our thanks. We hope to hear from him again.

W. B. inadmissible.

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The Casket.

No. 6.] SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1827. [Price 1d.



THE ELEPHANT.

The elephant is a native of Asia and Africa. 'It is,' says Blumenbach, 'the largest of all land animals, being full 15 feet high, and weighing in its twentieth year 7000lbs. Its skin, nearly an inch thick on the back, is, notwithstanding, sensible to the stings of insects, and commonly of a grey colour. The most important organ of the elephant is his proboscis, which serves him for respiration, for his very acute sense of smell, for drawing up water, for seizing his food and conveying it to his mouth, and for many other purposes instead of a hand. He can extend it to the length of 6 feet, and shorten it again to 3. At the extremity it is provided with a flexible hook, by means of which he can perform various tricks, such as untying knots, unloosing buckles, picking up money, &c. His food consists principally of the leaves of trees, rice, and other grain. He swims with great facility, even through rapid streams. In copulating, he leaps on the female like most other quadrupeds. The young one sucks with the mouth, and not the trunk, as many have asserted. About the third or fourth year, the two large tusks, which furnish ivory, appear in both sexes. They are seven or eight feet long, and a single one will weigh as much as 200lbs. It is probable that the elephant will live 200 years. It is principally used as a beast of burthen, as it is able to carry at least a ton, and to drag heavy articles over mountains, &c. Its step consists in a quick shuffling motion of the legs, but so sure that it never stumbles, even on the worst roads.'

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN CAFFRARIA.

Although crowds are engaged in the chace, yet, according to law, the man who pierces the creature first, though his spear should only scar the hide, claims both the honour and benefit of the animal's death. The latter, however, is but small, as he only gets one tusk, the other being considered the rightful property of his chief. He is obliged, likewise, to provide, a fat cow, or bullock, for slaughter, that the period may be rendered one of festivity. As the Caffres consider the elephant to be equal in rank to one of

their principal chiefs, the inferior are not allowed to partake of the meat prepared on this occasion. When engaged in the act of killing him, it is singular enough to hear them all applauding the brute, and crying, 'Don't kill us, captain!'—'Don't kick us, great chief!'—'Don't trample us in the dust, mighty king!' While between every entreaty of this kind, they throw a shower of darts into his tortured body; and when he falls, they raise as loud a shout as their exhausted strength is capable of. The bushy part of the tail is then cut off, and taken to the Chief, who hangs it up at the entrance of his cattle-fold, as one of the ensigns of his royalty and power, and as a token of the victory and triumph of his people. The extremities of the ear and trunk are also cut off, and with much ceremony deposited in some secret place. The carcase is afterwards left to be devoured by wolves, dogs, and vultures. They consider the sagacity and dignity of the elephant as rendering him 'too much like man to be made the food of human beings.'—*Wes. Mag.*

In a future Number we shall give some curious anecdotes of this sagacious animal.

Eastern Tales.

THE HISTORY OF DAKIANOS.

(*Continued from page* 39.)

Dakianos chose out the most warlike men in all the cities through which he passed, equipped them at his own expence, and as he gave them whatever pay they demanded, his army was in a short time increased to three hundred thousand men.

The emperor of Greece advanced to meet Dakianos with seven hundred thousand men. As soon as he perceived the enemy, he divided his army into two bodies, and gave the signal for battle. The troops of Dakianos acted with so much valour, and their first onset was so terrible, that the army of the Grecians had not time to recover itself, and it was almost as soon defeated as attacked. Dakianos ordered the Grecian emperor whom he had taken prisoner, to be beheaded, and caused himself to be acknowledged sovereign.

The first business of this new monarch was to write the following letter to the king of Persia: "I have defeated and overcome Cæsar,* I have conquered his dominions, I have mounted his throne, and have been acknowledged the sovereign of his whole empire. As soon as this letter is delivered to you, defer not a moment to send me the tribute due for seven years. If you make the least difficulty to pay it me, you must submit to the same fate as Cæsar."

This letter provoked the king of Persia beyond all the bounds of moderation. Without loss of time he assembled his troops, and put himself at their head to march towards the confines of Greece: of which Dakianos no sooner heard than he formed a detachment of two hundred thousand men from his army, to advance and give battle to the king of Persia. The troops met, and after a bloody and obstinate conflict, the king of Persia was defeated, taken prisoner, and conducted to Dakianos.

When that prince was in his presence, Wretch, said he to him, how canst thou bear my sight, thou most ungrateful of mankind! I ungrateful! returned Dakianos, I have levied troops at my own expense, I have spent the greatest part of my immense treasures, I have therefore bought this con-

* The oriental nations always gave that name to the emperors of Greece.

quest; I have done more, I have fought, I have revenged thy quarrel. What canst thou reproach me with? I have loved thee, returned the king.

It is hard for those in power to bear a well-founded reproach; the only answer of Dakianos was to command his head to be struck off, and immediately to send troops to seize upon his dominions. He chose Ephesus for his residence; but not thinking that city magnificent enough, he caused it to be rebuilt with the utmost elegance, and gave all his care to the erecting of a palace which was unparalleled for its solidity, its extent, and its magnificence. He erected in the centre of it a kiosch, the walls of which were six hundred feet long, and the cement and all the jointings of it were of silver. This kiosch contained a thousand chambers, each of which enclosed a throne of gold; he caused three hundred and sixty-five gates of crystal to be made, which he placed in such a manner that every day throughout the year the rising sun shone upon one of them. His palace had seven hundred porters; sixty viziers were occupied in his affairs; there were always in the hall of audience sixty thrones, upon which were seated those who had signalized themselves in war; he had seven thousand astrologers, who assembled every day, and continually declared to him the different influences of the stars; he was always surrounded by ten thousand ichoglans, who wore girdles and crowns of solid gold, and were most magnificently clad; they had no other employment but that of being always ready to receive his orders. He appointed sixty bachas, each of whom had under his command two thousand well-made and valiant young men, who each in particular commanded two thousand soldiers.

One day when Dakianos was in the height of his splendour, an old man arose from beneath the throne upon which he was seated. The king, amazed, asked him who he was? But he, who was an unbelieving genie, far from confessing it, said, I am the prophet of God, I obey his orders by coming to you; know, therefore, that he has made me the god of the heavens, and that he ordains that you should be the god of the earth? Dakianos answered him, Who will believe that I am so? and the genie immediately disappeared. Some time after, Dakianos had again the same apparition, and the genie repeated to him the same things; but he answered him, You deceive me: How can I be the god of the earth? Your power, your great actions, and the care that God has taken of you, ought to persuade you; but if you will not believe me, pursued the old man, do what I shall tell thee, and you will soon be convinced. Dakianos, whose pride this flattered, and who had nothing more to desire of human greatness, promised him to consent to every thing. Let your throne be placed upon the shore of the sea, pursued the old man. What he desired was executed; and when Dakianos was placed there, Prince, said the genie to him, there is at the bottom of the sea a fish, the bigness of which is known only to God, and which every day comes to land; it remains there till noon to adore the Almighty; no person interrupts its prayers; when they are finished, it plunges again to the bot-

tom of the sea. The fish appeared as usual, and the genie said to Dakianos, Though the fish will not believe your power, it has, however, declared to all the fishes of the sea, that you are the god of the earth; it fears nothing, and comes now to inform itself. You will know the truth of what I have declared to you, continued he, if you will only condescend to say to him, I am the god of the earth; your voice will freeze him with terror, he cannot hear it without surprise, and will certainly take his flight. This proposition pleased Dakianos, and he called the fish and said to it, I am the god of the earth. These words of infidelity made the fish immediately plunge to the bottom of the sea, in the fear he was under lest the Almighty power should dart his thunder to punish the impostor. Dakianos easily persuaded himself that the fish was an infidel, and that his presence had made him take his flight. From that moment he believed all the deluding words of the genie, and soon had no doubt left of his divinity. Not only his subjects adored him, but people came from all corners of the world to give him those marks of adoration which he exacted; and he caused all those to be thrown into a burning furnace who refused to worship him.

In the number of the ten thousand slaves who stood always before him with their hands crossed upon their breast, there were six Greeks, who possessed his confidence, and who approached the nearest to his person. They were named, Jemlikha, Mekchiliana, Mechlima, Merlima, Debermouch, and Charnouch. Of these, Jemlikha was the most favoured, on account of his superior talents. One day, as Dakianos was at table, Jemlikha held a fan to drive away the flies that might incommode him. However, there came one which settled itself with so much obstinacy upon the dish that he was eating off, that he was obliged to give over. Jemlikha struck with this slight event, thought it ridiculous that a man, who could not drive away even a fly that troubled him, should pretend to divinity; sure, continued he, I ought to have no regard for such a god. Some time after, Dakianos entered into one of his apartments to repose himself for some hours, and Jemlikha still waited by him with the fan. The same fly came again, and at this time she placed herself upon the face of the monarch. Jemlikha would have driven her away, but his pains were in vain; she awakened Dakianos, and threw him into the greatest impatience. Jemlikha, already touched by his first reflections, said within himself, This man is certainly no more a god than I am; there can be but one God and it is he who has created the sun that gives us light. From that time, Jemlikha used the custom of saying every night when he lay down, The true God is he who created the heavens, and fixed them in the air without a pillar.

It is difficult to make a serious reflection, and not to communicate it to a friend. Jemlikha declared all his doubts to his companions. A man, says he, who cannot disengage himself from a fly, can he have a power over the works of nature? Then he related the adventure of the fly. But if our king is not a god, said they to him, who then are we to adore? Jemlikha told them

what he thought, and they were so far persuaded of it that from that day they joined with him every night in prayer.

Their assembling themselves together in private places, soon became the subject of conversation. Dakianos being informed of it, sent for them into his presence, and said to them, Do you adore another God beside me? They contented themselves with answering him, We adore the sovereign master of the world. The king, who took that answer to mean himself, loaded them with caresses, and bestowed upon each of them a robe of honour. Jemlikha afterwards said to them, If there should be again such information given to the king as has now put us into such imminent danger, we can hope for no further mercy from him. I think, therefore, the only resolution we can take, is to quit our country, and to seek another, where we may adore God without constraint. But how can we take our flight? replied his companions; we know no other country but this. Let us put our trust in God, resumed Jemlikha, and make use of any favourable circumstance; we are not to follow Dakianos, when he goes his magnificent chase for six days, at the head of his army. What hinders us taking that time for our departure? We will demand permission of the eunuchs that guard us to play at feheukian;* we will go out of the square, throw the ball at a great distance, and take our flight upon those swift horses which are usually given us for that exercise. They approved of this project, and the day after the king's departure they put it into execution. The eunuchs pursued them and would have forced them to return back to the palace; but the young men had already drawn their sabres, and in a moment they put the eunuchs out of a condition to follow them. They immediately put their horses upon full speed, and having exhausted them, continued their journey on foot; but being tired, and faint with thirst and hunger, they stopped on the side of the road, and prayed to heaven for relief. Some faithful genii heard them, and, touched with their situation, inspired Jemlikha with the thought of ascending a mountain, at the foot of which they were. It was not without pain that he arrived at the summit; but at length he perceived a spring, and a shepherd sitting by it, who sung whilst his flock was feeding. Jemlikha, calling to his companions, the few words he could make them hear augmented their strength, and gave them courage to ascend the mountain.

The shepherd, whose name was Keschetiouch, gave them some provisions, and they drank of the water of this delightful fountain. This refreshment re-established their strength, and their first care was to return their thanks to heaven for it. Then Keschetiouch said to them, How have you found the way to a place where I never yet saw any mortal? If I am not mistaken, you are fugitives; trust me with your misfortunes; I may perhaps be of some service to you. Jemlikha related to him all that had happened to them, and his discourse so struck the shepherd, that he soon learned and repeated with them their prayers. Afterwards he told them, Ephesus is so

* The match performed on horseback.

near to this place, that you will still be in some danger; doubt not but Dakianos will use his utmost efforts to have you seized. I know a cavern not far from hence, which perhaps in a forty years' search could not be found. I will conduct you there. They accepted his offer and followed him.

The shepherd had a little dog which he called Catnier that followed them. They did not care to take him with them, and using all their skill to drive him away, they threw a stone at him, which broke his leg; but he still followed them limping; they threw a second at him which did not turn him back, though it broke his other fore leg, so that he walked only upon his two hind feet. The third stone having broke one more, he was no longer in a condition to stand. But to their amazement, the dog said to them, Alas! you go to seek after God, and you have deprived me of all hope of going with you! Am not I also the creature of God? Are you alone obliged to acknowledge him? They were so astonished at this wonderful miracle, and moved with the condition to which they had reduced him, that they carried him by turns, and went on begging the protection of heaven.

They were not long before they arrived at the cavern; and finding themselves fatigued, they laid down to sleep; but they slept with their eyes open, in such a manner, that no one could suspect that they tasted any real repose.

In the mean time those eunuchs who had escaped the sabres of the young slaves, gave an account of what had passed to Dakianos. He was enraged at their flight; and while accusing them of the highest ingratitude, the same unfaithful genie, who had so often appeared to him, presented himself before him, and said, Your slaves have quitted you, only that they might worship another god, in whom they place all their trust. This so heightened the anger of Dakianos, that he conjured the genie to let him know the place of their retreat. I alone can bring you to it, returned the genie; all mankind would search for it in vain, but I will conduct you to it at the head of your army. They immediately departed, and were not long before they arrived at the mouth of the cavern. The genie then said to Dakianos, 'Tis here they are retired. Dakianos would have entered it; but at that moment there burst out from it a dreadful vapour, which was followed by a furious wind, and a darkness that spread over all that part of the world. The army gave back with horror; but anger redoubling the courage of Dakianos, he advanced to the entrance of the cavern: but in spite of all his efforts, it was absolutely impossible for him to enter it, the air being so impenetrable. He perceived Catnier, who slept with his head resting on his paw, and distinguished plainly the six young Greeks and the shepherd, who were all in a profound sleep, though he was far from suspecting that, as their eyes were open.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ALARMED CENTINEL.

During the siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night a sentry,

whose post was near the Devil's Tower, and facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling, looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire and sword, miners, breaches, storming, and bloodshed!—By the side of his box stood a deep-necked earthen jug in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas. A large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock), encouraged by the man's silence, and allured by the smell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust its head so far into the neck as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant the soldier turned round, and came whistling towards his box. The monkey, unable to get clear of it, started up to run off with the jug sticking on his head. This terrible apparition no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine bloodthirsty Spanish grenadier, with a tremendous high cap on his head. Full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guard took the alarm, the drums were beat, and in less than ten minutes the governor and his whole garrison were under arms. The supposed grenadier being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized; and by his capture, the tranquility of the garrison was restored without that slaughter and bloodshed, which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of the direful alarm.

Varieties.

Horrible Rencounter. — We were conducted by the captain of the Pizarro to the governor of the province, Don Vincente Emparan, to present to him the passports which had been given us by the first secretary of state. He received us with that frankness and that noble simplicity, which has at all times characterised the Biscayan nation. Before he was named governor of Portobello and Cumana, he had distinguished himself as a captain of a vessel in the royal navy. His name recalls to mind one of the most extraordinary and distressing events recorded in the history of maritime wars. At the time of the last rupture between Spain and England, two brothers of M. d'Emperan fought during a whole night before the port of Cadiz, taking each other's ship for an enemy's. The battle was so terrible, that both vessels were sunk nearly at the same time. A very small part of the crew was saved, and the two brothers had the misfortune to recognize each other a little before they expired.—*Humboldt's Travels in South America.*

A writer on English Grammar gives the following example of wrong emphasis:—A clergyman, on reading the 27th verse of the eighteenth chapter of the 1st book of Kings, generally placed the emphasis on the words denoted by italics. "And he spake to his sons, saying, Saddle *me*, the *ass*, and they saddled *him*."

Extraordinary Eyes and Ears.—A Gascon happened to be at Paris, in the rue Notre Dame, close to a citizen, to whom he boasted of the goodness of his eyesight. 'Zounds,' said he to him, 'from this very place I see a mouse running at the top of this tower.' 'I do not see it,' said the citizen, '*but I hear it trot.*'

An Irish gardener, seeing a boy stealing some fruit, swore if he caught him there again he'd lock him up in the *ice-house* and *warm* his jacket.

In the villages of Holland, among the peasants, distance is computed by *smoking of their pipes*; and they tell you, that from village to village is about *a pipe and a half, two pipes, half a pipe*, &c.

Poetry.

THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

The story of the following ballad is traditional in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewellyn had a house. The Greyhound, named Gelert, was given him by his father-in-law, king John, in the year 1205; and the place to this day is called *Beth Gelert*, or the Grave of the Greyhound.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer:
'Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

O, where does faithful Gelert roam!
The flow'r of all his race;
So true, so bold—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chace!'

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And centinel'd his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells,
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little lov'd
The chace of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unus'd such looks to meet;
His favorite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,
And on went Gelert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed, he found
The blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child, no voice replied,
He search'd with terror wild;
Blood—blood he found on every side,
But no where found the child!

Hell-hound! by thee my child's devour'd!
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Past heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had miss'd;
All glowing from his rosy sleep
His cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn, and dead,
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear,
The gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe:
Best of thy kind, adieu;
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue!

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearmen pass,
Or forester unmov'd;
Here, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow prov'd.

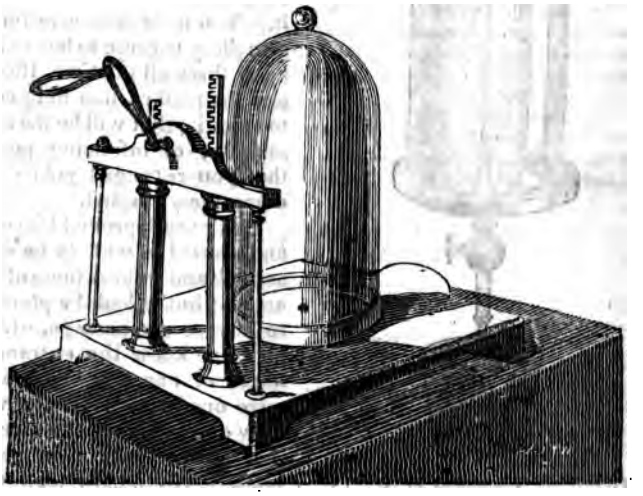
And here he hung his horn and spear:
And oft, as evening fell,
In Fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's grave!

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The Casket.

No. 7.] SATURDAY, MARCH 27,, 1827. [PRICE 1*d*.



DOMESTIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE AIR PUMP.

As an account of the principles on which the Air Pump is constructed would not enable any person to make one, and as they can be purchased at an optician's at a very moderate price, we shall merely observe that the *receiver* is a glass vessel, something like a bell in shape, the mouth of which is placed on a wet skin of leather, stretched on a plane, and that the atmospheric air may be pumped or drawn from it, so as to leave an entire vacuum. The following experiments will explain its properties.

BOTTLES BROKEN BY AIR.

Take a square bottle of thin glass, and of any size. Apply it to the hole in the air-pump, and exhaust the air. The bottle will sustain the weight of the external air, as long as it is able, but at length it will suddenly burst into very small particles, and with a loud explosion.

An opposite effect will be produced, if the mouth of a bottle be sealed so close that no air can escape; then place it in the receiver, and exhaust the air from its surface. The air which is confined within the bottle, when the external air is drawn off, will act so powerfully as to break the bottle into pieces.

GLASS BROKEN BY AIR.

Lay a square of glass on the top of an open receiver, and exhaust the air. The weight of the external air will press on the glass, and smash it to atoms.

THE HAND FIXED BY AIR.

If a person hold his hand on a open receiver, and the air be exhausted, it will be fixed as if pressed by a weight of sixty pounds.

WATER BOILED BY AIR.

Take water made so warm that you can just bear your hand in it, but that has not been boiled; put it under the receiver, and exhaust the air. Bubbles of air will soon be seen to rise, at first very small, but presently become larger, and will be at last so great, and rise with such rapidity, as to give the water the appearance of boiling. This will continue till the air is let into the receiver, when it will instantly cease.

A FOUNTAIN TO PLAY BY THE PRESSURE OF THE AIR.



To produce a fountain in vacuo, exhaust the receiver and place the lower end of the stop-cock in a basin of water, which will be driven up in a continuous jet by the pressure of the air.

EASTERN TALE.

THE HISTORY OF DAKIANOS.

(Concluded.)

THE sight of this cavern, and all the prodigies of heaven, spread so great a terror in his mind, that he returned to his army and said, that he had discovered his slaves, who had prostrated themselves before him, without having the courage to speak to him, and that he had left them prisoners in the cavern, till he fixed his resolution as to their punishment. He consulted his sixty viziers, but no advice of theirs could give him satisfaction. He had recourse, therefore, to his genie, who advised him to command the architects, who always marched along with him, to raise a very thick wall, which should entirely close up the entrance of the cavern, and take away all hope of succour from those who were enclosed in it. You must take care for your own glory to cause to be engraved upon this wall the time, the year, and the reasons that obliged you to erect it; that will be the means, said he, of informing posterity that you revenged yourself with a greatness of spirit.

Dakianos approved his counsel, and caused a wall to be erected as thick and solid as those of Alexandria; but he had the precaution to reserve one passage, of which he alone knew the entrance, in hopes of one day being able to seize upon his slaves, and with a view of examining the events of the cavern, which, in spite of himself, continually took up his thoughts. He added to all these precautions that of placing a guard of twenty thousand men before the wall. All his armies had orders to relieve this body of troops every month, and to put to death all who might endeavour to approach the place. Every day he repaired to the cavern, in order to make new efforts to enter it, or at least to feed his eyes with the objects of his vengeance.

The calm which was enjoyed by those whom he still looked upon as his slaves, redoubled his fury. Their eyes, which were, as he imagined, fixed upon him, their silence to all the reproaches and invectives with which he loaded them, even their attitude, all were marks of the greatest contempt of him. One day, when he had joined to his usual speeches the blackest imprecations against heaven, Catnier, without any motion,

said to him: Wretch! darest thou blaspheme a God who has let thee live, notwithstanding the crimes thou hast been guilty of? Believest thou that he has forgot to punish the fate of the learned Egyptian, whom thy avarice put to death, contrary to the most sacred oaths? Dakianos, whose wrath was impotent there, went out distracted and provoked with the insulting reproaches that he received from the dog of his slaves. At his return, he caused to be executed in the public square, above two thousand men who had refused to adore him. These examples of severity spread abroad the fire of a rebellion, which was lighted in all parts of his dominions. Amazed to find that, notwithstanding the pains he had taken to cut off all communication with them, his prisoners still existed, Dakianos ordered six hundred thousand additional troops to surround the cavern.

When he had taken these new precautions, he returned to the entrance of the cavern, and said with a fierce and a haughty voice, Now you will be obliged to deliver yourselves up to my power! Catnier answered him again, We fear thee not; heaven protects us, believe me and return to Ephesus, thy presence is become necessary there. Dakianos perceiving that he would give no farther answer, returned to the city, and found that several of the chief of the eunuchs of his seraglio were murdered, and his women ravished and forced away. Distracted at this, he could not forbear returning to the cavern, and saying to Catnier, (because he was the only creature that answered him,) if thy God could restore me the honour that has been taken from me, I would endeavour.—— Catnier answered, God himself cannot restore thy lost honour. Go, return to Ephesus, other misfortunes attend thee there. These words threw Dakianos into the utmost confusion. He returned immediately back again, and found that the demon of hatred had seized upon his three sons, that they had drawn their sabres against each other, and that the angel of death was come to tear them from him.

In the midst of the sorrow with which he was surrounded, he could not prevent himself from returning once more to the cavern. Wretches, said he to them, what torments ought I not to make you suffer when you shall fall into my hands! However, restore me my children, and I will forgive all that you have done against me. Catnier, who always spoke, answered him thus: God will restore no children whom he has banished from the world to punish the crimes of their father; go, return to Ephesus, thou deservest to find new misfortunes there. It is too much, cried Dakianos, retiring, and immediately, with rage and despair in his heart, he commanded all his troops and all the inhabitants of Ephesus to bring each of them a faggot, and see his orders executed. Then he caused this enormous quantity of wood to be piled before the cavern in hopes of stifling those whom it enclosed, but the wind beat back the flames against the city. No private house, notwithstanding, was in the least damaged by it; but the fire seize upon the palace of Dakianos, which was wholly reduced to ashes, and all the treasure which he had amassed with so much care vanished in a moment, whilst the cavern did not undergo the least alteration. This last prodigy engaged him to have

recourse to the seven sleepers, and to Catiner himself, begging them to intercedge for him. The little dog answered him thus: It is fear, and not piety, that seems to soften the hardness of thy heart; be gone, God knows thy heart, thou can'st not deceive him. Dakianos retired confounded with this last reproach, but still more distracted at having humbled himself so far.

In the midst of all these misfortunes, the revolt, which was considerably augmented, demanded an example to be made, and the situation of the hear of Dakianos engaged him to render it of the greatest severity. To that effect he caused to be erected in the public square, upon the ashes of his place, a throne of iron; he commanded all his court and all his troops to be clothed in red,* and to be covered with black turbans; he took care to put on the same habit, with a design of murdering in one moment five or six hundred thousand souls, whom he resolved to sacrifice to the safety of his throne, to the names of his children, to his lost honour, and to what effected him still more, the incessant remorse and horror that gnawed his heart. But before he performed this cruel execution, he resolved once more to visit the cavern, in hopes that his weapons, the usual confidence of the wicked, might intimidate those whom by prayers nor by menaces he could obtain nothing from. When he arrived there he redoubled his usual blasphemies. Tremble, thou wretch, said Catnier then to him, without any emotion, thou drawest near thy last moment. Dakianos at that word, listening only to his resentment, took his arrows and his bow, We shall see, said he, whether I am not redoubtable to thee at least. He then shot an arrow at him with the utmost strength of his arm; but a supernatural power made it fall at the feet of him who shot it, and at the same instant there sprung out of the cavern a serpent which was above twenty feet in length, and whose dreadful and inflamed look made him tremble. Dakianos would have taken his flight, but the serpent soon overtook him, grasped him round the body, and dragged him through the whole city, and on the iron throne which he had prepared for the scene of his vengeance, devoured him by degrees, beginning at his extremities. Dakianos by his dreadful sufferings gave a terrible example of the punishment due to ingratitude and impiety. The serpent afterwards returned to his cavern without having done the least harm to any other person.

Several kings succeeded Dakianos, and filled his throne during the time of one hundred and forty years; after which it fell into the power of the ancient Greeks, who enjoyed it for the space of 169 years longer.

When the time of the repose of the seven sleepers was accomplished one of the seven awakened, and the dawn beginning to appear, he raised himself up, and said within himself, I seem to have slept at least twenty-four hours; and by degrees the others awakened, struck with the same idea.

Jemlikha, always more lively than the rest, leaped up immediately, and was extremely surprised to find, at the opening of the cavern, a wall erected of large square stones which entirely

* That colour in the East is a mark of the vengeance of princes.

enclosed it. Notwithstanding this inconvenience, they agreed that they must absolutely send one of their number to the city to buy provision, and casting their eyes upon the shepherd, Jemlikha gave him money, telling him that he ran no hazard by going. The shepherd rising to do them that service, at that moment* Catnier awaked, perfectly cured of his broken legs, and ran to caress them. The shepherd strove in vain to get out of the cavern, for the passage that Dakianos had reserved to himself was fallen down; and through the chinks that time had made between the stones, he saw with astonishment that part of the trees were dead, others were fallen, and that the water of the springs was differently placed; in one word, he was so confounded at the uncommon change that he perceived, that he returned into the cavern, to inform his companions of this surprising change. They immediately arose and went to the entrance to judge of it themselves, but every fresh object redoubled their amazement. Jemlikha then said to the shepherd, Give me thy habit, I will go myself to the city, and fetch what is necessary for us, and endeavour to find out what we cannot now comprehend. The shepherd gave him his habit, and took his in return. Jemlikha, with much labour, made himself a passage through this thick wall, followed the road to the city, and remarked over the gate a standard, upon which was written, THERE IS NO OTHER GOD BUT THE TRUE GOD. He was much astonished to find that one night had produced so great a change. Is not this a vision? said he; do I awake, or do I feel the illusions of a dream? Whilst he made these embarrassing reflections, he saw a man come out of the castle, whom he approached, and asked him if this city was not called Ephesus; he told him that that was its name, What is the name of him who governs it? resumed Jemlikha, immediately. It belongs to Encouch, he is the king of it, and has his residence in it, replied the man. Jemlikha, still more astonished, pursued his questions—What do these words signify, cried he, which are written upon the standard? He satisfied his curiosity, by telling him that they represented the holy name of God. But I apprehend, interrupted Jemlikha with eagerness, that Dakianos is the king of this city, and that he makes himself be worshipped here as a God. I have never heard of any king so named, returned the inhabitant of the city, and left him. Jemlikha entered into the city, which he could not in the least recollect; the houses, the temples, the seraglios appearing under a new form to him. At length he stopped before the door of a baker, where he chose out several loaves, and presented his money for them; the baker examined it, and looking upon Jemlikha with much attention, asked, Where hast thou found this money? What is that to thee? returned Jemlikha, I don't know this money, replied the baker, it is not the coin of the king that now reigns; let me

* There are ten animals which must enter into Paradise: the whale that swallowed Jonas, the ant of Solomon, the ram of Ismael, the cuckow of Belkis, the camel of the prophet of God, the ass of Aazis queen of Saba, the calf of Abraham, the camel of the prophet Saleh, the ox of Moses, and the dog that accompanied the seven sleepers.

share the treasure which thou hast been so happy to find, and I promise thee to be secret. Jemlikha, almost out of patience, said to him, This money is struck with the image of Dakianos, the absolute lord of this country, what can I tell thee more! But the baker, still prepossessed with the same idea, pursued thus: Thou comest from the country; believe me, thy occupation of a shepherd has not rendered thee cunning enough to deceive me, nor to impose upon me; the treasure thou hast found if thou dost not consent to share with me, I will go this moment and declare it to the king; he will soon have thee arrested, thy riches will be seized upon, and perhaps thou mayest be put to death, for not having declared them.

Jemlikha, impatient at this discourse of the baker's, would have taken his bread and left him, but the baker detained him, and their dispute growing hot, the people gathered round them to listen to it, Jemlikha said to the baker, I went out of the city but yesterday, I return to it this day; what can make thee imagine that I have found a treasure! Nothing is more true, returned the baker, and I am resolved to have a share of it. A man belonging to the king hearing the noise, brought the guards, who seized upon Jemlikha, and conducted him before the prince, who said to him, Where hast thou found those ancient coins they speak of? Sire replied Jemlikha, I carried them yesterday from this city, but in one night Ephesus has taken so different a form, that I no longer know it; all whom I have met, all whom I see, are unknown to me; and yet I was born in this city, and I cannot express the confusion of my mind. The king said to him, Thou seemest to have sense, and thy manner is composed; how can thy speech be so unreasonable? Is it to abuse me that thou feignest this distraction? I will absolutely know where thou hast concealed the treasure, which thy good fortune has made thee possessor of; the fifth part by law belongs to me, and I consent to leave thee the remainder. Sire, replied Jemlikha, I have not found a treasure, but certainly I have lost my senses. Jemlikha durst not speak too plainly, lest this king should be one of the viziers of Dakianos, who might order him to be conveyed to that prince.

Happily for him, Encouch had a vizier, who had an extensive knowledge of the precepts of the law and of ancient history. That of Dakianos was not unknown to him, and, by consequence, he had some notion of the seven sleepers, who were imagined to be in the neighbouring cavern. I am much deceived, said he, in a whisper to the king, or this young man attended upon Dakianos; God enlightened his mind, he quitted him, and retired into a cavern with five of his companions, a shepherd, and a little dog.—Those seven persons were to come out of this cavern, after having slept three hundred and nine years; their waking was to confirm the people in their duty, and every thing induces me to believe that this young man is he whom Dakianos loved.

Encouch then said, Relate thy adventure without disguise, or I will have thee seized this moment. Jemlikha told his story, which proved conformable to all that the vizier had read in history; but what still farther convinced

the king was, that he added, Your majesty may be pleased to know that I have a house, a son, and several relations in this city, they can bear witness of the truth of what I have said. Consider, said the vizier to him, that all thou hast related to the king happened three hundred and nine years since. Thou must then give us some other proof, resumed the king. I make no answer out of respect, returned Jemlikha, to all the difficulties that are made; but to persuade you of what I have advanced, there is a considerable treasure concealed by me in the house that belongs to me, which none but myself has the knowledge of. The king and all his court immediately rose to repair to this house; but Jemlikha could find neither the street nor his own house.

He was in this confusion, when a genie, under the form of a young man, came to his assistance, who said to him, Servant of the true God, you seem to be much astonished. How can I but be surprised, replied Jemlikha; this city is so changed in one night that I cannot find my house, nor even the street in which it is situated! Follow me, said the genie. I will conduct you thither. Jemlikha, still accompanied by the king, the beys, and the viziers, followed the genie, who after some time stopped before a door and disappeared, saying to him, Behold your house. Jemlikha entered into it, and saw an old man unknown to him, and who was surrounded by several young people. He saluted them, and said to the old man, This house, I believe, belongs to me; why do I find you here, and what business have you in it? I believe you are mistaken, replied the old man; this house has long been in our family; my grandfather left it to my father, who is not yet dead, but who, indeed, has but one breath of life left. The young men were enraged at Jemlikha. But the old man said to them, Be not angry, my children, passion is never necessary; he has, perhaps, some good reason to give us, let us hearken to him; and turning himself towards Jemlikha, he said to him, How can this house belong to you? Who are you? Jemlikha related all that had happened to him, and had no sooner finished his story, than the old man brought out a picture to compare it with Jemlikha. When he had examined him for some time, he sighed, and his trouble and concern increased; he kissed the picture several times, and threw himself at the feet of Jemlikha, crying, O my dearest grandfather! The torrent of tears which ran from his eyes prevented him from saying more.

The king and his viziers, whom this scene had rendered very attentive to the conversation, said then to the old man, What! do you acknowledge him for your grandfather? Yes, Sire, replied he, he is the father of my father. Jemlikha perceiving a beam of cypress, said, It was I who caused that beam to be placed; under the end of it will be found a large stone of granite, it covers ten vases equal to those that are in the king's treasury; they are filled with gold pieces of the coin of Dakianos, and each of those pieces weighs 100 drachmas. Whilst they laboured to raise up the cypress beam, the old man approached Jemlikha with the

greatest respect, and said to him, My father, who is your son, is still alive. It is he who has formerly related to me some of the things that you have told me; come, continued he, come and see my father, and your son. Jemlikha following him into another apartment, was introduced to the shadow of a human being; they made him swallow a drop of milk, he opened his eyes and knew again Jemlikha, the object of his love: he could not forbear shedding a torrent of tears, and Jemlikha could not restrain his. What an astonishment to all those who saw a young man whose son was in that excess of decrepitude, the son of his son, an old man oppressed with years, and the children of that old man, resembling by their tone and countenance their great grandfather. They examined the annals, and found that the three hundred and nine years were accomplished that day.

When the beam of cypress was taken up, they found all that Jemlikha had declared; he made a present of one part of the treasure to the king, und gave the other to the children of his grandson.

The king after this said to Jemlilka, We are now convinced of the truth of thy history, let us go to thy companions in the cavern, and give them assistance. The prince then caused a great quantity of provisions to be carried to the cavern. It appeared so dreadful, that no one had the courage to enter it. It is said, however, that the king resolved to do it, that he saw the companions of Jemlikha, and that at the very moment of his entering it Jemlikha gave up the ghost, with the six others, and the little dog. Encouch caused every thing to be brought that was necessary to pay them the last duty, and had them interred in the same cavern where they had slept so long. When all the people were gone out of it, the entrance of the cavern closed of itself, and since that time it has been impossible for any man to enter it.

The king commanded a column to be erected some paces from it, upon which he caused to be engraved the history of the seven sleepers, to make known the power of God, to inspire a horror for ingratitude, and to show by this example the efficacy of power.

The king of Persia, whose eyes had begun to close during the recital of Moradbak, came to himself when she ceased speaking. I am satisfied enough with thy history, said he to the daughter of Fitead, and I begin to hope that my distemper is not incurable: return to-morrow at the same hour.

Moradbak returned the next day. The king testified his pleasure at the sight of her; when she seated herself, and related the History of the Birth of Mahomet, which will be given in a future Number.

EPIGRAM.

Eriend Kenny, whilst taking his wine at a bout,
Quaff'd a large piece of cork, which stuck in his throat.
'Twas the wrong way to *Cork*, to be sure, but will any
Deny 'twas the right way at once to *kill-Kenny*. G. F. S.

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EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE.—HEAD OF OSIRIS.

The head of Osiris (the subject of our engraving) is the fragment of a colossal statue in green basaltes, and exhibits a fine specimen of the earliest style of Egyptian sculpture. As this style of work is very peculiar, for amidst innumerable faults and defects it has two distinguished merits of very opposite kinds, viz. breadth and sharpness, which place it far above the works of the Chinese or Hindoos, whose figures are equally void of all symmetry or form, grace or action, or truth of expression, without having any of the most austere and less obvious excellences of art, to make up for the deficiencies. In this head, both the breadth and sharpness of the Egyptian style are accounted for, both being beautifully marked. Nothing can exceed the firmness and unity expressed in the swell of the cheeks, or even the steadiness with which the brows are arched, and the lips opened, though without any of that muscular play or instantaneous action, which even the inferior artists of Greece infused into their works. This head was brought from Egypt by the late Duc de Chaulnes, and has the rare merit of having its ancient polish perfectly preserved; but the nose and the serpent on the forehead are restored, the latter improperly, as it should have been the hooded snake. It is in the Townleian collection.

It may be as well to add, for the benefit of those whose acquaintance with mythological history is slight, that Osiris, called also Apis and Serapis, was the son of Jupiter and Niobe. He is said to have first taught the Egyptians to sow corn and plant vines. After his death they worshipped him in the form of an ox, a symbol of industry.

THE TELL TALE.

THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

Oh! well did Lauretta merit this pretty cognomen, for the roseate bloom upon her cheek, that varied with every emotion of her innocent heart, far surpassed the rich red hue of young love's favourite flower, and her gentle breath was more sweet than its fragrant odours; while in the bosom of her kind affectionate family, she was as a choice bouquet, wherein her tenderness—the even tenor of her gentle disposition—her virtue, and her amiability appeared pre-eminent.

Who could behold so much natural grace and loveliness without admiration; and who could admire and not love? The rustic adulation, the importunities, and the avowals she unwillingly received from every swain, who was unfortunate enough to gaze upon her irresistible charms, would have rendered any but the simple and unassuming Lauretta, vain, cruel, and coquetish; but she was too kind and generous to delight in the pangs her beauty had inspired; and in lieu of ridiculing, sympathised in the woes of those for whom her heart could not experience a reciprocal affection. But notwithstanding the apparent insensibility of the young Lauretta's heart, she entertained (although unconsciously) the tenderest passion for her own cousin and companion. Augustin was an orphan, and had been left in the helplessness of infancy to the care of his uncle, who had educated him as his own son, observing with feelings of genuine delight, the budding affections of the little cousins, which grew with their growth, and increased with their years. They were wont from the first dawn of their remembrance, to regard each other as brother and sister, and as such their affection was unhidden, unrestrained, and unremarked; for few knew aught to the contrary, and no swain regarded Augustin as a rival; who used to smile at the shy and awkward advances of the smitten shepherds, and enjoy their confusion—but of later years, when the suitors of Lauretta began to swarm around her, like tuneful bees about a fragrant honeysuckle, the simple mention of a rival's name, though he were unfavoured, or even rejected by Lauretta, caused in his breast a most disagreeable sensation, to which he was heretofore a perfect stranger. His cheeks were alternately crimsoned and blanched by these indefinable emotions; and in lieu of pressing his pretty cousin, as formerly, to listen to the declarations of her sighing suitors, his chiefest care was now to prevent their approach.

Lauretta marked his solicitude, and the evident alteration in his manners. His sprightliness was constrained; he became pensive and abstracted; and whenever she addressed him, there was a hesitation—a nervous tremulousness in his replies, that surprised her. She loved him too well not to experience great inquietude at beholding so strange a transformation; and only solicitous for his happiness, with all the genuine frankness of her disposition, she kindly demanded the cause of his apparent uneasiness, expressing her concern that any fault in her should be the unintentional cause of it, and promising to be directed by him in any way that he might deem most

essential to their mutual happiness.

Such affectionate advances naturally produced a declaration of his long cherished flame, and his new-born fears; when, for the first time, Lauretta discovered in the expression of the young Augustin's sentiments the reflection of her own. Their virtuous passion was reciprocal, and they were happy. Their days glided on in the most perfect felicity, and all around was like an eternal spring, where all was flowers and sweets, and joyful sunshine, unclouded by any petty cares or jealousies. But the fairest flowers fade, and the mildest spring tide is oft followed by a rigorous and gloomy winter.

In the delightful forest surrounding the blooming valley, where the lovely Lauretta dwelt, there was a small spring of pure water, which gushed from a gravelly mound, and supplied a murmuring brook, which meandered through the forest. This simple element was the chief beverage of the frugal shepherds, and to this silent and sequestered spot Lauretta daily repaired to replenish her pitcher. One day, on arriving at the spring, she was startled by the appearance of a stranger, who held the bridle of a beautiful courser, which was slaking its thirst in the limpid waters. She was about to retreat, but the stranger turning suddenly round, observed her, and smiling, courteously bade her advance.

His gentle manners instantly calmed her fears, and she modestly approached. With a confusion which only gave additional lustre to her native charms, she filled her pitcher, and curtseying, was about to depart. But the stranger experienced too much pleasure in the contemplation of the simple Lauretta to permit her to retire so hastily. He was a young, handsome cavalier, attired in the most hastily habiliments, which added to the naturally graceful and symmetrical proportions of his elegant figure: and withal gifted with such bland eloquence, that although the simple and blushing rustic would have fain hurried from his presence, he devised such pertinent questions, and conducted himself with so much unassuming ease and gallantry, that her natural politeness would not permit her to leave him abruptly and unanswered. After detaining her several minutes by his inquiries, he thanked her in the most gracious manner, and mounting his courser, bowed to her, while his handsome and manly features were illumined by a smile of ineffable expression, and putting spurs to his impatient steed, he gallopped off as fleetly as if he were borne on the wings of the wind, and vanished from her sight. On her return, Lauretta encountered her cousin Augustin, to whose anxious inquiry of what had occasioned her unusually long stay, she replied, that a noble stranger had arrested her to ask his way, and was about to relate to her lover the wonder and admiration his gaudy trappings and apparel had excited in her artless breast, when the passing shadow of jealousy, which for a moment darkened Augustin's brow, checked the utterance of her astonishment, and put a seal upon her lips. But for that whole day the vision of the cavalier haunted her imagination; for never had her eyes beheld such a gorgeous habit as he wore, or her ears listened to such a pleasing flow of mellifluous words as he uttered. He seemed to her rather

like the apparition of some fairy knight of her favourite legends; than a man of this world; and that same night, too, her teeming fancy depicted his form in her dreams.

The next day she again ventured to the spring; but there was neither cavalier nor horse at its brink. She sighed unconsciously with disappointment, and looked around her as if she hoped to behold the agreeable vision: but she returned unsatisfied.

A week now passed away in the charming company of her beloved Augustin, and the stranger was almost forgotten, when on one of her usual visits to the spot, she beheld an embroidered glove, which she well remembered to have seen worn by the handsome cavalier. He had then certainly revisited the spring, perhaps, (whispered vanity,) in the expectation of beholding *her* again, and had probably dropped his gauntlet accidentally, or as a token to challenge her regard. Lauretta blushed and looked around her; she believed no eye remarked her, and taking up the glove she playfully displayed it on her own little hand, and, pressing it to her rosy lips, cautiously replaced it.

A sigh startled her, and abruptly turning her head she beheld the gay cavalier smiling at her elbow. Her face and neck were crimsoned with blushes, and her eyelids drooped in confusion. She would have precipitately fled, but he placed his hand upon her arm, and stayed her with gentle force and intreaty

With an apparent feeling of devotion, he placed the glove she had saluted in the breast of his silken doublet, and vowed, by the beauteous lips that had honoured it, that he would wear it next his heart, till that heart cease to vibrate with the purest sentiments of affection for the angelic creature before him; a change which oblivion's death alone had power to effect.

These, and a thousand other tender and flowery expressions, were rehearsed to the trembling Lauretta. She became alarmed at the ardour of his language, and earnestly prayed him to release her.

With the most moving instances that tongue could utter, he conjured her not to be offended at aught that the most unbounded love had urged him to; and intreated her, as a sign of her forgiveness, that she would repair thither on the morrow, and alleviate the wounds her cold unkindness had so cruelly inflicted. He dropped on one knee at her feet. Lauretta hesitated; but happily her beating heart warned her of the impropriety of giving encouragement to the stranger's suit, and she hurried hastily away from his dangerous presence. For several days after this occurrence, she took the precaution to visit the spring at a much earlier hour than ordinary, and eluded the cavalier. But on one occasion, being unfortunately detained by some domestic occupation considerably beyond her time, she was tripping gaily along, and was just on the point of crossing a stile, which lay in her path to the place of her destination, when the distant clattering of a horse's hoofs struck upon her startled ear, and gazing in the quarter whence the sounds proceeded, she beheld the cavalier riding towards her.

Escape was in vain; she sat down upon the stile, and over-

come by her feelings, she burst into a flood of tears. The cavalier was presently beside her; his language calmed her innocent apprehensions, and he assured her by the most sacred vows, that her happiness was his sole aim; that for worlds he would not injure her; and offered such sincere assurance of the purity of his intentions, that her fears were abated, and Lauretta, already dazzled by the brilliancy of his seductive eloquence, and prejudiced in his favour, began to listen to him with more composure, and some degree of pleasure.

Alas! from that ill-fated day, the pure simplicity and affection of Lauretta gradually yielded to the influence of vanity and ambition. Augustin was no longer encountered with smiles of joy and love; the poor deluded girl began to regard him as a being inferior to herself, and unworthy of so valued a treasure.

The simple rustic beheld the change with sorrow; but his honest remonstrances were only met by unfeeling badinage and heartless repartee!

So lamentable an alteration was remarked with grief and wonder by all who knew and loved her. But her levity and lightness were soon succeeded by a still more melancholy calm; she sighed, and wept, and fled from the consolations of her friends to indulge her grief in solitude.

But Augustin, notwithstanding the cruel manner in which she had slighted, and eventually deserted him, still entertained for her the truest, fondest affection; and with a breaking heart, (delicately abstaining from pressing his own suit,) followed her in her wanderings with unremitting zeal, and exerted all his honest eloquence in suing her to make him her confidant. But she was deaf to the friendly voice that was once her chief delight.

By degrees, however, her grief became more tranquil, and gradually resolved itself into a settled gloom. Her fond parents knew that she *had* loved Augustin, and were resolved to press their union, in the fond hope of beholding their beauteous Lauretta smile again; they proposed it to her. The warm blood glowed once more in her pallid cheeks, and her eyes swam in tears. With a sigh which seemed to burst from the inmost recesses of her sorrowing heart, she mournfully refused her compliance with their wishes.

Augustin knelt at her feet, and clasped her cold trembling hands in his; he looked piteously in her woeful countenance, but he offered no other intreaty than his expressive looks conveyed.

At last, overcome by the urgent entreaties of her parents, Lauretta reluctantly promised to acquiesce in their request, and the delighted Augustin embraced her with the fondest demonstrations of affection, and shed tears of joy. Lauretta wept too; but they were joyless tears, that dimmed the lustre of her lovely eyes.

The day fixed for the celebration of their nuptials arrived. All the inhabitants of the happy valley were busied at early dawn in decking themselves, or their blooming daughters, who were to escort the bride and bridegroom to the neighbouring village church; each accompanied by some favored youth who had won, or aspired to the conquest of her affections. With hearts fluttering, or palpitating with sympathy for the tears of the lovely

bride, the lasses counted the tardy moments till the hour of their departure arrived, and yet trembled when they heard the merry peal of distant bells break forth.

Away they tripped with their partners, as gay as ribbons and bouquets could render them, towards the cot of Augustin and Lauretta.

Bright and cheering, the sun burst from the clouds and shed its golden rays upon the verdant valley; and the wild flowers expanding, offered up their fragrant incense to the prime source of their beauty and existence.

The gaiety and sprightliness of the light-hearted group was, however, suddenly overshadowed by the sudden appearance of Lauretta's venerable sire, who ran to meet them. Wringing his hands, and with tearful eyes, the afflicted peasant informed them that Lauretta was missing, that Augustin and he had sought her in vain, and that the distracted youth was now in search of her.

Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed since they made the discovery. She had gone to her little chamber to array herself in her bridal clothes; and when they sought her, lo! the fair damsel had flown.

He entreated their kind services in seeking her, and they were presently dispersed in every direction,

But alas! it fell to the lot of the agonised Augustin to discover her.

The unfortunate Lauretta had cast herself in despair in the murmuring brook which ran from the fatal spring—the source of all her misery and misfortunes! preferring death to infamy—and thus untimely perished the Rose of the Valley; alas! in her unhappy end, that flattering comparison proved too correct; for even as the gay rose is blasted and withered by the bleak and ungenial winds of winter, so was the Rose of the valley, the lovely Lauretta, blighted and destroyed in the spring tide and prime of youth and beauty, by the unhallowed breath of seduction.

Stanley Tales. A. C.

POPULAR AMUSEMENT IN DRESDEN.

A GREAT amusement of the citizens was shooting at the popinjay. A large pole, like the May-poles of England, stands in the neighbourhood of most of the places of public entertainment. It is fixed in a sort of box, like the mast of a small vessel, so that it can be let down till it is horizontal, and elevated without much trouble. At the top a thing is placed resembling the Austrian eagle, but resplendent with feathers and gold. Those marksmen are considered the most skilful who shoot the head off. A cross-bow, but fashioned like a musket, is employed to shoot with; and it is loaded with a small iron bolt, by a person hired for the purpose of loading it, who is, in general, the owner of the cross-bows. The citizens continue to smoke their pipes, and ask, Is it my turn? talk over their shots, and when the turn comes to any one, he lays the ready loaded cross-bow on a bar of wood, about forty yards distant from the pole, and tries to hit the wooden bird. He gives himself no other trouble; a boy looks after the bolts as they fall, and brings them back. It is an amusement that demands no labour and no thought; it allows of the continued enjoyment of smoking, and furnishes materials for interminable talk. This is a specimen of the manner in which the Germans shun active exertions. An amusement that requires rather more exertion is nine-pins, which is also very common; but this admits of continued smoking, and demands no other labour but bowling. Dancing is the only amusement of the people that requires bodily exertion; and from their manner of dancing, which is rather slow, even this does not require much. Waltzing probably requires more.—*Hodgskin's Travels in the North of Germany.*

Domestic Amusements.

THE MAGIC CARDS.

THESE Cards are calculated to afford a great deal of amusement, by the wonder they excite among the uninitiated. An example will best explain the use to be made of them. Make a fair copy of each of the folllowing on separate cards: hand them to any person in company, telling him that if he will give you back those which contain his age, you will instantly say how old he is. This you may do by adding together the figures in the first compartment of each card, thus: If the age of the party is 25, he will give you back the cards beginning 1, 8, and 16, respectively; which, added together, give the required answer. You cannot err, as the number 25 is not to be found on the remaining cards. It will be perceived that a variety of similar questions may be proposed; but having given one example, we need not suggest them.

1	3	5	7	9	11	13	15
17	19	21	23	25	27	29	31
33	35	37	39	41	43	45	47
49	51	53	55	57	59	61	63

8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63

2	3	6	7	10	11	14	15
18	19	22	23	26	27	30	31
34	35	38	39	42	43	46	47
50	51	54	55	58	59	62	63

16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63

4	5	6	7	12	13	14	15
20	21	22	23	28	29	30	31
36	37	38	39	44	45	46	47
52	53	54	55	60	61	62	63

32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39
40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47
48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63

Varieties.

THE WORLD.—The world is the stage, men are the actors, chance composes the piece, fortune distributes the parts, the fools shift the scenes, the philosophers are the spectators, the rich occupy the boxes, the powerful have their seats in the pit, and the poor sit in the gallery; the fair present the refreshments, the tyrants occupy the treasury-bench, those forsaken by lady Fortune snuff the candles, folly makes the concert, and time drops the curtain.—*Perpetual Comedy of Voltaire.*

Comedy and Tragedy.—Baron Holbach, in a conversation on theatrical works, thus describes comedy and tragedy:—'The business of a comedy is always a marriage, and that of a tragedy a murder. All the intrigue turns on this question—Shall they marry, or shall they not marry?—Shall they kill, or shall they not kill? They shall marry, they shall kill; and so ends the first act. They shall not marry—they shall not kill, concludes the second act. A new means of marrying and killing presents itself, which is the substance of the third act. A new difficulty arises, and prevents the marriage and the murder; and this forms the fourth act. At length, wearied with the contest, they marry, and they kill, which completes the piece.

Main Chaude.—This is a game played by the peasantry of Germany, and is thus described by Mr. Hodgskin, in his Travels in the North of Germany:—'A female sits down, one of the company kneels down, and lays his head in her lap, so that he can for the moment see nothing. He lays one of his hands behind him, flat on his back, and all those who choose to play give him smart strokes on this hand till he guesses who hit him, when the person who is discovered must take his turn on his knees. In this instance, however, they neither sat nor kneeled down; but one person stooped down, and hid his face in the apron of one of the maidens.'

Anagram.—Mr. Abernethy's eccentricity of manner is well known; and it is a singular coincidence that Johnny the Bear forms the anagram of his name.

Taxation.—A humerous foreigner has remarked, that in England the people are taxed in the morning for the soap that washes their hands; at nine, for the tea, coffee, and sugar; at noon, for the starch with which they powder their hair; at dinner, for the salt that savours their meat; in the evening, for the porter that cheers their spirits; all day long, for the light that enters their windows; and at night, for the candles that light them to bed.

Useful Receipts.

To prevent the Tooth Ache.—Rub well the teeth and gums with a hard tooth-brush, using the flour of sulphur as a tooth-powder every night on going to bed; and if it is done after dinner it will be the best. This is an excellent preservative of the teeth, and void of any unpleasant smell.

To destroy Bugs.—Take half a pint of highly rectified spirits of wine, and half a pint of newly distilled oil or spirits of turpentine; mix them, and add half an ounce of camphor broken into small pieces. Shake them well together; and when the camphor is dissolved, wet the bed and furniture thoroughly with the mixture, by means of a brush or sponge, and it will effectually destroy both bugs and nits. Where you cannot reach with the brush, pour in a small quantity of the liquid.—This preparation will not injure the finest silk.

Observe.—Shake the mixture well before using it, and apply it in the daytime, as it will inflame if brought into contact with a candle. The smell, which is neither unwholesome nor disagreeable, will be entirely gone in a few days.

Poetry.

EARLY LOVE.

Ah! how sweet is early love!
When young Eros, like a dove,
Nestles 'tween two panting hearts,
Beating wild to meet his darts.

But the rainbow in the shower,
Or the tint of April flower,
Or the meteor streaming bright
O'er the planet robe of night.

Or the breath of summer breeze
Rippling light the sleeping seas,
Or the lightning-winged dream
Flying from the morning beam;

Fleeter, frailer is than those
Honied sweets that love bestows;
All its pleasures, one by one,
Smile on fancy, and are gone.

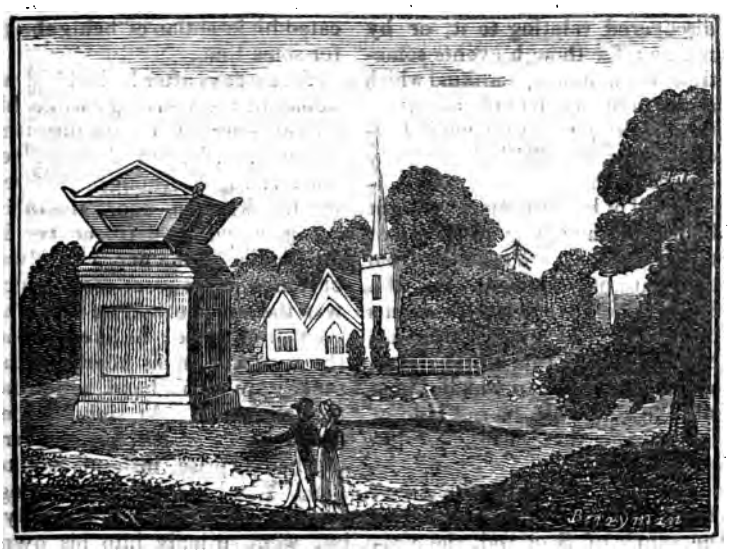
Scar'd by fierce Enjoyment's wings,
Cooling Passion's boiling springs,
Till the torch of young Delight
Burns out, and leaves the heart in night.

BION.

Printed and Published by Cowie and Strange, 64, Paternoster-row, and 24, Fetter-lane.

The Casket.

No. 9.] SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1827. [Price 1



GRAY'S MONUMENT.

We this week present our readers with a view of the monument of Gray, the much admired author of the Elegy. Gray, when a student at Eton College, occasionally resided with his aunt in the village of Stoke Pogis, Bucks. It was also the place of his interment; and, like many other celebrated characters, neither friend nor relation raised a stone to his memory, until the year 1799, when the Genius of Poetry animated the kindred bosom of John Penn, esq. who performed the long-neglected task. The monument erected by this gentleman, stands in a field adjoining the church, and forms the termination of one of the views from Stoke House. It is composed of stone, and consists of a large sarcophagus, supported on a square pedestal, with inscriptions on each side. Three of them are selected from the 'Ode to Eton College,' and the 'Elegy written in a Country Church Yard;'* the fourth is as follows:—

This monument in honor of
Thomas Gray,
Was erected A. D. 1799,
Among the scenery
Celebrated by that great Lyric and
Elegiac Poet.
He died in 1771,
And lies unnoticed in the adjoining
Church Yard,
Under the tomb-stone on which he
piously and pathetically recorded
the interment
of his aunt and lamented mother.

* The church-yard of Stoke Pogis was the scene of his much admired Elegy.

The Tell Tale.

ADAM BELL.

This Tale, which may be depended on as in every part true, is singular, for the circumstance of its being insolvable, either from the facts that have been discovered relating to it, or by reason; for though events sometimes occur among mankind which at the time seem inexplicable, yet, there being always some individuals acquainted with the primary causes of those events, they seldom fail of being brought to light before all the actors in them, or their confidants are removed from this state of existence. But the causes which produced the events here related, have never been accounted for in this world; even conjecture is left to wander in a labyrinth, unable to get hold of the thread that leads to the catastrophe.

Mr. Bell was a gentleman of Annandale, in Dumfries-shire, in the south of Scotland, the proprietor of a considerable estate in that district, part of which he occupied himself. He lost his father when he was an infant, and his mother dying when he was about twenty years of age, left him the sole proprietor of the estate, besides a large sum of money at interest, for which he was indebted, in a great measure, to his mother's parsimony during his minority. His person was tall, comely, and athletic; and his whole delight was in warlike and violent exercises. He was the best horseman and marksman in the county, and valued himself particularly upon his skill in the broad-sword exercise. Of this he often boasted aloud, and regretted that there was not one in the county whose prowess was in some degree equal to his own.

In the autumn of 1745, after being for several days busily and silently employed in preparing for his journey, he left his own house, and went for Edinburgh, giving, at the same time such directions to his servants, as indicated his intention of being absent for some time.

A few days after he had left his home, in the morning, while his housekeeper was putting the house in order for the day, her master, as she thought, entered by the kitchen door, the other being bolted, and passed her in the middle of the floor. He was buttoned in his great coat, which was the same he had on when he went from home; he likewise had the same hat on his head, and the same whip in his hand which he took with him. At sight of him she uttered a shriek, but recovering her surprise, instantly said to him, 'You have not staid so long from us, sir.' He made no reply, but went sullenly into his own room, without throwing off his great coat. After a pause of about five minutes she followed him into the room. He was standing at his desk, with his back towards her. She asked him if he wished to have a fire kindled? and afterwards, if he was well enough? but he still made no reply to any of these questions. She was astonished, and returned into the kitchen. After tarrying about other five minutes, he went out at the front door, it being then open, and walked deliberately towards the bank of the river Kinnel, which was deep and wooded, and in that he vanished from her sight. The woman ran out in the utmost consternation to acquaint the men who were servants be-

longing to the house; and coming to one of the ploughmen, she told him that their master was come home, and had certainly lost his reason, for that he was wandering about the house, and would not speak. The man loosed his horses from the plough, and came home, listened to the woman's relation, made her repeat it again and again, and then assured her that she was raving, for their master's horse was not in the stable, and of course he could not be come home. However, as she persisted in her asseveration with every appearance of sincerity, he went into the linn to see what was become of his mysterious master. He was neither to be seen nor heard of in all the country! It was then concluded that the housekeeper had seen an apparition, and that something had befallen their master; but on consulting with some old people skilled in those matters, they learned that when a *wraith*, or apparition of a living person appeared while the sun was up, instead of being a prelude of instant death, it prognosticated very long life; and, moreover, that it could not possibly be a ghost that she had seen, for they always chose the night season for making their visits. In short, though it was the general topic of conversation among the servants, and the people in their vicinity, no reasonable conclusion could be formed on the subject.

The most probable conjecture was, that as Mr. Bell was known to be so fond of arms, and had left his home on the very day that prince Charles Stuart and his Highlanders defeated General Hawley on Falkirk moor, he had gone either with him or the duke of Cumberland to the north. It was, however, afterwards ascertained, that he had never joined any of the armies. Week came after week, and month after month, but no word of Mr. Bell. A female cousin was his nearest living relation; her husband took the management of his affairs; and concluding that he had either joined the army, or drowned himself in the Kinnel, when he was seen to go into the linn, made no more inquiries after him.

About this very time, a respectable farmer, whose surname was M'Millan, and who resided in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh, happened to be in Edinburgh about some business. In the evening he called upon a friend, who lived near Holyrood-house; and being seized with an indisposition, they persuaded him to tarry with them all night. About the middle of the night he grew exceedingly ill, and not being able to find any rest or ease in his bed, imagined he would be the better for a walk. He put on his clothes, and that he might not disturb the family, slipped quietly out at the back door, and walked in St. Anthony's garden, behind the house. The moon shone so bright, that it was almost as light as noon-day, and he had scarcely taken a single turn, when he saw a tall man enter from the other side, buttoned in a drab-coloured great coat. It so happened, that at that time M'Millan stood in the shadow of the wall; and perceiving that the stranger did not observe him, a thought struck him that it would not be amiss to keep himself concealed, that he might see what the man was going to be about. He walked backwards and forwards for some time in apparent impatience, looking at his watch every minute, until at length ano-

ther man came in by the same way, buttoned likewise in a great coat, and having a bonnet on his head. He was remarkably stout made, but considerably lower in stature than the other. They exchanged only a single word; then, turning both about, they threw off their great coats, drew their swords, and began a most desperate and well contested combat.

The tall gentleman appeared to have the advantage. He constantly gained ground on the other and drove him half round the division of the garden in which they fought. Each of them strove to fight with his back towards the moon, so that she might shine full in the face of his opponent; and many rapid wheels were made for the purpose of gaining this position. The engagement was long and obstinate, and by the desperate thrusts that were frequently aimed on both sides, it was evident that they meant one another's destruction. They came at length within a few yards of the place where M'Millan still stood concealed. They were both out of breath, and at that instant a small cloud chancing to overshadow the moon, one of them called out—'Hold, we can't see!' They uncovered their heads—wiped their faces—and as soon as the moon emerged from the cloud, each resumed his guard. Surely that was an awful pause! and short, indeed, was the stage between it and eternity with the one! The tall gentleman made a lounge at the other, who parried and returned it; and as the former sprung back to avoid the thrust, his foot slipped, and he stumbled forward towards his antagonist, who dexterously met his breast in the fall with the point of his sword, and ran him through the body. He made only one feeble convulsive struggle, as if attempting to rise, and expired almost instantaneously.

M'Millan was petrified with horror; but conceiving himself to be in a perilous situation, having stolen out of the house at that dead hour of the night, he had so much prudence as to hold his peace, and to keep from interfering.

The surviving combatant wiped his sword with great composure, —put on his bonnet—covered the body with one of the great coats—took up the other, and departed. M'Millan returned quietly to his chamber, without awakening any of the family. His pains were gone; but his mind was shocked and exceedingly perturbed: and after deliberating until morning, he determined to say nothing of the matter, and to make no living creature acquainted with what he had seen; thinking that suspicion would infallibly rest on him. Accordingly, he kept his bed next morning, until his friend brought him the tidings that a gentleman had been murdered at the back of the house during the night. He then arose and examined the body, which was that of a young man, seemingly from the country, having brown hair and fine manly features. He had neither letter, book, nor signature of any kind about him, that could in the least lead to a discovery of who he was, only a common silver watch was found in his pocket, and an elegant sword was clasped in his cold bloody hand, which had an A. and B. engraven on the hilt. The sword had entered at his breast, and gone out at his back, a little below the left shoulder. He had likewise received a slight wound

on the sword arm. The body was carried to the dead-room, where it lay for eight days; and though great numbers inspected it, yet none knew who or whence the deceased was, and he was at length buried among the strangers in the church-yard of the Grey-friars.

Sixteen years elapsed before M'Millan once mentioned the circumstance of his having seen the duel, to any person; but, at that period, being in Annandale receiving some sheep that he had bought, and chancing to hear of the astonishing circumstances of Bell's disappearance, he divulged the whole. The time, the description of his person, his clothes, and, above all, the sword, with the initials of his name engraven upon it, confirmed the fact beyond the smallest shadow of doubt, that it was Mr. Bell whom he had seen killed in a duel behind the abbey. But who the person was that slew him, how the quarrel commenced, or who it was that appeared to his housekeeper, remains to this day a profound secret, and is likely to remain so till that day when every deed of darkness shall be brought to light.

Some have even ventured to blame M'Millan for the whole, on account of his long concealment of facts, and likewise in consideration of his uncommon bodily strength and daring disposition, he being one of the boldest and most enterprising men of the age in which he lived; but all who knew him despised such insinuations, and declared them to be entirely inconsistent with his character, which was most honorable and disinterested; and besides, his tale has every appearance of truth, 'Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem.' — *Hogg's Winter Evening Tales.*

ON DOGS.

For the writer who will observe the manners and customs of dogs, a fine field is open. They are animals of infinite finesse, and curious are their ways of endeavouring to impose upon men. If any one has failed to remark their sly manœuvres to this end, let him study (for a study it is) the deportment of dogs on the appearance of the dog's-meat man, with that seventh heaven of dogs, his barrow, redolent of horse-flesh. What a sensation does the advent of this personage produce in the canine world! When the well-known bell and accompanying cry are heard, they scour from all quarters to the spot; but observe that, before each dog approaches the centre of attraction, the barrow, he slackens his pace, and draws near to it on a slow trot, lest the man of meat should put an unfavourable construction on too rapid an advance. At this moment what are the feelings of a dog who is confined to his room? How feverish his agitation! how grievous his tribulation! He rushes, on the first alarm, to the window, then scours to the door; and his whines bespeak the troubles of his secret soul, and his scratches his impatience of so intolerable and ill-timed a restraint. But let us hope that no created thing endures this extremity of mortification. Let us imagine the whole dog population of the district about the barrow which is come to a stand. It is now time to observe the curious finesse of their carriage.—You see a dog, whose whole soul is in the meat, approach the barrow, putting on a disengaged air, as if he had not the remotest idea of its contents, and looking anywhere but at the object in which

all his earthly wishes centre. He seems to say—'I am lounging here on no particular business;' and at last down he squats on his end at the side of his barrow, as if merely to rest himself; and, looking indifference, with his nose elevated at an angle of 45 degrees, he speaks, as plainly as a dog can speak, thus:—'I don't care, not I, where I sit—I would just as soon sit any where else as here—it's all one to old Towzer—the barrow is nothing to me, thank God! I am well fed at home, and want nothing, and envy no dog's meat;'—and then out comes the long, thin, red tongue; and it takes a sweep, first curling round the one slobbered jowl, and then the other, which plainly says, 'You dog, you lie.' At last he gets impatient of delay; and seizing occasion, while the dealer's back is turned, Towzer perhaps gently lays his fore paw on the ledge of the barrow, and lifting himself to a view of it, peeps in with the peculiarly sweet and exclusively inquisitive air of a shop-lifter, just dropping in *only to look* at some curious goods. The man of meat, however, is too conversant with genteel dogs to be captivated by their manners, and he gives the soft intruder a potent kick on his inexpressible; whereupon Towzer howls—'unwarrantable stretch of arbitrary power!' and away all the mob scamper; their dreams of paunch, their visions of horse-flesh, made into thin air—dissipated on the instant.

Now, if we consider this common spectacle critically, we shall perceive in the demeanour of the dogs an infinity of trickery and finesse resembling human politics. The expectation of the dogs is unreasonable; the object they pursue is beyond their reach; but the manœuvres they employ to compass their wishes are all cunningly adapted to the end. They assume a polite, gentle air towards the man they propose to plunder, and they affect indifference to the spoil, the possession of which, above all earthly things, they covet. They know that violence would be vain; and therefore, like civilized Christian creatures, they resort to deceit. 'We cannot rob,' they say, 'but if it please all-gracious Mercury, we'll cheat.'

It seems to us a most unreasonable thing to deny reason in animals, and in dogs more especially. Dogs are rogues; and this fact alone elevates them to the moral rank of man in the creation.—They possess a quality in common with ourselves, and a quality which cannot subsist without reason.

The writer of this, when a boy, was acquainted with a huge Newfoundland dog, as large as a jackass, and of a fierceness which formidably corresponded with his strength. He was ordinarily chained up, and when I took him out walking, it was necessary to wheedle his nose into a muzzle. He knew that these were the terms on which he procured his liberty for a season; and for this consideration he consented to the restraint of his jaws, which was rather formal than real, for he had a way of thrusting off the muzzle with his fore paw, whenever any thing good to eat came across his path; and after he had gratified his wish, he would cunningly slip his nose into it again, flattering himself that no one saw or suspected the freedom he had taken. We lived together for some time

in the relation of master and servant, but I verily believe that he was the master and I the slave. He was indeed the plague of my life; whenever I took him out to walk, I had to dance after his tail, to see that he did not slip his muzzle, and bolt any of the children that came across him. Do what mischief he might, I durst not correct him; he would have swallowed me body and bones, boy as I was, if I had offered any indignity to his person. My soul thirsted to chastise him; and, with the malice of an urchin, I hit on a mode of doing it, without giving personal offence. I fairly set my human wits against his canine wits, and just obtained the advantage over him, and no more. Being terribly afraid of him, it was my custom to call him by many endearing names (all of which he well understood) as I patted his head. On one occasions when he gave me umbrage, I increased the pats on the head to a very efficient pounding of his huge broad chowder pate, all the time bestowing on him in abundance the most tender and endearing appellations in the most friendly and soothing voice. The dog's logic failed him in this predicament—his reason was at fault. He was obviously distracted by this contradictory sort of proceeding; the thumps felt to his mind extremely like beating; but the accompanying words sounded to his ear very much like love. Being a dog of sense and courage, he did not choose to take offence where none might be meant. The pounding might, after all, be nothing personal—merely patting; but it was particularly disagreeable to his feelings, and he knew not what to think of it. Sometimes a half, low growl, of a fine deep bass, warned me that the balance of his doubts was taking an ugly turn; and then I continued my accompaniment of wheedling without the drumming. I had taken, in this instance, a pretty exact measure of the dog's reasoning faculties, and had created a confusion of them; but the very conflict going on in his mind attested the existence of those faculties, though in a bewildered state.

There is one particular in which dogs curiously resemble men; they cleave to the usages of their forefathers, when the reason for the usage has ceased to exist, and when it is attended with no kind of utility. Dogs have their decencies. It has been of ancient usage with them, when they take the air—a turn in the garden before breakfast—to scrape the earth three times over the exact spot in the parterre, which they have not perhaps contributed to sweeten. This is a point of decorum, the utility and propriety of which are obvious in a state of nature; but dogs brought up in cities practise it to no earthly purpose, and for no earthly cause, but because it is an ancient usage of dogdom. They will scrape three times on the flagged stone pavement, just as if any thing could come of it! In the field the observance of this practice would conceal what should be concealed; in a city, it is only a ceremony. I have seen some very few old Westminster dogs—canine utilitarians, regular philosophers—who have either dropped the custom altogether, or who only give a half scrape of one hind foot to the wisdom of their ancestors. Experience has taught these particular creatures

that a custom ceases to be reasonable when altered circumstances have rendered it useless. The multitude, however, adhere to the old prejudice, and scrape away, as if scraping was not contrary to reason and the true philosophy.

These, and a thousand other manners and customs of dogs, present a field for much new and curious speculation.

Varieties.

Mr. Abernethy's Opinion of Mrs. Siddons.—In a Lecture on the Muscles of the Scalp, Mr. Abernethy said:—'Now I will tell you a perfectly ridiculous story, with a view to impress this part of the subject on your minds. It happened, in the early part of my time, to become the fashion to put half a pound of grease and another half a pound of flour on a man's head—what they call HAIR-DRESSING; it was the fashion, too, to bind this round with a piece of tape, or ribbon, and make a tail of it, and it was the mode to wear those tails very thick, and rather short. Now, gentleman, who possessed great power in the motion of his fronto-occipitalis, and indeed who had extreme power in that muscle, used to go to the boxes of the theatre, when Mrs. Siddons first appeared, and I don't believe there ever will be such an actress again as she was, nor do I believe there ever was her equal before her. However, when people were affected beyond all description, and when they were all drowned in tears at the performance, this chap wagged his tail enormously, and all the people burst out into a roar of laughter. In vain did they cry 'turn him out, turn him out;' in vain did they cry 'throw him over.' When he had produced this effect on the audience, then he kept his tail quiet; but again, no sooner was their attention engaged, than wag went his tail, and re-echoed again were the bursts of laughter.'—LANCET

Anagram.—The following anagram (which appeared in the Gloucester Herald) affords an answer to Pilate's question proposed to Christ—'What is truth?' In the Latin Vulgate the question stands thus:—Quid est veritas? These letters transposed make—Est vir qui adest:—'It is the man before thee.'

Sir John Pringle, in one of his works, mentions his having cured a soldier by the daily use of the Dog-and-Duck water, which, in former days, stood where now stands the Bethlehem Hospital, and was celebrated for a medicinal spa, as well as being a public-house of great resort. A French physician, who translated this passage of Sir John's, said, that 'the cure was effected by administering an excellent *broth made of a dog and duck.*'

A commercial traveller lately left an article belonging to his wardrobe at an inn, and wrote to the chambermaid to forward it to him by coach; in answer to which he received the following:—

'I hope, dear sir, you'll not feel hurt—
I'll frankly tell you all about it;
I've made a shift with your old shirt,
And you must make a shift without it.

Louis XV. frequently talked to his courtiers in a manner extremely disagreeable to them, without intending to give pain. One day he said to the cardinal de Luynes, 'Your great grandfather, your father, and your uncle, all died of apoplexy, and you look as if you would die of apoplexy.' 'Sire,' answered the cardinal, 'fortunately for us, we do not live in times when kings are prophets.'

Poetry.

UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

Know, Celia, (since thou art so proud)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renowne;
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknowne,
Had not my verse exhaled thy name,
And with it ympt the wings of Fame.

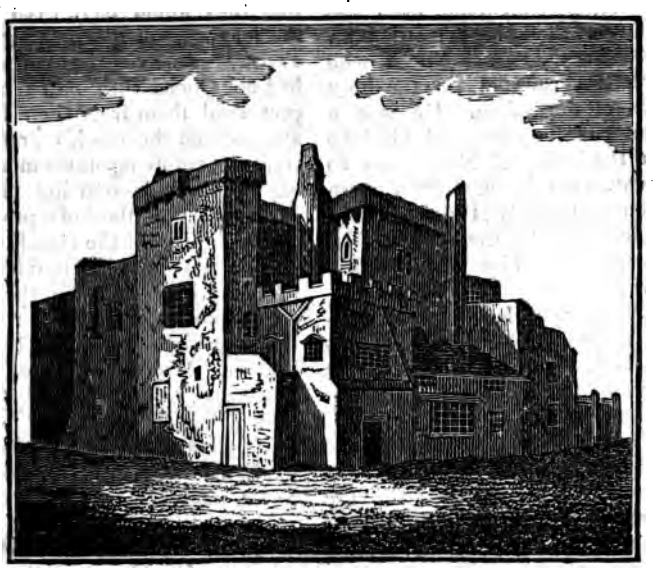
That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voyce and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my starre, shinst in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made, I uncreate:
Let fooles thy mistique formes adore,
I'le know thee in thy mortall state.
Wise Poets, that wrap't Truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veiles. CAREW. 1660.

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The Casket.

No. 10. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1827. Price 1d



OLD TOWER, WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

It is not known when, or by whom, this building was erected. It is not, perhaps, very improbable, that the Tower was built about 1350, at which time the town was completely open to the river, and this building might have been erected, either as a place of occasional residence for the lord or his deputy, or as a protection for an outguard from the castle to keep watch, and give notice of the approach of an enemy, for which its situation at that time must have been peculiarly favourable.

Seacomb informs us, that about the year 1360, in the reign of Edward III., it was the property of sir Thomas de Lathom, of Lathom; who presented it, with several houses and portions of land in Liverpool, to sir John Stanley, knt. a famous warrior, who had married Isabel de Lathom, his only daughter, and heiress of Lathom.

What kind of building the Tower was, previously to its becoming the property of sir John Stanley, we have no means of judging; or whether he entirely rebuilt or only enlarged it. After having been the residence of nobility, its hall was at length converted into an assembly-room, and was used for that purpose to the middle of the 17th century. As late as 1784, it was, however, the occasional residence of the earls of Derby, for in that year James earl of Derby gave entertainments in it, being at that time the mayor of Liverpool. By a strange vicissitude, this abode of greatness was afterwards converted into a prison: and the noisy festivity of affluence gave place to the groan of confinement and the sigh of penury: but the prisoners have some time since been removed to a more comfortable place of abode: so that it may yet be destined to undergo another transition, equally strange and incongruous.—*Stranger in Liverpool.*

Eastern Tales.

THE HISTORY OF THE BIRTH OF MAHOMET.

THERE was, long after the death of the prophet Solomon, an Israelite, named Oucha, who lived several years in the holy city of Jerusalem. He was a doctor of the law; and his love for the books of Moses was so great, that he meditated upon them continually; the predictions which foretold the birth of Mahomet struck him with admiration.

These predictions had indicated to him that Mahomet was to be born at Mecca, and that reason engaged him to fix his residence in that city.

In viewing the city with the same holy zeal which conducted him there, he discovered a spot of ground, which was only a large uncultivated garden; and kissing the earth three times, he gave the possessor of it what he desired for it; and having built a handsome house upon the spot, he resolved to end his life there.

His reputation soon acquired him the possession of a wife, who rendered him happy; he had by her in the first year of his marriage a daughter named Zesbet, who becoming the object of his love and assiduous care, was soon, though in an early age, capable of knowing and practising all the virtues. So good an education rendered her heart and mind preferable to her beauty, though she had all the advantages of person. Her complexion whiter than the most beautiful Oriental alabaster, her eyes blacker than the plumes of the raven, her cheeks of a more glowing vermillion than the poppy of Persia, all which uniting, formed a most *incommon* beauty.

Oucha had often declared to the Israelites of Mecca the coming of the great prophet; but that was so far from persuading them, that they would have even torn the leaves upon which this great event was so clearly expressed, had not Oucha with much pains preserved them from their fury, and secured them as his greatest treasure, resolving never more to expose those convincing proofs of the glory of the holy prophet to the impiety of the Israelites.

The wise Oucha, besides his profound knowledge in the sciences, possessed immense riches, the sources of which were unknown. His slaves were very numerous, he received all strangers as his children, and never refused his alms. Oucha at length died, at the age of a hundred years, and his wife, depressed with affliction, did not long survive him. The loss of persons who were so dear to her, was infinitely sensible to Zesbet; it was to this first sorrow that the retreat and solitude to which she abandoned herself was attributed; but the astonishment of all those who pretended to her was redoubled, when, after some months, they perceived no change in her behaviour. Their astonishment soon gave way to admiration, and admiration in its turn gave way to forgetfulness; the world easily abandoning those who really wish to avoid it.

Zesbet was then but in her sixteenth year; but her mind was absolutely formed. Her father had recommended to her when he gave her the last adieu, not to part with this house that he left, whatever might happen to her: this was a sufficient recommendation to engage her to resolve living in it for life. After

having for some time abandoned herself to the excess of her grief, reason at length engaged Zesbet to take some care of her affairs. She was ignorant of the source of her father's riches; the slaves of the household were no better instructed of them; and as to any relations, she did not so much as know of one, so that we may say, Zesbet was alone in the universe. She employed several days in searching the whole house; there was no place which was not visited in vain; there was scarce found money enough to defray the expenses of his interment. In this situation, Zesbet, without hesitasion, gave her slaves of both sexes their freedom, and reserved to herself only an old woman as her servant. She afterwards caused all the moveable furniture that was in the house to be sold, and with the produce resolved to live in the most retired part of the house, and wait for the gracious assistance of heaven. However, notwithstanding her poverty, the poor who knocked at her gate, or who presented themselves to her when she went out to prayer, and the sick who were mentioned to her old slave, when she went to provide for their household necessities, were sure of relief.

In the mean time their small treasure diminished, and Zesbet being no longer in a condition to maintain her old slave, found herself obliged to give her her freedom. This separation was sensibly felt by both, but it was inevitable.

It was about two years after the virtuous Oucha was gone to enjoy with the white angels the happiness of seeing the holy prophet, when all the resources of Zesbet were so exhausted, that at last she found herself in one day without money and without provisions. "He who does not put his trust in God, cannot be happy." Zesbet practised this great truth so perfectly, that she even slept that day as usual, without so much as having the least desire at her awaking to sell the house which she inhabited. The sale of that, nevertheless, would have been more than sufficient to deliver her from this trouble.—Oucha had commanded her to keep it; that was sufficient to engage her to bear her sufferings.

At break of day she rose, and repaired again to search the room which her father had inhabited. The place recalled to her memory the extent of what she had lost, and all the horrors of her present situation, She shed some tears; but at length she perceived, in a back closet, an old strap of leather fastened to the floor, which she had never regarded before. By a natural motion of curiosity, or by a kind of rising hope, she drew this strap towards her, and by that means pulled up a board in the floor, which discovered to her a trapdoor, beneath which she perceived a small cedar chest. With some difficulty she forced it open, when she found it enclosed another of ebony, which, after much patient labour, she likewise opened. This second chest contained nothing but the loose laws of the holy book which Oucha had with so much pains preserved from the fury of the impious Israelites. Any other but Zesbet, in the cruel situation to which she was reduced, would have despaired of her fate, and set no value on these relics, which she found covered with musk and cinnamon. But Oucha having revered them, she read them with

devotion, submitting to the orders of her father, and abandoning herself to the care of Providence. At length she discovered, in a corner of this chest, a slip of parchment, upon which several lines were written in different characters, almost all of them unknown to her; but it was easy for her to read those which were at the top of the page, and which were, "Take courage, Zesbet, hope in the holy prophet, and remember the counsels of thy father." This small consolation was accompanied by another,—a piece of gold, which she found in the bottom of the chest: she took it, put every thing in the same situation she found them in, and went to procure the provisions and necessaries she stood in need of. But it was not without giving the half of her piece of gold to the poor, so that she was soon reduced to her former distress. Still she persuaded herself that she had not searched thoroughly in the ebony chest, and having no other resource, she returned to it again. She read the leaves of the book, she cast her eyes upon the parchment, and was greatly astonished to find characters there which she had not at first perceived, and to read in them, "What is given to God, he restores a hundred fold." In effect, she found a hundred pieces of gold, which enabled her to live some time. In fine, the chest never let her want, so that it was easy for her to assist the poor, and to take again her old slaves, who gladly returned to her.

Zesbet lived thus for some time; but having been struck by discovering upon the parchment characters which she had not at first perceived, the went often to peruse it, as she now regarded it as the rule of her conduct.

Zesbet had now lived three years in Mecca as if she had been in a desert, when one day, on examining the parchment, she read in it distinctly, 'The felicity of Zesbet approaches,—she must marry.' Zesbet had never felt any inclination for marriage; but so positive an order, which she could attribute only to Oucha, she determined to obey. Having no one with whom she could advise, she resolved to address herself to the king, Nophailah, who kept his court in Mecca. She went out therefore one morning, covered with her veil, and that she might not appear an impostor, she took with her the mysterious parchment, on which there still remained four lines, the reading of which was impossible. Arrived before the king, who gave audience at the gates of his palace, she said to him,—Sire, I beseech you to procure me a husband. This request surprised the king, and made him smile, but he desired her by a sign to wait till the conclusion of his audience. When it was terminated, the king ordered his vizier to make Zesbet approach. She obeyed; and Nophailah inquired for what reason she desired to have a husband from his hand. Sire, said she, I have no relations left; a king ought to be the father of his subjects, it is therefore to your majesty I ought to apply myself for a husband. The vizier now asked her a variety of questions, to which she returned such pertinent replies as quite charmed them. But when the vizier learned from whom she was descended, he uttered an exclamation of astonishment, as he thought she had long since followed the sage Oucha to the kingdom of the just.

(To be continued.)

UNFORTUNATE INSTANCE OF LOVE.

The daughter of a country curate in Hampshire being reduced, by the death of her father, to the hard necessity of seeking some mode of subsistence, could find no other than going into the service of an old female friend of her mother, as her maid. Emilia (that was her name) had received from her parents the best education. She was handsome, had a very pleasing figure, was sensible, discreet, reserved, and of the most modest deportment. Unfortunately for her, a young gentleman of good fortune, who was a friend of the family with which she lived, frequently visited at the house. The master and mistress keeping only one footman, poor Emilia, who generally assisted in serving the tea, had thus an opportunity of seeing the young man, and fell in love with him before she was aware of the progress of that sentiment in her heart. When she did perceive it, her reason induced her to oppose it, and she made many ineffectual efforts for that purpose; indeed, so violent were her struggles, that her health became seriously affected by them. Her mistress, who loved her tenderly, after having consulted several physicians in vain, sent her to the house of a friend at twenty miles distance, to try whether change of air would not be of service to her. The absence of the object of her affection, no doubt, contributed to her recovery. She returned to her mistress's; and having the same opportunities of seeing the young man as before, her passion revived. Firmly resolved to conquer it, or to die rather than give way to an attachment which increased in spite of her, she relapsed into the most deplorable state of health. The physicians, not being able to discover the cause of her disorder, thought that she must be affected by some deep sorrow, and pronounced her in danger. Her afflicted mistress intreated her to intrust her with the secret; and, to induce her to do so, told her the danger she was in, and promised not only not to betray her confidence, but to do her utmost to obtain the means necessary for her cure. Overcome by the affection of her mistress, she acknowledged her passion; begged her to conceal it from him who was the object of it; and received with resignation the news of her approaching dissolution, which would at last deliver her from an unfortunate passion that all her efforts had been unable to vanquish. Her mistress could not help informing her husband of the discovery. They began to sound the young man upon the subject; and finding, by degrees, that he had observed the merit of Emilia, they prevailed upon him to pity her situation. He consented; asked to see her (she being previously prepared for it by her mistress); entered into conversation with her; testified the greatest desire to see her health re-established; and even went so far as to say, that if she could recover, he would be happy to marry her. "Marry me!" cried she, raising her arms, and fixing her eyes upon him: "Marry me!" and throwing her head back she instantly expired.

SICILIAN REVENGE, AND SICILIAN HONOUR.

A German officer who served as aid-de-camp to the Prince of

Hesse Phillipsthal at Gaeta in Sicily, and lastly in Calabria, where he was taken prisoner by the French, published, a few years since, on his return to his native country, an account of his campaigns, or rather of his adventures. From this work are extracted the two following anecdotes, illustrative of the manners of the Sicilians;—"The governor of Girgenti having conceived a vehement passion for a young country girl, who every market day passed under his windows, sent to offer her the most brilliant proposals, which she rejected; he spoke to her himself, but with no better success. Enraged at this refusal, he directed some of his creatures to way-lay her, and she was accordingly seized, and brought before him. After a long and fruitless search, the father, a respectable old man, discovered the villain who had robbed him of his only child. He instantly repaired to Girgenti and sent word to the governor, that he had information of the utmost importance to communicate. He was admitted to his presence, and asked permission to speak to him without witnesses; when they were alone, he addressed him in these words, 'you have my daughter; restore her to me this moment, or you shall die by my hand.' The governor gave a loud shriek; the old man aimed a blow at him with a stiletto, which being parried in part, inflicted but a slight wound. The attendants hastened to their master's aid—the peasant was apprehended, and before he was removed, the governor signed before his face, the order for his execution. The very same evening, the unhappy father suffered on the gallows. His still more wretched daughter hearing at once of the attempt and miserable fate of her father, expired in an agony of grief and despair.'

The intelligence of this tragic catastrophe soon reached the hamlet where the old man had left his three sons. These youths, equally robust and courageous, bound themselves by an oath at the foot of the altar, to revenge their father and sister, or to perish in the attempt. They flew to Girgenti, and in vain endeavoured to gain access to the governor, who was kept at home by his wound; neither did they return till they learned that their enemy was to go on a certain day to the cathedral, to be present at some great solemnity. At the time appointed, the three brothers, armed with guns, like mountain hunters coming to sell their game, entered the city, and placed themselves on the watch before the residence of the governor; the latter soon made his appearance. One of the young peasants advanced, and presenting his piece, cried, 'Die, thou executioner of our father; die, assassin of our sister;' he instantly fired, and the governor fell dead on the spot. 'We will serve in the same way every one who shall attempt to oppose our passage,' exclaimed the two others, placing themselves on either side of their elder brother, with their pieces ready to fire. The bye-standers, seized with consternation, remained motionless, and before the proper authorities could issue the necessary orders for the pursuit of these young men, they had reached a place of safety. In that part of the country where they reside, they may flatter themselves with the hope of everlasting impunity."

The second of these anecdotes is not less characteristic.

"A wealthy merchant from the interior of the island had been to Palermo, where he transacted a great deal of business. Before his departure from his home, as he would have the mountains to cross, he thought it prudent to take all possible precautions for his security. He therefore repaired, according to the usual custom, to the well known agent of a band of robbers to insure his property. He was asked the amount that he had about him; he opened both his pocket book and his girdle, which contained a considerable sum as well in paper as in specie. The agent referred to his table, and the merchant paid agreeably to the fixed rate of insurance. He set out accompanied with a trusty person who was sent to him, and who engaged to bear him harmless. The first day nothing particular happened, but the next morning in the passage of a narrow defile two robbers presented themselves, and required the merchant to give up whatever he had about him. His guide addressed them and represented to his comrades that the traveller had paid the regular dues for insurance, and even showed them the passport which he had received from the agent to the band.

The robbers, who were half drunk, would listen to no expostulation; they pointed their stilettoes against the breast of the traveller, who recommended himself to the protection of his conductor. But what was his despair when he saw him join the other two, and threaten him with death if he delayed to satisfy them! He therefore loosed his girdle, the guide took it, opened it, and turned out its contents upon the ground. The robbers stooped to pick up the money; the guide flew upon them while thus employed, and blew out the brains of both with his pistols. The traveller, who shook in every limb, knew not whether he ought to hope or fear: 'Take up your money, said the bandit, 'those wretches disgraced their profession, but I have punished them for it; what would become of our insurance office, if travellers could no longer rely on our word?' The rest of the journey was performed without molestation, and the robber having attended the merchant in safety to his home, requested of him to give all public publicity to his adventure, *'for the encouragement of trade!'*"

Varieties.

Hints for a moral Catechism.—Q. What are friends made of?—A. Persons who can please or serve each other.—Where can I get them?—Every where, if you have rank, influence, or money.—Will they break?—Unless they mutually bend they must break very soon.—What are enemies made of?—The most bitter of friends.—What is mischief?—The wit of fools.—What is punning?—The folly of wit.—What is a repartee?—That which it is clever to think, and wise to suppress.—What is revenge made of?—The seed of injury, sown in a rank soil.—What is it good for?—To people the dominions of Satan.—What is wedded happiness made of?—Mutual forbearance, tenderness, and respect.—Is it dear?—It cannot be dear

at any price.—Will it break?—When it is broken by death, it is rejoined in heaven.—What is beauty?—A key to the heart of the beholder, the apology for many follies, and the inducement to many more.—Can I buy it?—Not the thing itself, but you may buy the person who has it.

God and Man.—God! who is the greatest of spirits, is the most tolerant. Man! who is the first of animals, is the most oppressive—yet he calls himself the shadow of the Almighty. Man becomes angry, and punishes for every little affront; God bears with all the insults and vices of man, who is daily and busily employed in endeavouring to offend him. Man pretends to admire the benign nature of the Deity; yet when he sees another imitate his clemency and good nature, he calls him a fool—so much for man's consistency. — *Literary Chronicle.*

Typogragraphical Wit.

'Ho! Tommy!' hawls Type, to a brother in trade,
'The ministry are to be changed, it is said.'
'That's good,' replied Tom; 'but it better would be
For a triflipg erratum.' 'What, dele the C?'

Poetry.

HOW-D'Y'-DO AND GOOD-BYE.

One day Good-bye met How-d'y'-do
Too close to shun saluting:
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

'Away,' says How-d'y'-do, 'your mien
Appals my cheerful nature;
No name so sad as your's is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

Whene'er I give one sunshine hour
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
Whene'er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

Ere How-d'y'-do has tun'd each tongue
To hope's delightful measure,
Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.'

From sorrow's past my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation,
While you from present joys distil
The tears of separation.'

Good-bye replied, 'Your statements true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-d'y'-do,
Unless Good-bye proceeded?

Without my prior influence
Could your's have ever flourish'd
And can your hand one hour dispense
But those my tears have nourish'd?

How oft, if at the court of Love
Concealment be the fashion,
When How-d'y'-do has fail'd to move
Good-bye reveals the passion!

How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

Go bid the timid lover choose:
And I'll resign my charter,
If be for ten kind How-d'y'-does
One kind Good-bye would barter.

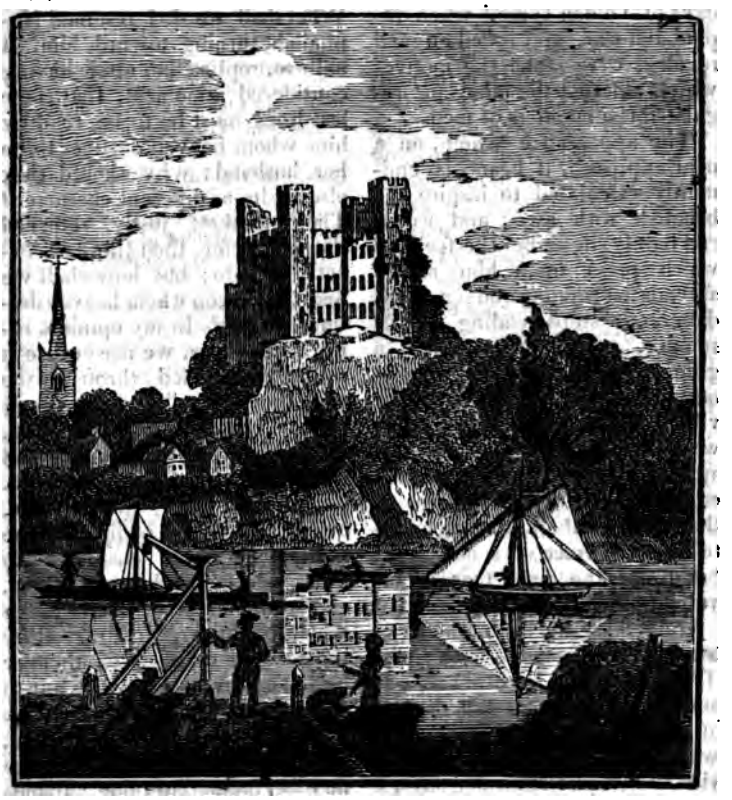
From love and friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose all their force
Without our just assistance.

'Tis well the world our merit knows;
Some time there's no denying,
One half in How-d'y'-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing.

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The Casket.

No. 11. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1827. Price 1d.



ROCHESTER CASTLE.

The magnificent remains of Rochester Castle are situate on an eminence near the river Medway, and consist chiefly of the noble tower, which forms the subject of this week's embellishment.

It bears a distant resemblance to the White Tower in the Tower of London, and is said to be the work of Gundulph, bishop of Rochester. Lambard supposes it to have been built by order of William the Conqueror, who erected such structures to keep the English in subjection. It nevertheless appears probable, from other authors, that a castle was standing here in the time of the Romans. It comprises a parallellogram of about 300 feet in length, at the south-east angle of which stood the Keep, or master tower [see engraving], the remains of which, even at this remote period, present a commanding aspect.

The state apartments, in the second floor, which were twenty-eight feet in height, are separated by cylindrical columns, supporting arches richly ornamented with that description of moulding which characterises the architecture of the Normans. This part of the structure

cannot fail to interest the stranger; and while he is at a loss which most to admire, the contrivances for the safety of its possessors, or the beauty of the workmanship, the fancies of his mind must naturally revert to those days of 'olden tyme,' when rapine and war, and rebellion and revelry, were alone the motives which agitated the minds or regulated the manners of men.

The appearance which, on a near approach, it bears, is eminently calculated to inspire the beholder with awe; and words can barely describe the feelings which press upon him as he ascends the winding and somewhat dangerous steps leading to its summit, and now catches a glimpse of the surrounding scenery through the dark outlet, or views from the mutilated doorway the clustered columns and arches 'well modelled and moulded,' which span the apertures of the state chambers, once echoing to the stern voice of some despot baron, or the revel roar of his valiant 'men of might.'

On gaining the summit, an extensive view presents itself; and if the sky wear a lowering aspect, and the character of the day be in keeping with the sensations which will naturally arise on a visit to this pile of former days, I think I may say that few will depart from viewing this relic without satisfaction.

Eastern Tales.

THE HISTORY OF THE BIRTH OF MAHOMET.

(*Continued from page 76.*)

Zesbet, now more encouraged than before, gave them a relation of her adventures, and showed them the parchment which gave her orders to marry. The king examined it; the four last lines were equally impossible to be deciphered by him or his vizier. What shall we do? resumed Nophailah, turning towards him. I believe, replied he, after having considered a moment, that these last lines must be to be read by him whom heaven destines to be her husband: why should they else be in a different character? Thou thinkest justly, returned the king, for thou thinkest exactly as I do; but how shall we find the person whom heaven destines for her? In my opinion, replied the vizier, we must cause it to be proclaimed through the city, that you will give a young woman, equally fair and virtuous, in marriage to him who can read these characters unknown to you. Zesbet must come, continued he, every morning to audience; she shall present the characters to those who demand to read them, and your majesty shall judge whether they are justly read by the sense that is given them or by the questions you may put to those who present themselves. This admits of some difficulty, resumed Nophailah, but we have no other method to take. Immediately he gave his orders, and the proclamation was made; yet before Zesbet departed, the king had another reflection,—Vizier, said he, would it not be proper to judge a little ourselves of her beauty? We proclaim her handsome; I believe thou hast seen her so: but how dost thou know that she is not changed? Does not the most famous poet of the ancient Persians tell us, 'the-

slightest trifles can destroy the charms of beauty.—I continually perceive your majesty's prudence and your equity, replied the vizier, bowing profoundly. Zesbet, let the king judge of thy charms, said he to her; she obeyed, and they found her so beautiful that her charms were the sole theme of their discourse long after they had dismissed her.

Zesbet had already presented herself several days at the royal audience in vain, when there appeared a young man extremely handsome and well made, who easily read the first line of the four, which till then had remained unknown, and pronounced with a loud voice, "Mahomet is the friend of God; he is exalted above the skies;" but he owned he could not understand the other three. This confession persuaded the king and the vizier that what he had read was actually written there; yet before he determined, the king was willing to demand some questions of him. He asked him of what country the characters were which he had read. Sire, replied he, they are of one of the most ancient languages which were spoke after the building of the tower of Babel; it is one of those which the sages make use of, and which I should have been ignorant of, if my father, who was well versed in the occult sciences, had not taught it me. Very well, said the king, but who is this Mahomet whom thou hast named? Sire, replied he, I believe that it is a prophet whom God is to send upon the earth: there are also, as I have been told, some books, composed by the sages, which mention him. Nophailah then asked the son of the sage what was his name. I am called Abdal Motallab, returned he, and I am of Mecca. It is enough, pursued the king, Abdal Motallab, I give Zesbet to thee; thou hast read more than any of those who have yet presented themselves; make Zesbet happy, and conduct her home, said he, as he quitted them.

The new-married pair returned to the house of Zesbet. When they arrived there, she gave him a faithful account of all her adventures; but all that she related to him in the greatest detail struck him less than the name of Oucha. He was so celebrated among the sages, that his father had a thousand times made his eulogy to him. His desires then were mixed with veneration when he found her the daughter of so great a man; but in looking upon this parchment, written with so much art, that the writing was only legible according to the different events, he perceived on the back these cruel words: "The husband of Zesbet must not approach her till he has seen the holy prophet; she shall be faithful to him during an absence of one year."

Ah! dearest Zesbet, cried Abdal Motallab tenderly, Why have I seen thee? I go to seek the prophet; I know too well the importance of the counsel of the sages to expose myself longer with thee. At these words he departed, and Zesbet remained in great astonishment; yet still resigned to the will of God, and to the orders of her father. But at the expiration of the year, seeing that Abdal Motallab was not returned, she went again to the king, who received her with the same goodness, and caused the same proclamation to be published.

After several fruitless attempts, a doctor of the law of the city of Medina, named Aboutaleb, read the line which followed that of Abdal Motallab, and which said, "Mahomet is the depository of the laws of God, he shall surround the earth with his word;" but he could proceed no farther. Zesbet was adjudged to him for the same reasons; she had the same confidence in him, and spoke to him as she had done to Abdal Motallab; and when he carefully examined the command for their separation, he departed with the same regret. At the end of the year he did not appear, and Zesbet was espoused in the same manner to Yaarah of Medina, nephew to a cadi of that city, who read the third line, which was, "Mahomet the preserver of the true believers, is a floating island that offers a port to all those who are shipwrecked.' He also submitted to the order for his departure; but not being more exact than the others had been in appearance by the end of the year, Zesbet married Temimdari, who read the fourth line, which signified, 'Mahomet, the messenger of God, will haste to meet those whose hearts seek after him.' The three first husbands of Zesbet were the sons of sages; this had only been adopted by one who was indeed the most learned of them; but he had not been initiated into their mysteries: he had chosen the profession of arms, and served in the troops of Nophailah: his duty had carried him at a distance from Mecca, his country, when the three first husbands had read the characters, and he had not heard the least account of this event. Zesbet, still submaive to the will of her father, conducted him home as she had done the others; but she did not find him so docile as to the separation. I am willing to allow that thy father was a sage, said he to her with vivacity; I agree that Mahomet is to be sent; but how can that oblige me to be parted from my wife? Dread a just punishment for this impious discourse, said the amiable Zesbet, with kindness to him. Temimdari resolved not to be so easily duped as his predecessors, and feigning to be struck with the menaces of Zesbet, he said to her, My wife! I am terrified, speak to me to reassure me. Without any thought, she said in raillery, genies, carry him away. From that time she never heard of him. However surprising this event appeared to her, as she was strongly attached to her duty, she preserved an equal fidelity to him, and resolved to wait till the year was revolved before she determined in what manner she should act, for there were no more lines to be read on the parchment. She passed this year also in the practice of all the virtues; and the day upon which the year was expired, perceiving no new writing, she prepared herself to go and demand advice of the king and his vizier, for the words of the command were positive, 'She must marry.'

She was in this pious disposition when she heard a loud noise in her house, and perceived with the greatest astonishment her four husbands whose youth and beauty were not in the least altered, having only the appearance of being a little fatigued. They happily had no kind of weapons with them; for finding each other in the house of their wife, jealousy animated them with

a fury that nothing could have calmed; yet without arms they were upon the point of attacking each other, as much sages as they were. But Zesbet, speaking to them with that affability which the practice of virtue and truth constantly inspires, said to them, Hearken to me; it is true that I have espoused you all; you know the commands which gave me to you; I concealed nothing from you, and no one can have been more faithful.

After what I have suffered for thee, cried they all at once, to find thee married, not to one, but to three! Is this to be supported?

You would have reason, said Zesbet to them again, if all that had happened was in the natural course of events; but have you seen any thing that may be compared to our adventure? I have followed the commands of my father, I cannot repent of it: I know, as you do, that I should have done ill in any other case; but have you heard of Mahomet! Yes, replied they at once. Have you seen him, resumed she? Thou shalt judge, if thou wilt hear what happened to us, said they with an equal vivacity. Zesbet consented to hearken to them, and decided in what order they should make their recitals; which they promised to submit to, and gave each other a peaceable audience.

Zesbet then placed herself in the midst of her four husbands, pursued Horadbak; and the lot having fallen upon Abdal Motallab, he spoke thus: (See p. 94.)

EDWARD NOKES.

This was an extraordinary character, at Hornchurch, in Essex. He was by trade a tinker, which he followed zealously till about six weeks before his death. His apartments pourtrayed symptoms of the most abject poverty, though at his death he was found to be possessed of between five and six thousand pounds. He had a wife and several children whom he brought up in the most parsimonious manner, often feeding them on grains and offals of meat, which he purchased at reduced prices. He was no less remarkable in his person and dress; for, in order to save the expense of shaving, he would encourage the dirt to gather on his face, to hide in some measure this defect. He never suffered his shirt to be washed in water, but after wearing it till it became intolerably black, he used to wash it in urine, to save the expense of soap. His coat, which time had transformed into a jacket, would have puzzled the wisest philosopher to make out its original colour, so covered was it with shreds and patches of different colours, and those so diversified, as to resemble the trophies of the different nations of Europe, and it seemed to vie with Joseph's coat of many colours.

The interest of his money, together with all he could heap up from his penurious mode of living, he used to deposit in a bag, which bag was covered up in a tin pot, and then conveyed to a brick kitchen, where one of the bricks were taken up, and a hole made just large enough to hold the pot; the brick was then carefully marked, and a tally kept behind the door, of the sum deposited. One day his wife discovered this hoard, and, resolving to profit by the opportunity, took from the pot one of sixteen

guineas that were then placed therein. Her husband soon discovered the trick, for when he came to count his money, on finding it not to agree with the tally behind the door, which his wife did not know of, he taxed her with the theft; and to the day of his death, even on his death-bed, he never spoke to her without adding the epithet 'thief' to every expression.

In his younger days, he used, at the death of any of his children, to have a deal box made to put them in; and without undergoing the solemn requisites of a regular funeral, he would take them upon his shoulder to the place appropriated for their reception; where, once interred, he seemingly coincided with the old adage, "Out of sight, out of mind," and appeared as unconcerned as if nothing had happened.

A short time before his death, which he evidently hastened by the daily use of nearly a quart of spirits, he gave strict charge that his coffin should not have a nail in it; which was actually the case, the lid being fastened with hinges made of cords; there was no plate on the coffin, but barely the initials, 'E. N.' cut out of the lid. His shroud was made of a pound of wool; the coffin was covered with a sheet instead of a pall, and was carried by six men, to each of whom he left half a crown: and, at his particular desire, not one who followed him to the grave wore mourning; but on the contrary, each of the mourners seemed to try whose dress should be the most striking, even the undertaker being habited in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat He died without a will, and his fortune was equally divided between his wife and family. His death took place in 1802.

Varieties.

Look at Home.—The hint given to Thales, the Milesian philosopher, was a strong one, and well intended, though roughly executed.—A girl of dubious character, seeing him gazing at the heavens as he walked along, and perhaps piqued at his not casting an eye at her attractions, put a stool in his path, over which he tumbled and broke his shins.—The excuse she made was, that she meant to teach him to look at home, before he indulged himself in star-gazing.

Consolatory Advice.—The consolatory advice of Plutarch to the wretched, if not effectual, is certainly ingenious.—"Consider," says the philosopher, "you equal the happiest in the one half of your life at least; that half, I mean, which you spend in sleep."

A new way of curing capricious singers, or of making the unwilling sing.—John Abell, a famous singer and performer on the lute in the 17th century, one day, during his stay at Warsaw, was requested by the King to sing at Court. Abell peremptorily refused; and though it was intimated to him that he would probably suffer from the royal displeasure, he still persisted in declining it, and sent the King an apology by letter. In answer to this, he received a regular summons to appear at a certain hour in the King's palace. Abell obeyed, and though at first courteously enough received, he was present-

ly forced to sit down in an arm chair that stood in the grand hall. No sooner was he seated, when the chair flew up with him to a great height. The King, with his whole court, now made his appearance on a gallery opposite to Abell, and, at the same time, a number of wild bears, of which there never was yet a scarcity in that country, were driven into the hall. The poor vocalist almost dead with fright, was now addressed by the King, and was left to choose, either to sing instantly, or to be let down and to await his fate among the unceremonious inhabitants of the desert. Which part poor Abell took it is needless to mention, but the facetious narrator of this well-authenticated anecdote says, Abell could not resist such a powerful mode of persuasion, and whether *con amore* or not, he sang so beautifully that the King and bears listened in silent admiration. — *Gerber Worterbuch*, part i. p. 10.

Affection with Simplicity.— Tradition informs us that Sir Walter Raleigh being at his house, near Dartmouth, sent his servant to fetch him a pitcher of spring water. While the man was gone, the Knight filled a pipe, and began to smoke tobacco. The artless fellow, on his return, having never seen the like before, concluded his master's brain to be on fire, and that the smoke proceeded from thence, when, with the best intention, the simpleton cast the contents of the pitcher in his master's face, exclaiming, "that he would put out the fire," &c,

It is thus versified :—

See Raleigh's witless 'squire in haste return,
With cooling water from the limpid stream;
And having never seen tobacco burn,
Now stands in terror at the novel scene.

He thinks his master's brain is all on fire,
And taking silently a ready aim,
Casts forth the liquid with a warm desire,
To save his master and put out the flame.

Social Pipe.

Tiger Fascination.—Much has been said and written of the fascinating power possessed by the serpent, but the no less extraordinary similar gift (if it may be so termed) extended to the tiger, has seldom been noticed. Col. Ironside has informed us, that when a tiger is spied by deer particularly, they stop at once, as if struck by a spell, while the tiger lies still, his eyes fixed upon them, and quietly awaiting their approach, which they seldom fail to make, gradually, till within his spring; for the large royal tiger cannot run speedily or far. The glow of their eyes is fierce and powerful. 'I once passed,' says Col. I. 'a royal tiger in the night, near a wood, and could plainly perceive the scintillations of his eyes. He was deterred from approaching us by the light of flambeaux, and the noise of a small drum which we carried, and was beat by a servant for the purpose of scaring him away.'

When tigers roam or crouch, a number of birds continually collect or hover about them, screaming and crying as if to create an alarm. But the peacock seems to be particularly allured by them; for the instant a flock of pea-fowl perceive one, they advance towards him and begin strutting round him, with wings fluttering, quivering feathers, and

bristling and expanded tails. Of this sentiment, also, the fowlers take their advantage; for, by painting a brown cloth screen about six feet square, with black spots or streaks, and advancing under its cover fronting the sun, the birds either approach towards him, or suffer them to steal near enough to be sure of their mark, by a hole left in the canvas for them to fire through.

When peacocks perceive a tiger (whose eyes, when either enraged, or keen or eager for prey, appear as if emitting scintillations) they seem enchanted, look steadily at their enemy, and keep gradually and regularly approaching, till within his reach, when he springs upon and devours them.

I have often thought that a pretty moral might be adduced from this fact. The tiger is certainly the handsomest of the feline species; and the beauty of the peacock is as striking, as his vanity is notorious. Is it that these two beauties vie with each other in display? Or, are the allurements spread by the peacocks the occasion of their destruction? This I am sure of, that we often see among the human species, instances of rivalship, which begin in coquettish attractions, proceed to unaccountable fascinations, and end in worse than tigrine ferocity. B.

An old Officer.—It was his custom to make his children read a chapter in the Bible every Sunday afternoon. Upon mention being made of Nebuzaradan, captain of the guard, coming to Jerusalem, (2 Kings, xxv. 8.) he stopped the reader, and cried out in a tone of voice that showed how much he was interested in the matter, 'Good God! is that man still a captain? Why, he was a captain when I was a little boy. Promotion in his regiment must have been very slow.'

Giving Warning.—A servant girl, a few days past, informed her master that she had given warning to her mistress, in consequence of her ill temper, and continual scolding disposition. 'Ah! happy girl,' said the gentleman, 'I wish it were in my power to follow your example, and give her warning also.'

Poetry.

WEDDED LOVE.

(ORIGINAL.)

What though profusion ca'n't be ours,
And Fortune prove a niggard still;
Through life we yet may cull some flowers,
And sweets extract from every ill.

Should disappointment's gloom o'erspread,
Or troubles meet us unprepar'd,
Affection shall her influence shed;
For sorrows lighten when they're shar'd.

The humble board is dainty fare,
When Love presides a welcome guest,
With Health as handmaid, waiting there,
Content an inmate of the breast.

Dear Tom, ne'er fear,—the heart you trust,
Will still be thine, though all should frown:
With thee I'll share the hardest crust,
And smooth affliction's pillow down.

Believe not, then, the hackney'd tale,
That poverty true love can sever;
'Twill weather out the roughest gale,
Flourish in storms, and bloom for ever.

A. P.

Printed and Published by COWIE & STRANGE, 64, Paternoster Row, and 24, Fetter Lane.

The Casket.

No. 12. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1827. Price 1d.



CAPTAIN MANBY'S LIFE PRESERVER.

This ingenious apparatus, the result of this gallant officer's humane exertions to avert, or at least to mitigate the horrors of shipwreck, is as simple as its effects are admirable. Captain Manby, with a feeling that does honour to his heart, says, 'neither the duties of my office, nor any other important pursuits, denied me the leisure, and my mind was incessantly intent on some means of relief against the occurrence of such disasters.' At length he succeeded. 'Communication by a rope once achieved,' he goes on, 'it is easy to send on board by

it any thing else; or the mere rope once sent on board will furnish the means for the shipwrecked person's preservation.' This he effects by throwing a shot from a mortar with a line attached to it, over the stranded vessel. Our limits will not allow us to enter into the simple though lucid details with which he illustrates his plan, but we present the reader with an accurate representation of the apparatus and its uses.

A. Night Ball. B. Man carrying apparatus. C. Ditto. D. D. Mortar and line in the act of being fired over the wreck. E. Grappling shot. F. Mortar, (supplied by S. Moore, Yarmouth, price 10 gs.) G. Large mortar calculated to project a 24lb. shot, with inch and half rope 200 yards, or deep sea line 270 yards, against the utmost power of the wind. H. Smaller mortar, calculated to project a small line when the vessel is stranded at a considerable distance from the depot of the larger mortar, thus hastening the moment of communication in cases of extreme danger, as by this means a larger rope may be drawn on board. I. The line coiled and the ball fixed ready for projection.

Capt. Manby has thus provided the means of almost certain communication both by day and night with distressed vessels; as the night ball is provided with a hollow case of thick pasteboard, with a fuze and quick match, and charged with about 50 fire balls, and a sufficiency of powder to inflame them. The fuze is so graduated that the shell shall explode at the height of 300 yards. The balls spread a brilliant light for nearly a minute, and give a clear view of every surrounding object.

But the proudest testimony of its utility and efficacy is in the simple fact, that from the month of Feb. 1808, to Jan. 1827, it has been the means of saving from impending destruction 410 fellow-creatures, and the preservation of 58 vessels, many of them of considerable value.

A TALE OF THE SIMPLON.

NEITHER pen nor pencil can describe the wondrous depth of those valleys, nor the awe-inspiring majesty of those rocks, amid which the thunder cloud and the storm wanders as pilgrims that have mistaken their way. But there are thousands of our countrymen who have travelled over the Simplon, and to them description were useless. Such scenes, once beheld, are engraven too deeply on the memory to be effaced by aught save the great destroyer, Death.

It was ten years ago, last September, that an English traveller, whom curiosity had led from the Simplon village to explore new scenery, was sitting under the shade of a beetling mass of rock, from which the struggling rhododendron of the Alps thrust forth its tough sinewy branches, blooming in purple beauty. His companions were, an Alpine hunter,—beside whom lay a beautiful chamois, which had fallen a victim that morning to the fatal precision of his rifle,—and a young peasant, named Basile, from the little village of Berisaal. They had walked far that day, though it was but 'the grim and sultry hour of noon;' but when their light and exhilarating repast was ended, their youthful spirits suffered them not to rest idly till the clouds should have passed away which covered the distant summit of Mount Rose. The Englishman amused himself by setting stones in motion and watching their progress down the mountain side, and Basile entered warmly into the sport, exclaiming ever and anon, as he saw the stranger's emotion, that there was no country like Switzerland. The hunter, who had at first looked on with contempt, joined in the sport when he found that some small bets offered by Basile had been good-humouredly taken by the Englishman,—and three more thoughtless, noisy gamblers never played at so foolish and mischievous a game. Their emu-

lation was at length excited by vain endeavours to reach a certain point with their ponderous missiles, which all lodged calmly on a projecting table of the mountain, and considerably short of the mark, though many hundred feet below them. 'Here, Basile!' cried the hunter, 'help me to move this stone.' Basile eager in the sport, ran to his assistance; and with their poles as levers, and by cutting away the clasping vegetation with their knives, they soon unbedded the wished-for prize, which lay on the upper side of the rock under the shadow of which they had rested. This rock was an irregular mass of granite, about 20 feet in height where it hung over toward the valley, and was known among the mountaineers by the name of Le Pavillon, or the Tent—on account of the shelter it afforded from the sun and the storm. For more centuries than it is permitted to man to trace back the operations of nature, it had lain there, gradually sinking deeper on the lower side. 'Mon Dieu!' cried the huntsman, 'what noise is that?' Basile looked aghast, and with pale trembling lips, muttered, 'It moves!' 'What moves?' asked the hunter. 'Le Pavillon,' replied the other, 'and the Englishman is beneath it.' 'Monsieur! monsieur!' shouted the hunter with admirable presence of mind, and the traveller ran toward them. At that moment, in compliance with the laws of gravitation, to obey which it was now at liberty, the huge mass bent forward its hoary front, snapping like threads of tow the complicated roots and the vegetation of ages, which had matted round, and, as it were, chained it to the mountain side. The young men were standing near the upper side, when (overbalanced by the impending weight beneath which they had been reposing) it seemed to rise from out of the earth like 'a thing of life.' The Englishman gazed in silent awe, as the ponderous fragment at first reeled slowly forward, as though incredulous of its release, and anon leapt down the steep resistless. It had reached the projecting table which had been the boundary of their amusement—a crash like thunder was heard, and a chasm was seen at the brink of the ledge through which it had forced its way into a forest of pines below, where, for a few seconds, it was concealed—then, with renewed fury, it sprang forward. The hunter had been looking on hitherto with a feeling of pride—it was his native mountain—his native valley—the grandeur of the whole scene around was all his own—and he smiled in triumph. But his eye was from habit quicker than those of his companions; his countenance changed—he snatched the Englishman's telescope—levelled it in an instant to the valley, and exclaimed, 'Oh, misericorde!' 'What do you see?' cried his companions. 'Oh! mercy, mercy! Santa Maria!' ejaculated the hunter, falling on his knees.—'Speak?' shouted Basile, 'what is it?' 'Save her, save her! Oh, God!' cried the huntsman; 'it is a woman with a child.' The Englishman had taken the glass, and saw the poor creature in the valley far below: 'She looks around,' he exclaimed; 'she sees her danger:—now—now—Oh, heavens! I cannot breathe:'—the glass dropped from his hand, and he threw himself on the ground. When they

looked again, there was no human being in that direction. The Pavillon rock stood alone in the midst of an impetuous mountain torrent, stemming its angry waters. 'What sort of woman?' asked Basile; 'could you guess who? And a child, said you?' The hunter replied only by a look too expressive of friendly commiseration to be misunderstood by poor Basile, who, exclaiming, 'Oh! Louise!' with that wild power of voice which indicates intense mental agony, rushed, like a madman, headlong down the steep. 'Follow him, for Heaven's sake;' cried the traveller. 'Nor man nor beast may reach the valley in safety at the rate he goes,' replied the hunter; and the next moment he was in pursuit of Basile, far below the Englishman, who, unused to such descents, vainly endeavoured to follow.

Louise was the daughter of an honest Savoyard, who had been induced by alluring promises to add himself to the thousands of able artificers employed to complete the well-known military road over the Simplon, which forms a communication between France and Italy. He was among the first of the hecatombs sacrificed to that Herculean labour: but there was some mystery about his end—no one had seen him since he was engaged with others in blowing up the rock near the grand gallery. It was supposed his body must have been engulfed in the dark abyss of the 'Chaudron,' that 'hell of waters,' in which the thundering cascades and the 'arrowy' Divedro rush together in darkness. It became a question, whether he had perished on the French or the Italian side; there were no witnesses; and thus his widow and children were unable to substantiate their claim upon the funds provided for casualties. They had no friends to urge their suit, and the kindness of those who had been comrades and fellow-workmen with the deceased, rendered its success of little consequence so long as the great work was in hand. When that was terminated, however, the poor woman, with her daughter Louise, and a little boy only six months old, were exposed to want and neglect; for, except when travellers pursued their winding course along the road, all was as quiet, as desolate, and as forlorn as ever. Little was it that Basile could occasionally spare from the donations of travellers and the produce of his exertions at the post-houses, &c. to accumulate a trifle, wherewith he and Louise might begin the world. He had hopes of being regularly employed as a postilion:—but the widow would shake her head when hope was mentioned. It was a fatal rock, she said, on which we all rested till it was too late. Basile had said much with his eyes to Louise; but Louise knew that her mother depended on her alone, and that Basile was poor—and she sighed sometimes even in the midst of her favourite 'chansons.' On the morning of that day she had wandered with her little brother along the borders of the mountain stream to look for stones, such as she had seen an English traveller give a Napoleon for at the post-house. Little knew she of such matters; but she thought there were plenty of the same kind along the valley, and went forth on her search with dreams as wild as those which betray the

speculating miner on a new discovery.

When Basile had reached the valley, all was silent except the rushing of the waters—there was no trace of the object he sought for, but dreaded to see—he listened—and at length heard the crying of a child. Led by the sound, he discovered poor Louise, apparently lifeless, in a hollow, protected by a rock, which, in the distance, had appeared level with the plain. There, likewise, was he found by the hunter, prostrate at her side. The Englishman arrived just as Louise first opened her eyes, and gazed wildly upon him and the hunter, on whose knee her head reclined while he had been bathing her temples with water. It was ever a mystery how she had escaped —whether instinct, fear, or the wind of the descending rock, had forced her into that secure retreat. From the moment she beheld her danger, all recollection had vanished. But when restored to life, words cannot describe her emotions on seeing him on whom her young and innocent heart had reposed its all of hope and future bliss, lying senseless beside her. She had 'never told her love,' and he had been forbidden; but now when Basile, who had fainted from over-excitement and exertion of mind and body, first breathed again the vital air, the first sound he heard was the voice of his Louise—the first thing he was sensible of was that her arm was round his neck—he recovered—he embraced her. A moment after, she appeared to recollect herself, looked round, and endeavoured to recal to mind what she could have said or done—but it was too late—she blushed, and sought a refuge from the stranger's gaze in the bosom of her beloved Basile.

They live in their native canton. Their cottage stands at one of those beautiful spots above the valley of the Rhone, where the traveller may see vineyards and gardens won by the quiet and enduring spirit of industry from the world of desolation and magnificence around. To that spirit of mutual affection they owe the continuance of that happiness which they were at first enabled to realise by the generosity of the once thoughtless young English traveller. —*Lit. Gazette.*

CHINESE TRADITIONS.

The kingdom of Chu, founded by Licou-chin, or Licou-pei, having been invaded by the enemy, Koung Ming* ordered a stone statue of a man, of the ordinary size, to be set upon the high road by which the hostile army must advance. This statue held in one hand a sword, and in the other a book, the leaves of which were impregnated with poison. The general of the enemy's army coming to the spot, and seeing the book open, began to read it, and found it interesting. As he frequently put his fingers to his mouth in order to moisten them, to turn over the leaves more easily, he soon felt the effects of the poison. He attempted to retire, but could not, his coat of mail being attracted by the pedestal, which was composed of loadstone. Enraged at this, he seized the sword which the statue held in the other hand, and struck it. This action proved still more fatal to him. The stroke having caused sparks to fly, they kindled the combustibles enclosed in the interior of the statue, the explo-

* A celebrated Chinese General.

sion of which killed him. His army, terrified at the sudden death of its general, was obliged to retreat.

On another occasion, the same Koung Ming was encamped opposite the enemy, from whom he was separated only by a river. Having his camp higher up the stream, he caused straw puppets, of the size of life, to be put on board of boats, with lighted torches in them. The boats were carried down the stream, to the enemy's camp; who, seeing them full of soldiers, as they imagined, discharged many thousand arrows at them; so that they soon emptied their quivers. Koung Ming, who had foreseen this, passed the river, and gained a complete victory over the enemy, who did not expect to be attacked.

[*Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia to China.*]

Eastern Tales.

(*Continued from page 85.*)

THE HISTORY OF ABDAL MOTALLAB, THE SAGE.

Convinced of the truth of all that Zesbet had said to me, and persuaded that a wise man ought to be absolutely submissive to the orders of Providence, I departed. I had no country fixed upon for the journey I was to undertake; but I thought that God seldom manifested himself in cities, and that therefore I ought to avoid them and seek the deserts. I long wandered through them without being disgusted by labour, fatigue, and want of nourishment. At length, after some time, I met an angel, whom I saluted with reverence; I asked him news of Mahomet. He answered me, it is not yet time to inform mankind of that; be it sufficient for thee to have found favour in the sight of God, who has permitted thee to arrive so far as this place, and prepare thyself to behold great wonders: go on thy way. I was struck with his attitude; he had one arm extended towards the east, and the other to the west. Before I followed his counsel, I conjured him to instruct me who he was. I am called Noukhall, day and night are trusted to my care. I hold the day, continued he, in the right hand, and the night in the left; I maintain the equilibrium between them, for if either of them should overbalance the other, the universe would either be consumed by the heat of the sun or perish with cold in the horrors of darkness. I remarked, whilst he made me this recital, a tablet before the eyes of this angel, upon which were engraved two lines, the one white, the other black. I asked him the use of it, and he answered, I look continually upon this tablet, and those two lines teach me how I am to augment or diminish the day and the night: they instruct me also of the different variations that I ought to give to both. I returned my thanks for his instructions, and quitted him. I had scarce lost sight of him, when I met another angel, who stood with one hand raised up towards the heavens, and the other hanging down toward the waters. He told me that he was named Semkeil. But why, said I to him, are you in this attitude? I keep, replied he, the winds in awe with that hand which you see in the air; and, above all, I prevent the wind Haige from coming out of the heavens; for if I gave it

liberty, it would reduce the universe to dust: with that hand, which I lean toward the water, I hinder the sea from overflowing; without this precaution it would cover the face of the whole earth. As he finished these words, he made a sign to me to continue my journey. By continuing my march, I arrived at length at the mountain of Kaf, which surrounds the world, and which is composed wholly of one entire piece of emerald; there I met with an angel, who inquired of me what I wanted. I answered him—I seek the prophet Mahomet; I have left my country; I have searched through lands and seas without being able to find him; I know not where to seek him farther, and the remembrance of Zesbet renders my search uneasy to me. The angel answered me, Hope, and continue to have faith. Condescend at least to inform me who you are, resumed I. He answered me with the same goodness that I had found in those whom I had met before—the high God has given me the command of this important mountain. Of what use, said I to him, is that flaming sword with which your hand is armed? When heaven, said he, is irritated against a nation, I shake the flames of this sword, and immediately pestilence or famine ravage those countries. Often also I occasion those dreadful earthquakes, the cause of which thou hast been always ignorant of. But when God vouchsafes to recompence mankind, then I lay down this dreaded weapon; peace is seen to reign, and plenty to flourish; the earth becomes fruitful, and prevents the wishes of mankind. Charmed at hearing these wonders, I had the curiosity to ask what was beyond the mountain of Kaf. There are, said he to me, forty other worlds entirely different from this; each has four hundred thousand cities; and each city four hundred thousand gates; the inhabitants are exempt from all the sufferings of mankind; the day lasts for ever, and the earth is of gold; the cities are inhabited wholly by angels, who incessantly sing the praises of God and of his prophet Mahomet; and the extremities of those worlds are terminated by great curtains.

(*To be continued.*)

Varieties.

South American Snakes.—In a conversation I had with Colonel Mosquera respecting the province of Buenaventura, of which he was governor, he said, that there were a great many venomous snakes in the woods and savannahs, and one particularly bold and dreaded by the inhabitants, called the guascaina, which frequently attains the length of nine or ten feet, and nine inches in diameter. The guascaina has the power of raising itself upright by the aid of two fangs which he has below his head, and in that position he waits for his prey near the roads and paths, darting with great velocity on any thing that passes. A negro who was just married, and had been dancing the whole night at his wedding, went early in the morning a short distance into the wood, when suddenly the people in the house were alarmed by hearing him shriek dreadfully. On going to the spot, they found a large guascaina snake had seized him by the neck. They attacked the guascaina with their manchettes,

and killed him; but the poor negro died of the wounds inflicted by this venomous creature. Another negro of that province had displayed considerable strength and courage when attacked by one of these snakes. He seized him round the neck with both his hands, and prevented the monster biting him, roaring loudly for assistance to some of his companions, who were at a great distance cutting wood. Some of them ran with their long knives, and soon ended the contest; and the negro, by his wonderful presence of mind, escaped unhurt.—*Travels through Colombia.*

Brick Tea.—In the tea manufactories, which are for the most part in the Chinese government of Fokieo, the dry, dirty, and damaged leaves and stalks of the tea are thrown aside; they are then mixed with a glutinous substance, pressed into moulds, and dried in ovens. These blocks are called by the Russians, on account of their shape, brick tea. The Mongols, the Bouriats, the inhabitants of Siberia, beyond lake Baikal, and the Kalmucks, take a piece of this tea, pound it in a mortar made on purpose, and throw the powder into a cast-iron vessel full of boiling water, which they suffer to stand a long time upon the fire; adding a little salt and milk, and sometimes mixing flour fried in oil. This tea, or broth, is known by the name of Satouran.

Quick Digestion.—Foote rattling one evening in his green room, with great wit and brilliancy, as he very usually did, the duke of C——, who was present, and seemed highly entertained, cried out, 'Well, Foote, you see I swallow all the good things.' 'Do you, my lord duke,' says the other, 'then I congratulate you on your digestion, for I believe you never threw up one of them in your life.'

A Motto.—Davenport, a tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto. 'There is one from Hamlet,' said the wit, 'that will match to a button-hole; List! list! oh list!'

Lost Time.—A lady who was desperately addicted to play, was confessing herself. The priest, among arguments to dissuade her from gaming, said, 'she ought to consider the loss time.' 'Ah, father,' said she 'it is always what vexes me, so much time is lost in shuffling.'

Poetry.

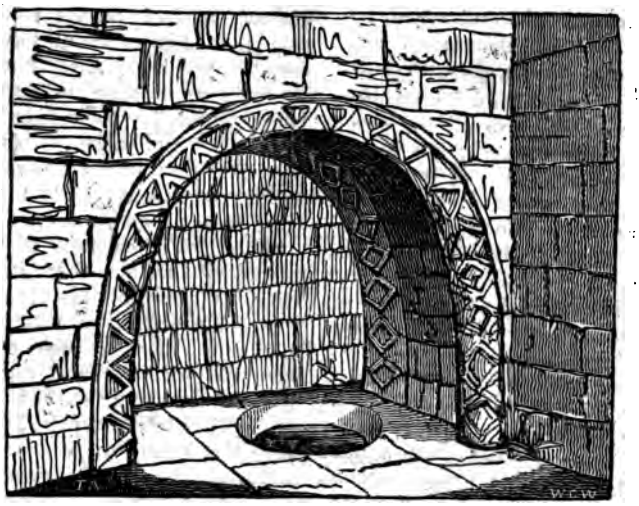
SECRECIE PROTESTED.

Feare not (deare Love) that I'le reveale
Those houres of pleasure we two steale;
No eye shall see, nor yet the sun
Descry, what thou and I have done;
No care shall heare our love; but wee
Silent as the night will be;
The God of Love himselfe (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know, that we can tell,
What sweets in stolen embraces dwell:
This only meanes may find it out;
If, when I dye, physicians doubt
What caus'd my death; and, there too view
Of all their judgements which was true,
Rip up my heart: O then I feare
The world will see thy picture there.
1600. CAREW.

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The Casket.

No. 13. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1827. Price 1d.



HOLY WELL, GLASTONBURY.

In the latter part of April, 1825, some gentlemen engaged in searching after the hidden antiquities in the immediate neighbourhood of the remains of Glastonbury abbey discovered the celebrated Holy Well, which was once the cause of attracting great flocks of devotees and pilgrims to its hallowed walls.

Directed in their search by the report of a flight of under-ground steps existing towards the north-eastern corner of St. Joseph's chapel, connected with the outside of the wall, and by the appearance of an arch nearly choked up, beneath the roofing line of the ancient crypt; the labourers sank a pit four yards square, to the depth of five or six feet, when their progress on the east side was suddenly arrested by a compact mass of stone work. On a further cautious removal of the earth, this was found to be the crown of a nearly perfect semicircular (or Anglo-Norman) arch, of the most beautiful and elaborate masonry. The labour of a few more hours detected a flight of winding steps, leading to this subterranean arched recess, uncovered a pavement at the depth of ten or twelve feet from the surface, and displayed a small well of a circular form overhung and protected by the costly arch that rose above it. A hole in the stone-work of the well, near the surface, prevented it from being overflowed, by discharging the superfluous water into a channel of masonry, which runs in a northern direction under the pavement of the crypt of the chapel, and is supposed to empty itself into the great drain that surrounds the cathedral. No doubt can be entertained of the application of this secret chamber and sacred well to the purposes of miraculous cure; for, tradition speaks of the holy water, as well as the holy thorn of Joseph of Arimathea; but no visible evidence of its existence was known to remain, till the developement of the crypt in question. It has been concealed and unknown for ages; but we may easily imagine that, in the days of its celebrity, the concourse to it must have been immense. The profits derived to religious houses from the visits of devotees to these objects of senseless superstition, must have been considerable.

Eastern Tales.

(*Continued from page* 85.)

THE HISTORY OF ABDAL MOTALLAB, THE SAGE.

(*Concluded.*)

I quitted him after this answer, and arrived at the veil which terminates the world, in which there was a gate. The angels who guarded it let me pass. The first inhabitant that I met there was a young man of the most dazzling beauty. I asked him who he was. He answered me, I am named Gabriel, and am the servant of God. Believe me, continued he, and return back again, for thou canst go no further. I shall not see Mahomet, then, cried I with sorrow, and I am for ever separated from Zesbet! I begged him to indicate to me the road I must follow. He pointed to it, and left me. I now went on for several days, when I perceived a very large bird upon a tree; his head was of gold, his eyes of sapphire, his beak of pearls, his body of rubies, and his feet of topaz. There was upon the top of this tree a table elegantly covered, and particularly with fish. I saluted the bird, who told me that he was one of the birds of Paradise, and had been sent upon earth with this table to keep Adam company. I demanded his permission to place myself at the table, and having obtained it, I ate of the meat, which was delicious. I enquired if he was always alone. He answered me, that Abouxlabas, one of the greatest prophets, came sometimes to pay him a visit. He had hardly ceased to speak, when the prophet appeared. He approached us, and having heard my story, informed me that I had a journey of one hundred and fifty years to make, before I could reach this place again; however, he offered to conduct me. I cannot retur , said I to him, without having seen the prophet. After having read for some time in a small book which he took from his bosom, he said to me, O son of predestination, thou art to return to Mecca; I can conduct thee there in less than six days.

The bird then said that he would conduct me there in one hour. I accepted his proposition. He ordered me to cover my eyes. But I was scarce mounted on his back, when he told me to take off the bandage; and with extreme surprise I found myself in this court.

Inform us now of your adventures, said Zesbet, turning herself, to Yaarab, and he began in these terms:

THE HISTORY OF YAARAB, THE JUDGE.

In despair at being obliged to quit the fair Zesbet, and thinking only how I might find means to meet with Mahomet, I embarked on board a ship regardless of its destination. That very night a dreadful tempest sunk the ship, and I was the only person who escaped death, by the help of a plank upon which I had seized. I struggled against the waves for seven days, and on the eighth I was so happy as to reach an island. I climbed up a tree to rest myself tilll day. When day appeared, I came down from the tree, and travelled on till I arrived at a palace so excessively dazzling. that my eyes could not bear the lustre of it. Immediately there came a voice out of

this magnificent palace, which said to me, O man of Medina, learn that this palace is the paradise destined for the faithful. Deserve by thy good works one day a habitation amongst us, and enjoy the happiness of having seen the gate of paradise. I went away, though with regret, from so beautiful a palace, and approached a large castle adorned with gold and precious stones. Curiosity engaged me to see the interior: every thing seemed to breathe pleasure and voluptuousness. In the midst of a great saloon, was seated a beautiful woman, surrounded by a hundred slaves. She beckoned me to approach, and ordered me to sit down by her; she then made a sign to her slaves, and at that moment I heard a concert which charmed my soul. Immediately she presented to me a cup filled with exquisite wine. In fine, I was giving myself insensibly up to pleasure, when I remembered Zesbet. Penetrated with the favors that I had received from heaven, I could not prevent myself from returning thanks. The beautiful woman having surprised me in this action, she said to me, Thou wilt never be happy upon earth, and thou art not formed to reside amongst us, therefore I advise thee not to make a longer stay here. Thou wilt find at the gate a chariot drawn by a dragon, enter it without fear. I mounted this morning into the chariot, and the dragon took its flight with such rapidity, that without being able to distinguish any object, I found myself in a state of stupidity in this court.

It is you, Temimdari, whom the lot has now ordained to speak, said Zesbet to him, when she saw that Yaarab ceased speaking; and Temimdari began thus:

THE HISTORY OF TEMIMDARI, THE SOLDIER.

It is now exactly two years, beautiful Zesbet, since I was espoused to you, and rebelled against the prophecies of the sage Oucha. I was surprised to hear thee say, Genies, carry him away. These words were no sooner finished, than there appeared a man, whose face was black, and his eyes red. This monster seized upon me, and carried me into an island inhabited by unbelieving genies. I made no long residence with them, for there arrived an army of faithful genies who attacked them. He who had seized upon me was killed in the battle, and the conquerors carried me off amongst those who were made slaves. At length, after eighteen moons, the king of the genies, whose slaves we were, resolved to take a review of his prisoners. As soon as he perceived me, he said to me, Thou art a man, what doest thou among these infidels? I related to him in what manner I had been seized, and how they had made me a slave. I am the most unfortunate of men, cried I, with an accent that seemed to move him. If I do not see the prophet, I must renounce the most perfect of women. From whence art thou? said he to me. My lord, I am of Mecca, replied I. Knowest thou that thy country is distant from hence a journey of seventy years? At this news I fainted away. When I had recovered my spirits, the tears burst from my eyes in such abundance, that the king said to me, Be not thus afflicted, take courage, Temimdari, I will have thee conducted this night to a sage, who may instruct thee better than I can. in the resolution which thou

oughtest to take. He then summoned a genie, whose countenance was as black as pitch, and his hoarse voice resembled thunder. He prostrated himself before the king, who said to him, I promise thee thy liberty, if thou conveyest this man to the sage Touloukia. I engage myself, pursued he, to conduct him there in three hours. Then the king said to me, Go, search the means of finding her again whom thou hast so great a desire to see; there remains only for me to recommend thee to be careful of thyself. This genie is an infidel: I will teach thee a prayer which will subject him to thee, and oblige him to conduct thee without danger. But remember, that if thou art one moment without repeating it, he will let thee fall, and take his flight. I easily learned the prayer, it not being long. The genie took me upon his neck, and rose up into the air. He passed over seas, mountains, and plains, and I still repeated my prayer. The genie would, more than once, have cast me down, but the virtue of my prayer still preserved me from his evil intentions. In the mean time, the situation I was in fatigued and weakened me considerably; and ceasing to repeat my prayer, the genie shook me off, and took his flight. I fell, rolling over and over, sometimes my head and sometimes my feet foremost, for seven days; at the end of which a wind supported me, and let me gently down upon the shore.

I travelled during four days and four nights, and at length arrived at a cavern which had threescore and ten gates. I pushed gently at one, and saw that the space which they enclosed was of prodigious extent; that it was filled with an infinite number of genies of different figures, and who were all chained and fettered in the strongest irons. As I gazed I saw an an angel appear, who held a club of fire. I asked the angel in what place I was. He answered me, Thou art at the entrance of hell. Mahomet whom I seek, cannot be here, said I, going out; where may I find him? Be not discouraged, said he, continue thy journey. I followed his advice, and arrived in a desert, where I perceived a castle four-square, which, from each front, gave a great light. And as I approached it, I discovered that the stones of which it was composed were gold and silver laid alternately. Afterwards I saw that these words were inscribed upon the gate: "There is but one God, Mahomet is his great friend, Adam is the pure and sincere creature of God." These words inspired me with much confidence, and I entered without hesitation into this castle. I lifted up a curtain of great magnificence, and saw a number of beautiful young men, who had unsheathed sabres hanging at their sides. I found still farther another curtain, which I also lifted up, and perceived a river flowing, whose water was sweeter than honey, cooler than ice, and whiter than milk. There were upon the banks of this river several tables elegantly covered. I had no desire to leave a place so full of delight; but a large green lion, who had the praises of God and of Mahomet written upon his sides, preparing to leap upon me, made me take my flight, and leave this charming castle.

After having gone some steps, I perceived a young man praying to God, whose habit was wholly green. I approached him, and asked the name of the castle from which I came. This was his answer: Mahomet, in acknowledgement of the pains thou hast taken to seek him, has permitted thee to behold an image of that paradise which he destines for those who shall perish in supporting and defending his faith. Whilst he spoke to me, I saw a white cloud appear above our heads; it was held up by angels. The young man saluted the angels, and inquired into what country they were going; they answered, We are going to that country where Mahomet is to be born. Then showing me to them, Look upon this young man, said he to them, and carry him where he is to be. At the same moment the angels let down the cloud to take me; and the cloud brought me into the court of this house in an instant.

It is now your turn, Aboutaleb, said Zesbet; relate to us what you have seen. He began in these terms:

HISTORY OF ABOUTALEB, THE DOCTOR OF THE LAW.

Struck with what the beautiful Zesbet informed me of, and curious to instruct myself in all that could be known concerning Mahomet, I departed hence now one whole year since. It was in vain that I travelled through the greatest part of the Indies. At length I embarked upon the main road of the ocean; and having no determined route, the vessel which was first ready to set sail was that which I preferred. After some months, it was shipwrecked, and I alone reached an island, which I found full of serpents. I perceived in the midst of them a small yellow serpent, of a glowing colour, and which one of the largest bore upon his back. He asked me who I was. I satisfied his curiosity, and desired him to instruct me how I could leave this island, which was subject to him. Immediately he called one of his largest serpents, and commanded him to carry me to the coast of the main land which was at no great distance. His orders were executed; and I returned to Assyria, and repaired to Babylon, to see a sage there, named Uffan. I was scarcely entered into his house, when he said to me, Aboutaleb, thou seekest the holy prophet in vain. I do not believe thou canst ever enjoy the beautiful Zesbet, if thou dost not accept the proposal I have to make thee. I find by my books that thou knowest the island of serpents, where the serpent Temliha reigns. If thou wilt conduct me there, I will find means to render both of us rich and celebrated in the world, and to make us arrive at so venerable an old age, that we may see Mahomet long upon earth, and become his first disciples, and the most faithful observers of his law. I was charmed with the propositions of the sage Uffan, and accepted them with eagerness. Uffan took a bow and some arrows; he filled two small silver vases, one with wine and the other with milk, and placed them in an iron box which he took with him. We arrived without any obstacle in the island where the serpent kept his residence.

The first care of Uffan was to put on shore the little iron chest, and to open it. We placed ourselves afterwards in such a manner, that without being seen we could examine all that passed. The little serpent, drawn by the odour of the liquors, came eagerly to them, and soon drank them with avidity; but the wine having stupified him, he fell into the chest. Sleep immediately followed his debauch, when Uffan ran, without making the least noise, shut the chest, and took it up. We wandered through all the island to find a plant, which the sage Uffan sought for with assiduity, and which furnished so wonderful an oil, that by rubbing it upon the soles of the feet, a man might walk upon the waters without any risk. He gathered the oil into a bottle, which he had taken care to bring with him; and the little serpent being only of use to Uffan to make him find this marvellous plant, which is named Feéarz, as he informed me, he opened the chest, and restored him to liberty. Immediately he rose up into the air, saying, "Heaven knows how to punish the audacious," and immediately disappeared. I trembled. Thou oughtest to have no inquietude, said Uffan then to me; we have the most essential article for obtaining what I have promised thee; let us go directly to the sea shore, continued he. We rubbed the soles of our feet with the marvellous oil of Feéarz, and walked upon the waters, without so much as wetting our feet.

After having gone a considerable way, we perceived a rock, whose summit was surrounded by a white cloud. When we were arrived there, Uffan marched directly to a cavern, the door of which was fastened with a lock of gold. He shot an arrow against this door, and it opened; he entered, and I followed him. We presently saw a magnificent throne, upon which a man of a venerable figure rested upon his back. He had on the little of his right hand a ring, which gave light to the whole hall. There was plainly to be read on this ring, "There is but one God, and Solomon is his prophet." It is now, said Uffan, my dear brother, that I shall want thy service; if I succeed in my enterprise, we shall possess all that I promised thee, and thou shalt render Zesbet happy. I am going to approach this prince, continued he, to draw off the ring which he has upon his finger; but I know that a serpent will spring upon me that moment, and strike me dead. Take my bow and these three arrows,

said he, presenting them to me, and when thou seest me dead, shoot one of these arrows at me, and I shall revive. I promised him I would, and desired him to tell me the name of him whom we saw laid upon this throne. It is, replied he to me, the prophet Solomon: his ring is all-powerful; it was by the means of that that he subjected men, genies, and animals, and rendered himself master of the world. As he said these words, he put his foot upon the throne, and used his utmost endeavours to take off the ring. Then there arose from beneath the throne a serpent which threw down Uffan, and struck him dead. I shot an arrow at him, which immediately restored him to life. Uffan made fresh efforts, but with no better success. The serpent killed him a second time. I made use of the same means to restore him as before. If thou revivest me once more, said Uffan to me, I have nothing more to fear, and shall be the happiest of mankind. He endeavoured again to take the ring, and again the serpent put him to death; and at that moment, when I was going to shoot the third arrow, the heavens were darkened, a dreadful thunder was heard, and the whole rock shook. I fell with my face upon the ground; and when I had recovered my spirits, the serpent looked upon me with indignation, and said to me, What has engaged thee to serve this sacrilegious wretch? If thou hadst not the protection of Mahomet, thou shouldst undergo the same fate with him. I hastily threw down my bow and my third arrow. This submission made the serpent retire, the air again grew calm, and I thought only how I might leave this dreadful place. I rubbed my feet with the marvellous oil of which Uffan happily had given me the bottle, and I walked upon the sea.

I crossed six different oceans, without meeting any thing. It was not till I arrived at the seventh that I perceived an island, which appeared to be of gold; but I was terribly affrighted when, turning my eyes upon the island, I perceived men of a most singular figure, who came up on all sides with drawn sabres, and prepared to attack me: I pronounced the name of God, and they immediately stopped and sheathed their sabres. What seekest thou in this island? demanded they? I seek Mahomet, replied I. Their chief then spoke, and told me, that having been permitted to appear in their island, they would do every thing they could to serve me. I conjured him to let me be conducted as speedily as possible to the place where he thought I might salute the holy prophet. I can make thee no answer upon that subject, said he; I will do for thee the only thing that is in my power. Immediately he ordered one of their horses to be saddled. I testified my gratitude by my tears, and would have embraced his knees, but he prevented me; and the horse being come, he whispered a word in his ear. I mounted him, and in a moment he conveyed me hither, threw me into the court, and I immediately lost sight of him.

Then Zesbet, speaking to them all, said, you are all witnesses of my submission to the orders of my father; you saw them written with his own hand; the prodigy is convincing, and the goodness of heaven to you manifest. I protest to you that you are all four equally dear to me; yet I can marry only him who has seen the prophet Mahomet; none of you, therefore, can be my husband.

A clap of thunder which they heard now drew all their attention. They saw an old man appear, august by the masculine beauty of his features and by the length of his beard, the whiteness of which equalled that of his vestment. He leaned upon a naked sabre, in which he put his trust; a shining white cloud supported him. At this sight they prostrated themselves, not daring to look upon him, who appeared to them with so great a splendour.

Arise, said he to them. Look upon me, I am Mahomet, enjoy a happiness which none now upon earth must have, and which will be envied by all ages. The promises of the sage Oucha will be accomplished in thy person, Zesbet; thy virtues and thy beauty have engaged me to prefer thee before all the daughters of Mecca; thou for the future shalt be named Aminta. Then turning to the husbands, You have seen me, said he to them, she is your's, you are her's. All those who shall follow the law which I am to preach may have four wives. Zesbet shall be the only one who shall lawfully possess four husbands at once: it is the least gift which I can grant to her of whom I choose to be born. As he finished these words, Mahomet disappeared.

Zesbet and her four husbands lived in the most perfect harmony, and in due time the holy prophet was born.

Varieties.

DEFINITION OF THE WORD BANKRUPT.—A bankrupt (bankus ruptus), is so called, when the bank or stock is broken or exhausted; the owner is then said to be a bankrupt. This word is also derived from the French word banquerot, which signifies a breaking or failing of the world, Banque, in French, is as much as mensa, in Latin; route the same as vestigium, and this term is said to be taken from the Roman Mensarii, which was set in public places; and when a tradesman slipped away with the intention to deceive his creditors, and only left some vestiges or signs of his table or shop behind him.

BANKERS.—The monied goldsmiths were first named bankers, in the reign of Charles the 2nd, as appears by the words of an act passed in the 22nd and 23rd of his reign:—"Whereas several persons, goldsmiths and others, by taking up or borrowing great sums of money, and lending the same for extraordinary hire and profit, having gained to themselves the names of bankers, &c. &c.

DERIVATION.—The *Bag of Nails*, at Chelsea, is claimed by the smiths and carpenters in its neighbourhood, as a house originally intended for their peculiar accommodation; but had it not been for the corruption of the times, it would still have belonged to the Bacchanals, who, in the days of the rare Ben Jonson, were accustomed to make a holiday excursion to that pleasant part of the environs of London. One age has continued to convert Bacchanals into *Bag o' Nails*; may not a future age take the liberty of converting the term Bacchanalians into *Bag o' Nailians*.'

CANINE SAGACITY.—At the commencement of the French Revolution, a dog went every day to the military parade, which was held in the area in front of the palace of the Tuilleries, placed himself among the musicians of the band, with whom he went through every evolution, and, after parade, withdrew till next day, when he regularly reappeared at his usual hour. The pleasure which the animal evidently took in the music of the band, and the regularity of his attendance, soon excited the interest of the men, who frequently invited him to partake of their dinner, by caressing him, and saying, *Pirade! tu viendras diner aujourdhui avec moi.* This was enough; the dog followed his host, eat his dinner gaily, and with a good appetite, after which no caresses could induce him to remain; he invariably went to spend the evening either at the French or Italian Opera, where he entered without ceremony, took his place in the orchestra, and remained there till the performances were over. *Le Mentor.*

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.—The late Admiral Montague, when at Boston in America, walking in the streets on a Sunday, was taken up by the saints there, and put in the stocks. This indignity he submitted to without any apparent uneasiness; but on the day he meant to sail for England, he sent cards to the mayor and aldermen to dine on board his majesty's ship. After dinner, he called all hands,

and ordered the boatswain to give them a dozen a-piece, which they submitted to as resistance would have been in vain. Now, gentlemen, said the noble admiral, adieu! I could not resist the inclination I had to give you my Roland for your Oliver!

CLOSE QUARTERS.—A young ensign, residing in lodgings, the rooms of which were very small, was visited by a fashionable friend, who had no sooner entered, than he exclaimed, "Heaven defend me, Charles! where do you find space to breathe in here? why there's hardly room for a cock to crow in!" How long have you lived in this nut-shell?" "Not long enough to become a *kernel*," replied the other.

BRAVERY. — Prince Eugene was, perhaps, at one period of his life, the most popular man in Europe, equally admired for his successful bravery in the field, his discernment in the cabinet, and his conciliating manners in social life. By the English he was received with enthusiasm, as the friend and fellow-soldier of Marlborough. His whole soul, it appears, was devoted to war; and so accustomed was he to bloody campaigns, that in the memoirs he gives of himself, he speaks of an army not as a collection of men who possess immortal spirits, but as files, columns, and divisions, to be manœuvred about as so many little combatants on a chess board. To a reflective mind, a field of carnage must appear an awful scene, but this military hero passes over it with undiminished gaiety, and hears the groans of expiring thousands with as little disturbance as the wind which agitates the trees, or the waves which fall in a regular succession on the shore. It is, however, worthy of observation, that as he advanced in years he became more pacific, as the following quotations prove: "We are never too well convinced," he says, "which of the two parties is wrong at the commencement of a war. They quarrel, they complain, they recriminate, and they go battle, before all can be satisfactorily explained. We imagine insults, injuries, and evil intentions, and then we cause five hundred men to perish."—*Antiquarius.*

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—A son of Thespis had a wig, which usually hung on a peg in one of his rooms. He lent one day the wig to a brother player, and some time after called on him. He had his dog with him, and the man happened to have the borrowed wig on his head. The player stayed a little while with his friend; but when he left him, the dog remained behind. For some time he stood looking full in the man's face, then making a sudden spring, leaped on his shoulders, seized the wig, and ran off with it as fast as he could; and, when he reached home, he endeavoured, by jumping, to hang it up in its place.—*Lackington's Life.*

QUART BOTTLES.—Some economical quart bottles are blown at the rate of fifteen or sixteen to the dozen; which deceitful practice once roused sir Boyle Roach, in the Irish House to Commons, to propose an act, "That every quart bottle should hold a quart."

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The Casket.

o. XIV.] SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1827. [PRICE 1d.



HORRIBLE CRUELTIES OF THE DUTCH.

he island of Amboyna lies near Se-
, the chief town of it hath also the
e name, and is the rendezvous for
gathering, and buying of cloves;
English lived in that town under the
tection of the castle, which was gar-
ned and well manned by the Dutch.
happened that in the year 1622, a
an soldier discoursing with the
tch sentinel of the castle, was sus-
ted, tortured, and confessed that
rs of his countrymen had contrived
him to seize and surprise the cas-
; also one Price, an Englishman,
prisoner with them, accused other
glishmen of the factories, who were
ent for, and put to horrid torture.
manner was this: first, they
led up the prisoner by the hands,
a cord against a large door, fast-
g him upon two staples of iron on
ther, as wide as his arms could
tch, his feet hung to the ground,
tched out at length, and full wide-
, fastened beneath the door; then
wrapped a cloth about his neck
face so close, that no water could
by; then pouring water leisurely
n his head, and filling the cloth up
his mouth and nostrils, that he could
draw breath, but he must withal
suck in water, they so continued, till it forced his inward parts to come out at his nose, eyes, and ears, stifling, and choking him into a swoon or fainting; but being taken down, they made him vomit the water, and being somewhat recovered, they tortured him again four or five times, his body being swollen three times bigger than before, his cheeks like bladders, his eyes staring out beyond his eye-brows; one Colson being thus tortured, yet still denied their accusation, whereupon they burnt him under the paps, armholes, elbows, hands, and feet, till the fat dropped out of their torches; they then lodged him in a dungeon, where his flesh putrified, and maggots bred in it, to a horrid and loathsome condition, till at the end of eight days they were executed, in March, 1623, at which instant there was a sudden darkness, and a tempest that forced two Dutch ships out of the harbour, which were hardly saved: the dead were all buried in one pit, and one Dunkin their accuser stumbled at their grave, and fell stark mad, and died so within three days afterwards.---*Hist. K. James*, p. 577.

THE BORDERER'S LEAP.

Esselstone Heath, on the northern side of the borders, is the entrance to one of those jumbles of rocks and mountains, which seem to have been destined by nature for the haunt of such wild and desperate characters as held in these districts their reign of blood and terror, before the union of the two kingdoms, and for some time after. It was there that the Raven of Hornscliffe, as he was called, one of the last of the "border thieves," terminated his career in a manner well worthy of his life. The crime which led to this catastrophe, although not unparalleled in the annals of the period of which we write, would seem, to the refinement of modern taste, too gross for historical detail; it may suffice, therefore, to say, that at the marriage of one of his enemies, which was celebrated that morning, the Raven made his appearance—a guest as unlooked for as unwelcome—with a numerous train of followers, massacred a great part of the company, violated the bride before the bridegroom's eyes, and set fire to the house. Unexpected succours, however, arrived, although not before the work of revenge had been but too well accomplished; the assailants were assailed in their turn, when least prepared for defence; the bridegroom liberated, whom they had intended to carry off as a prisoner, and their chief obliged to betake himself to flight, alone and unarmed.

It was the afternoon when the outlaw arrived at the borders of the heath, and his breath came freer as he felt the cool air from his own mountains, and saw the declining sun, which hung over the cliffs to which his fugitive steps were directed, pointing, as it were, to the place of their mutual repose. He was alone and unarmed—for his sword had been broken off to the hilt; a host of enemies were behind, and his place of refuge yet distant. He did not rest till he had reached the base of the ridge of mountains which forms the termination of the heath; but his exertions during the latter part of the journey, although not less steady than before, were less violent. Towards the conclusion of the race, although the foremost of his enemies was then distinctly in sight, the pace of the outlaw became gradually slower, and at length he threw himself down by a small stream of water that gushed out of the cliff, and turned his eyes deliberately upon the heath. As his pursuer approached nearer and nearer, it could be seen that he was a young man, of a strong, athletic make; in his right hand was a sword covered with blood, which the mid-day sun had baked into a crust on the blade; and in his left he held a costly handkerchief, such as was at that time worn on holiday occasions by females of wealth or rank. He was dressed more like a chambering gallant than a rough warrior, who seeks the brown heath with the naked brand; but the disorder of his apparel, which was torn and daubed with the marks of mortal strife—his long hair hanging in clotted heaps on his half naked shoulders—and his wild and ghastly aspect, where fury, horror, and despair, were written in mingled characters,—seemed yet fitter for the lonely heath than the festive hall. When he saw his enemy fall down by

the side of the stream, a low but deep cry broke from his lips, resembling half the shout of the tired forester, when the stag which has held him to bay sinks powerless at his feet, and half the greedy and savage howl of the wolf-dog over the quivering carcass of his quarry. The Raven of Drumscliff smiled scornfully as the sound broke on his ear through the distance; but when his pursuer came within a space when farther delay might have been dangerous, he plunged his head into the cool stream, tore open his dress, and splashed the invigorating element over his bosom; then springing upon his feet, threw back his hair over his forehead, shook his limbs, and returning the premature cry of triumph by a shrill yell of defiance, began to ascend the sides of the mountain, and speedily disappeared among the rocks. The bridegroom, with his black lips and burning forehead, rushed past the stream, without wasting even a look on its reviving waters. Guided either by a previous knowledge of the outlaw's haunts, or by an instinct similar to that which leads the bloodhound to its unseen prey, he threaded the maze of the rocks with undeviating accuracy: till at length the sound of the enemy's feet—the crashing of the branches that were laid hold of to assist his ascent—and, finally, the rushing of stones and fragments of earth dislodged by feet, down the steep path, convinced him that he gained upon the object of his pursuit, and that a few more efforts of his strong and useful limbs would place the feel destroyer before his eyes. In the meantime, the outlaw, avoiding the steep breast of the mountain, turned short into a rocky pass which cuts through the ridge, and which, although dry at that time, in winter forms the bed of a torrent. In a few minutes more he found himself within sight of a place that, on former occasions of as great need, had stood him in lieu of friends and fortress; and with renewed energy, he rushed down the steep declivity which forms the east side of the mountain he had ascended by the west, and leads direct to a singularly situated rock, even at that time known by the name of the Raven's Tower. On this side, the mountain sweeps down for more than half way in a tolerably smooth declivity, but then stops suddenly short, and with frightful abruptness descends, in an almost perpendicular manner, for the remaining space of nearly a hundred and fifty feet. Its rugged and projecting points overhang the turbulent river below, in a manner which precludes the possibility of a man's descending alive; and although a fordable part of the stream lies immediately under, the traveller is thus obliged to make a circuit of some miles before reaching it.

The outlaw whose flight we are relating had good title to bestow his name on the Raven's Tower; for he alone, even of all the desperate adventurers who infest that part of the country, had strength of limb, steadiness of brain, and boldness of heart to leap across a chasm which separates it from the mountain. This feat he had performed on several occasions of imminent danger, and always successfully; for, when once he had gained the rock, a natural path down the riverward side — although one filled with danger even to him, and only

made available by the heath, brushwood, and projecting stones, which afforded points of precarious support—led the fearless ruffian in safety to the ford below. On this occasion, however, there was more danger to be apprehended in the leap than on the former one. The length of his flight—which had lasted from the forenoon till the shades of evening were beginning to fall—had deprived his limbs of their wonted strength and elasticity; It may be, too, that the dreadful deeds of the morning, so different in their character from the usual feats of arms—which, however bloody in their consequences, appeared to these lawless men as something honourable and praiseworthy—may have sate with more than common weight upon his mind. But, however this may be, it was with an unsteady step he approached the brink of the precipice; and when a wild bird, which had built in the cliff, scared from her nest by the intrusion burst away with a sudden scream, the bold outlaw started and grew pale: perhaps it was the cry of the devoted bride which it brought to his haunted recollection. Controlling his feelings, however, he went close to the edge of the cliff, and looked down for the moment into the abyss. A sound of hasty footsteps behind did not permit the outlaw to indulge long in contemplation of this object; and, suddenly mustering up his resolution as well as he might, he stepped backwards a few paces, rushed to the edge of the cliff, and took the terrible leap. He did not, as heretofore, clear the chasm at a single effort! for it was his breast that first met the rock—his legs and the greater part of his body hanging over into the abyss. He was as brave a man, in the vulgar acceptation of the word, as ever faced a foe; but, at this moment, the cold drops of mortal terror burst over his forehead; he dug his hands in the hard and scanty earth that covered the surface of the landing place, and clung convulsively with his feet to a slight projection on the side, that must have instantaneously given way to a less pressure had it not been of the hardest granite. It seemed for some time as if further effort was impossible—as if his heart's sole aim and desire was to remain fixed for ever in this frightful position; but, as he found his strength gradually giving way, his hands relaxing in their grasp, and his feet slipping from their hold—and the conviction broke on his mind that, in a few minutes more he must give himself up to a death the imagination shuddered at—desperation came to the aid of courage; and, staking every thing on the event of a single moment—which, if unsuccessful, must plunge him into the gulf—he caught with his hands still closer to the rock, and pressing his feet with all his might against their slender hold, succeeded, by a violent muscular effort, in heaving himself upon the cliff. "Eternal curses on my nerveless limbs!" cried the bridegroom, arriving at the instant; "the Raven has reached his tower—and who may follow him?—Turn back," continued he, raising his voice in a furious shout, "ravisher! murderer! monster!—all things but coward!—Turn back! and I swear by every thing binding on man's soul, to divide in twain my sword with thee; and, although thou deservest to die like a dog, to fight a fair fight with thee on

this hill side, without friend or witness, save yonder setting sun, and Him who made it!" But the Raven was deaf even to so courteous an offer; he lay on his back on the cliff, apparently without sense or motion, his legs hanging over the side.—"Take this, then; to rouse thee!" said the bridegroom, tearing up, by main force, a fragment of the rock, and hurling it across the chasm; it fell with a heavy sound on the outlaw's breast; and he raised himself up, like a chained mastiff, at the pain and insult. "Who art thou!" he cried, hardly seeming to recollect his situation; "what dost thou seek?"—"What do I seek?—O God!—Look here!" replied the bridegroom, stretching his arms and his body far over the cliff towards the destroyer, while his voice was choked with the opposite and yet combining emotions of grief and rage.—"What do I seek? See'st thou this handkerchief? A few hours ago it covered the fairest and the chastest bosom in broad Scotland: the red blots of murder, and the wrinkles of ruffian violence, are on it now; and the covering of the bosom is reproach, and foulness, and dishonour! What do I seek?—I seek," continued he, speaking through his clenched teeth,—"I seek to fulfil the oath I made to heaven and to her—to steep this handkerchief, ravisher, in thy heart's blood!"—"Tempt me not!" said the outlaw; "hast thou not tasted enough of my vengeance already? I am slockened on thee. Get thee gone—but cross no more the path of one who has neither fear nor mercy." The avenger paused for an instant and then paced to and fro by the edge of the rock, with the restless and impatient step of a beast of prey along the bars of his cage; but soon his brow grew blacker, and his lips met with a firmer resolution, "He is spent with fatigue," he said aloud, although communing only with himself; "he is weary with murder, or he would by this time have sought the ford. What holds me from leaping into this den? I am younger than he; my limbs are more supple than his. What care I for the craven-lay which threatens death for the attempt?—my vengeance shall not be stayed with a song. It shall be so: the weight of despair is surely not greater than the weight of guilt." And so saying, he stepped backward to the proper distance, and began to prepare himself for the adventure. This he did in the first place, by striking his blade into the ground, clasping his hands, raising up his face towards heaven, and repeating a short prayer for success; He then drew forth his gold steel again, and, planting his feet firmly in their proper posture, was about to spring forward to the perilous undertaking. The outlaw, who had apparently watched his movements, and even heard his words, raised himself gradually from his reclining posture—first on his knees, and then, as his enemy's preparations seemed to be nearly completed, upon his feet. "Stop!" he cried; "witness that I have at least not sought this. The event be on your head! I confess that I am worn out—I am alone and unarmed; but the visitor who thrust himself unbidden on me here shall never live to tell what welcome he met with at the Raven's Tower." The reply of the avenger was to wave the bloody handkerchief in the air,

which he then placed in his bosom; and, clearing the intervening space at three rapid bounds, he darted from the side of the mountain. The desperation which had prompted him to the adventure lent an energy to his limbs which it was believed only one man of that day possessed, and he alighted on the brink of the rock; yet so barely was the feat performed, that, had he not seized hold of the outlaw's arm, who struck a furious blow at him as he touched the ground, he could not have preserved his footing even for a single moment. But here was no contest of warriors in the field —no flashing of the sword—no spilling of blood—no cries of triumph or of vengeance! On the one part it was an instinctive, silent clinging to the only object of support within reach—and, on the other, a desperate, but hopeless resistance against a power which seemed, with supernatural force, to be gradually dragging him to perdition. They stood thus for some moments upon the smooth and sloping edge of the precipice, their frames convulsed, and their sinews cracking with the intensity of the struggle, and yet their motion toward the brink scarcely perceptible. They looked into each other's faces, and saw in the damp and ghastly features the image of death. "I warned thee!" at last broke, in choked accents, from the white lips of the outlaw, as their fate became certain, and a glare of rage and terror illumined for an instant his despair. The bridegroom replied by bending down his head, with a last effort, and tearing with his teeth from his bosom the bloody signal of vengeance, which he held up in the destroyer's face. The next moment he fell backward into the abyss, still clinging with a death clasp to his enemy, and they commenced their headlong descent; and so firmly did he retain his hold, that although the projecting points of the rock spattered their brains upon the wall, and mangled their bodies out of the form of men, yet they arrived still hand in hand, in one mass of blood, at the bottom of the cell whence the pollution of human guilt and misery was instantaneously swept away by the indignant stream.

Monthly Magazine.

Arabian Tales.

THE CALIPH TURNED ROBBER.

The feast of Haraphat had assembled at Bagdad whatever was noble and splended; not only the Vizirs, and Emirs, but several of the potentates, who paid homage to the Caliph, attended at the solemn festival. There was the fullest display of pomp and decoration, and magnificence seemed to be exhausted. The grand mosque resounded with the sonorous voice of the hatibs, the air was sweetened by perfumes; and the altar was stained with the blood of the consecrated heifer; finally, nothing was wanting, which might declare, both to the heavens and the earth, the piety of the commander of the faithful, the zeal of the prince of the true believers, and devotion of the greatest of the sovereigns of the world. The ceremony, however, was long, and Haroun was fatigued; he spoke to his grand Vizir, who was the chief of the Barmecides.

"Giafar," said he, "the feast of our great prophet should in-

spire joy, and yet I find myself corroded by melancholy: in the midst of pomp and splendor, I am tormented by involuntary care: I must dissipate, and on a day such as this, my dissipation should be productive of utility to my people; let us disguise ourselves; let us walk through the streets of Bagdad; let us give alms to the poor, and let us alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate. I wish to see with my own eye, if my people are happy, and if my substitutes discharge their duty with punctuality."

Giafar was all obedience to the commands of the Caliph. They entered into a private apartment, where they disguised themselves, and having put a thousand pieces of gold into their pockets, they sallied forth from the palace. They traversed all the streets and squares of the city, and distributed alms to the necessitous. As they passed through a particular district, they met a woman sitting on the pavement in the middle of the street: she held out her hand to the Caliph, and asked charity. The monarch was struck with the beauty of the arm which was extended towards him; it was of the most exquisite shape, and white as snow. He reached out a piece of gold to Giafar, to give the fair petitioner. The vizir obeyed: she received the donation and closed her hand, but finding, by the weight, that it was not the coin commonly distributed in alms, she opened her fingers, and perceiving it to be gold, called out to Giafar—"Oh, young man, you have given me a piece of gold;" "Madam," replied Giafar, "you are not indebted to me, but to the young man who is with me." "Have the goodness," rejoined she, "to get from him an explanation of his generosity." Giafar mentioned her request to the Caliph, who answered, "let her not be uneasy; charity and the love of God were the cause:" "Since that is the case," replied she, "tell him I shall petition heaven to grant him a long and happy life." Haroun informed of this by Giafar, sent him back to her. "Ask her," said he, "if she is a virgin; if her hand is to be disposed of, tell her, I purpose to espouse her."

Giafar delivered this message. "I am a virgin," answered she, "and ready to marry the young man, since he entertains so favorable an opinion of me, provided he can settle on me a suitable dowry." "Who can this woman be," said Giafar, as he repeated her answer; "does she doubt whether the Commander of the Faithful can settle on her a dowry?"

"My disguise pleads her excuse," answered the Caliph; "know from her what her dowry is to be." The grand vizir obeyed, and her answer was, "my dowry must be equivalent to one year's tribute of the cities of Ispahan and Karassin." The vizir having informed Haroun of the conversation he appeared satisfied. "Return to her," said he, and tell her I embrace her offer." The grand vizir immediately acquitted himself of his commission. "Who is this man," said she "who can give such a dowry?" "He, of whom I have spoken to you," answered Giafar, "is called the Commander of the Faithful."

At the name of the Caliph, the damsel rose, and covered herself with her veil, and said, "if the Caliph is to be my husband, I

am satisfied; you may assure him of my consent." When Giafar reported to Haroun his last conversation with the damsel, and described in a few words her countenance, her attitude, and tone of voice: Haroun instantly ordered one of the most respectable of the women of the palace, attended by a number of slaves, to find out the unknown virgin, and conduct her to the royal baths.

After she had bathed, she was arrayed most sumptuously, and conveyed to a most magnificent apartment; the chief eunuch informed the Caliph his commands were obeyed: Haroun then ordered Giafar to bring the cadi, to sign the contract of marriage.

When evening came, Haroun entered her apartment: she fell before him, and expressed her gratitude in the strongest terms. He sat down, and placed her beside him: "who is your father, madam?" said he; "your family must be noble, since you have demanded of me a dowry so considerable."

"I derive my origin," replied she, "from the Kassera Abocheroan: a reverse of fortune reduced me to that situation in which you found me."

This answer melted the soul of Haroun; he clasped her in his arms with a thousand embraces. But the rapture he felt was soon damped by a mortifying reflection.

"Pardon me, princess," cried he, "if I am compelled to snatch myself from your charms; borne away, this morning, by my zeal, I made, in honour of our prophet, a solemn vow not to cohabit for a whole year with the next woman I should espouse."

She bent her eyes to the ground in token of acquiescence. The Caliph withdrew: the constant attentions, however, paid her, prevented her supposing she was forgotten, or that he had repented of his choice.

The tedious year passed away, and again brought the solemn feast of Haraphat. The Caliph, with Giafar, and the chief of the eunuchs, explored the principal streets of Bagdad in disguise, and every thing met the royal approbation. Haroun, in returning to the palace, passed by a pastry-cook's shop, where there was such an appearance of neatness and propriety, that he was tempted to examine minutely the pastry: and more than one sense was gratified.

(To be continued.)

Original Poetry.

TO A YOUNG LADY FONDLING A KITTEN.

Sweet girl! when I behold thy kiss
Bestow'd upon a Cat,
How gladly, then, would I be *this*,
While still receiving *that*.

Poor tabby, hugg'd within thine arms,
To sleep would freely go;
While I would gaze upon thy charms,
And love thee dearly, too.

Each fond caress on puss you waste,
To me were doubly dear;
To me 'twere sweet such bliss to taste,
Thy love my heart would cheer.

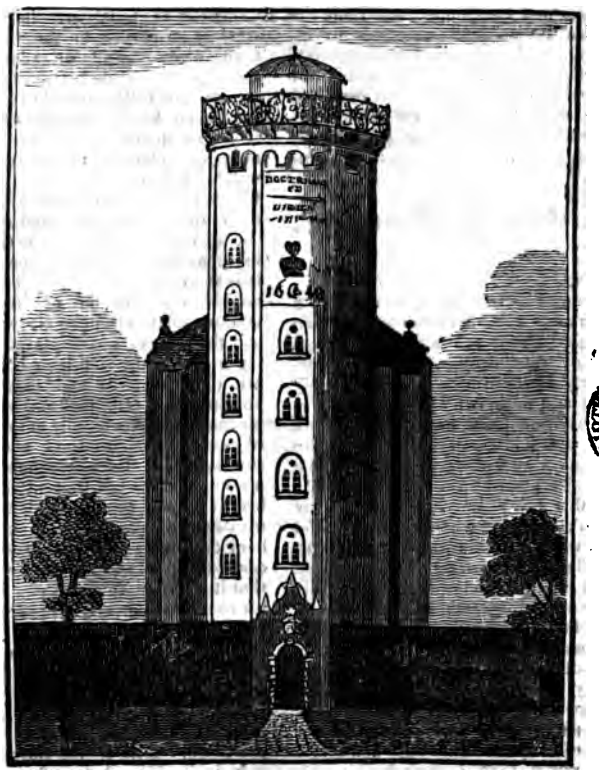
The senseless brute thy arms has fled;
More [illegible] would I be;
And would [illegible] beat upon my head,
If still [illegible] thee.

R. J.

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The Casket.

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ROYAL OBSERVATORY, COPENHAGEN.

This Observatory is upon the top of a round tower, which was erected in 1637, after a plan given by Longomontanus. It is sixty feet in diameter, and a hundred and fifty feet high. The inscription is semi-hieroglyphical, explained as follows:—'Doctrinam et justitiam dirige, Ichova, in Cordem Coronati Christiani quarti, 1642.' We mounted the greatest part of the way by an ascent without steps, and from thence to the summit of a small wooden staircase. A carriage can go as far as this place, but not to the platform, which some, in their descriptions of it, say may be done. The instruments are in good condition and kept very clean, though it appears they are frequently used. We saw a quadrant with a radius of six feet, and two divisions, to make the exactness of the observation more certain. This instrument, with many others, is placed upon marble pillars, and bears upon a vault. An astronomical circle of four Danish feet also with two divisions. An astronomical pendulum. The largest telescope is twelve Danish feet in length; it magnifies the object eight hundred times, and the farthest point of view to be seen from the Observatory, is eight miles. They have contrived a machine for the body of the glass, which prevents it from being bent. This establishment commenced in 1780, and all the instruments are made by Alh at Copenhagen They are now employed in making as-

tronomical maps of all Denmark; and the whole will amount at the least to twenty. Fifteen were finished at the end of 1820. A celebrated astronomical observer directs every thing relating to the latitudes and longitudes; and there are likewise twelve land measures to fill them up, with a designer and engraver. The engraving of each plate costs four hundred rix-dollars, and four thousand copies may be struck off without retouching the plate. The price of the map is four marks.—*Travels in Denmark.*

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

No. I.—THE BUTCHER

Is usually a short fat man, measuring considerably more in circumference than in height; his dress is a large blue coat, corderoy inexpressibles, and more particularly a pair of well polished jockey boots; add to this an apron and sleeves of greasy blue linen, and a hat of greasy black, with a large steel hanging before him from a leather strap, and you have a tolerable good idea of 'the Butcher.'

In this array he equips himself by three o'clock of a market morning, and starts, with a stout stick in his hand, to Smithfield; as he would disdain to leave behind him any badge of his trade, his steel is never forgotten, although he well knows he has no occasion for it there. In the market he meets many of his near neighbours, who, to do him justice, he is very glad to see, though many of them, perhaps, undersell him; he goes with them to some 'early house,' for 'a drop to keep the cold out,' and afterwards sallies forth and make his purchases; he is very particular that his red mark should look quite as well on a sheep as that of any one else, and that his initials are clipped out from the hair of an ox, in a manner that shows he 'knows his business.' Having paid the salesman, and taken a friendly glass with him, he joins one or two of his trade at a real breakfast, at some house of entertainment in the neighbourhood; there he quickly dispatches at least a pound of beef steaks, with the necessary accompaniments of bread, porter, &c. of which, by the bye, he is never known to be sparing; he then returns slowly back to his shed, sets his men 'a killing,' as soon as his 'beast' comes in, and retires to bed early, to make up for the preceding night.

But on a Saturday he assumes a different character: he puts on a clean pair of sleeves, or perhaps exchanges them for white ones, and is all bustle and activity; the mechanically uttered 'What d'ye buy,' announces that his stock is displayed to the best advantage, while 'Tom' or 'Jem,' is seen moving with loaded tray through the streets for hours together; each joint purchased by his regular customers is 'the best in the town,' and he receives numerous charges to 'chop the bones well,' 'not to forget the cats,' and his chopper is used generally with more force than precision; and the large 'bunch of lights' goes away so unbegrudgingly, as almost to make one think that it is the only part of the bullock 'he did not pay for.' In the evening, the remaining joints are hung closer together, and the 'pieces' are displayed in tempting order on the stall-board, where they are often fingered and 'cheapened,' to no purpose. Half paid and half-starved mechanics look wistfully at the 'nice bit o' weal,' 'fine mutton,' and 'tender steaks,' which he so eloquently recommends; and 'weigh that at 6,' 'tops of beef at 5' join discord with the watchman's cry of 'past eleven;' in another hour customers go home, the streets become deserted, and the clock warns him that it is time to shut up. He counts his cash, eats a hearty supper, and retires to bed. On the morrow he strolls in the fields, or takes his wife and children 'a lift in the cart;' but he is out of his element, and soon wishes for Monday. Monday comes, and with it the usual routine of business; and week after week passes on, but he is 'the Butcher' still.

It is in him that we find a near approach to the old fashioned Englishman, the real John Bull. He is fond of eating, drinking, and even of working. He talks politics in public houses, and yields only to the hair-dresser in the retailing of news. He has not the least inhumanity, though his profession seems to include it. He speaks with unconcern of the number of sheep he slaughters, but to his fellow-creatures he is kind even to a fault. He is honest in his dealings, and open-hearted in his conversation; cares not for offending any one, except his 'customers,'—this is an exception we may well allow to him: and upon the whole, few tradesmen of any description need be ashamed of 'THE BUTCHER.'

R. J.

Arabian Tales.

THE CALIPH TURNED ROBBER.

(*Continued.*)

When the Caliph had entered his apartment, he described to one of his officers the pastry-cook's shop, and desired him to order from thence a hundred cataifs.* The officer acquitted himself of his commission, and the pastry was sent to the palace. Haroun, having received the cataiffs, put a piece of gold in each, covered them with pistachio nuts, powdered them over with sugar, and sent them as a present to the Persian princess, his spouse. He desired that she should be reminded that the year was expired, during which he had been restrained by his oath from seeing her, and that in the evening she was to expect a visit from the Commander of the Faithful.

The eunuch, who delivered the message, was commanded to ask her if she had any wish which the Caliph could accomplish. 'I want for nothing,' said the amiable descendant of Kassera; 'when I shall have the happiness to behold the Commander of the Faithful, all my desires will be gratified.'

Haroun was satisfied with the wisdom of her reply. But wishing to do something which might be pleasing to his beloved, he ordered Mesrour to insist that she might consider in what manner he could gratify her.

'Since the Caliph,' replied she, 'desires to oblige me; tell him that I should wish to have a thousand pieces of gold, and a female confidential slave to accompany me in disguise through the streets of Bagdad, that I, who have been one of the daughters of distress, may supply the wants of the afflicted.'

The Caliph smiled at her request, and ordered that it should be instantly complied with. The princess and the woman who accompanied her, walked through the streets of Bagdad, distributed alms on every side, till they had spent the thousand pieces of gold.

That day the heat was intense. The princess, as she returned to the palace, was scorched with a burning thirst; she mentioned her distress to her companion, who, seeing a water merchant, wished to call him. 'I choose not to drink out of the same vessel,' said the princess, 'with all the people of Bagdad. I feel somewhat of disgust.'

They afterwards came to a magnificent house; the slave, as she passed the door, which was of sandal wood, perceived through a window which had been thrown open, a chandelier of gold in the porch, suspended by a string of the same metal. A curtain, richly embroidered, fell down on either hand, and two sophas of beautiful marble, on each side of the door, completed the furniture of the hall.

After having examined the outside of the house, the slave rapped at the door; it was opened by a young man of genteel appearance, and elegantly dressed, who politely asked in what manner he could assist her. 'You see, sir,' said the slave, 'that my daughter is parched up with thirst; she will not drink out of the vessel of the water-merchant. Give her a glass, and we shall be infinitely indebted to you.'

'You shall be satisfied instantly, madam,' replied the young man. He returned immediately with a goblet of gold filled with water, and gave it to the woman, who reached it to the princess; she turned her face to the wall, that she might drink without being perceived. The goblet was returned to the young man by the slave, who thanked him for his politeness to her and her pretended daughter. The princess and she withdrew, and returned speedily to the palace.

When the Commander of the Faithful had arranged the dish of cataifs in the above-mentioned manner, he sent them to the princess, as a pledge and signal of his affection. The chief of the eunuchs, who carried the dish of tarts, not knowing in what manner the Caliph had seasoned it, and considering it but as a piece of common gallantry, did not deliver his message in the forcible manner he should have done; and the princess considering it in the same point of view, left the pastry on a table in her apartment, and thought no more about the matter.

On her return from distributing the alms, she cast her eye on the dish of cataifs, and thought it might be an equivalent for the glass of water. 'Take this pastry,' said she to the slave, who had attended her, 'and give it, as if from yourself, to the young man, who so politely furnished me with the glass of water.'

The slave acquitted herself of her message. She found the young man sitting on one of the sophas in his porch. 'My daughter and I' said she, 'are infinitely obliged to you for your kind-

* Cataif, a sort of little tart.

ness and attention; pray accept from us this pastry, as a proof of our esteem.'

'Since you wish, madam, to acknowledge so slight a service,' replied the young man, 'I shall accept your present, and be so obliging as to lay it down on the sopha.' After a few compliments were exchanged they parted, and the slave returned to the palace.

At this instant, the watchmen of the ward in which the young man lived came to pay him the accustomed compliment on the feast of Haraphat; and, at the conclusion, demanded the usual present. 'Take this dish of cataifs,' said the young man. The watchman received it with gratitude, kissed the hand of his benefactor, and returned home.

The wife of the watchman seeing him enter with such a large and beautiful dish, exclaimed, 'From whom had you this?' tell me, my good man, have you stolen it?' 'No, wife, replied the watchman, 'but the Hazeb,* the great officer of the Caliph, gave it to me; may God preserve his life. Let us eat heartily of these cataifs, they are dainty sure.'

'Glutton!' replied his wife, 'would you eat so expensive food? Go sell them, together with the dish; these delicacies are not fit for such poor folk as we are. With the money you bring back, we can purchase what will be more suitable for our family.'

'Wife, wife,' said the watchman, 'God has sent us cataifs, and of cataifs I must eat.'

'You shall not taste a single morsel,' said his wife, in an angry tone of voice; 'your son hath neither bonnet nor slippers, I am half naked, and you are all in tatters; go, sell this dish directly, and bring back the money.'

The watchman was obliged to obey his wife; he went to the market-place, and gave the dish to the public crier. A merchant purchased it, and carried off his prize.

The purchaser, as he was returning home, began to examine his bargain, and seeing the name of Haroun Alraschid on the dish, he went back hastily to the market-place. 'Take again your dish,' said he to the crier, 'would you ruin me, and have me taken up on suspicion of having stolen the dishes and plates of the Caliph?'

The crier, when he read the letters which were on the edge of the dish, was seized with astonishment and terror: he flew to the palace, and demanding to see the Caliph, was admitted into his presence, and he showed him the cataifs, with the dish on which they had been put.

Haroun recollected instantly the dish, which he had intended for a part of the collation with the princess. One of the failings of this great man was his annexing too much importance to every thing that he did; and even his trifles became matters of the most serious consequence. The disarrangement of his plan concerning the dish of cataifs had disturbed the repose of the greatest monarch of the East; his present had been neglected and despised, and his anger was kindled against the Persian princess.

'Tell me,' said the enraged Caliph to the crier, 'who gave you this dish of cataifs.'

'Commander of the Faithful,' said he, 'the watchman of such a district of the city gave it to me to sell.'

The Caliph ordered that the watchman should be brought in chains before him; the unfortunate wretch was seized, and brought into the presence of his sovereign. The unfortunate man finding himself in this deplorable situation, on account of a dish of cataifs, began silently to execrate his wife. 'Cursed creature!' muttered he, 'to betray a man, when you wished to serve him. No one should take your advice; had you let me eat this dish of cataifs, nothing evil would have happened to me. But, forsooth, you must become an economist; your like ruined the first man, and your like will continue to do the same to the end of the world. Behold me here exposed to the wrath of the first potentate of the earth. Come, and tell me how to extricate myself from this danger, if any good can proceed from a mouth which has always told lies.'

The Caliph interrupted the watchman in his abuse of his wife, by asking him from whom he had the dish of cataifs. 'Speak, wretch,' said the enraged monarch; 'tell the truth, if you wish to escape death.'

'O, Commander of the Faithful!' said the trembling watchman, 'suspend the effects of your displeasure, and may they not fall on the head of the innocent; the Hazeb Yemalleddin, your great officer, gave me for a present both the dish and the cataifs.'

At the name of Yemaleddin, the anger

* Great Chamberlain to the Caliph.

of the Caliph increased. He commanded that he should be brought before him, bound hand and foot, with the muslin of his turban about his neck. He likewise ordered that his house should be levelled with the ground, and his furniture and estates confiscated.

Those who bore the mandate of Haroun surrounded the house of Yemaleddin, and rapped at his door; it was opened by Yemaleddin himself, who was astonished at the rigorous order of the Caliph: he was unacquainted with the motive; but he was all obedience to the commands of his sovereign. 'I submit to God,' said he, 'and to the Prince of the Faithful, who is his representative on earth.'

One of the officers seized the turban, of the Hazeb, and twisted the muslin round his throat. 'Is it by the order of my sovereign that I am thus treated?' said Yemaleddin. 'Yes.' replied the officer, 'he has directed me that I should confiscate your estate, level your house to the ground, and lead you in chains with your head and feet naked; but I shall not execute my commission in the fullness of severity. We recollect with gratitude the benefits you have conferred on us, and that your door was ever open to us.' 'Since you have so much regard for me,' rejoined the Hazeb, 'when you destroy my house, leave a small asylum for my mother, who is worn out with age, and for my sister, who wants a protector.'

Yemaleddin was conducted to the feet of the Caliph, where he prostrated himself. 'May heaven,' said he, 'crown with prosperity the dispenser of its blessings on earth. O, wise and equitable Haroun Alraschid, in what has the most humble of your slaves displeased you? Why has he merited a chastisement so severe?'

'Do you know,' answered the Caliph, 'pointing to the watchman, 'that person who is chained beside you?'

'It is,' rejoined the Hazeb, 'the watchman of our district.' 'Do you know this dish?' continued Haroun, 'who gave it to you? Why have you prostituted it so contemptuously, by giving it to the vilest of my slaves?'

The answer of Yemaleddin was such as might be expected from the most unsullied innocence. He clearly stated his adventure with the two females, and fully exculpated the miserable watchman.

The Caliph, while the Hazeb related his story, was wounded with a thousand mortifying reflections 'A woman, whom I have raised from the dunghill,' said he to himself, 'gives to an unknown person a hundred cataifs, seasoned by my own hand with gold, pistachio nuts, and sugar, to pay for a glass of water! She had good reason to say that the revenue of two provinces should be her dowry! I sent her a pledge of my love, a token of my affection, and she would have given it to a water-merchant, if she had not been disgusted with his vessel! In such estimation are the presents of Haroun Alraschid held by the grand-daughter of king Kassera! But let us see how far she may have forgotten me and herself.' Then directing his discourse to the Hazeb, in an angry and terrible tone of voice.

'Yemaleddin,' said he, 'have you seen the face of the woman to whom you gave the glass of water?' 'Yes,' replied the Hazeb, without considering what he answered.

At this information, as false as it was involuntary, the fever of jealousy was added to the flame which consumed the breast of Haroun. He ordered that the Persian princess should be instantly brought before him, and that both she and Yemaleddin should be beheaded.

The grand-daughter of Kassera appeared. 'Madam,' said the Caliph, 'under the pretence of relieving the poor and the unfortunate with alms, you traverse the city to show yourself to this young man.'

The princess looked on Yemaleddin. Have you seen my face?' said she. 'Do you know that slanderous person who is the destruction of us both?'

'Pardon me, madam" said the Hazeb, 'I am that person; my lips have decided our fate without the consent of my heart. Blame our stars, blame our unhappy destiny, which have compelled me to utter a falsehood, which my soul disavows.'

This explanation did not change the mind of the Caliph. The executioner bound the eyes of the two supposed culprits, and then spoke to Haroun:—'Commander of the Faithful,' said he, 'shall I strike the blow?' 'Strike,' said the Caliph. The executioner took a turn or two round he condemned,* still asking the Caliph the same question, and still receiving the same order.

(*To be continued.*)

* It was the express order of Haroun that the executioner should turn three times round the culprit, before he gave the fatal stroke. The reason is obvious.

A Tale.

THE MUTINY.

An Adventure in the South Seas.

In the summer of the year 18—, I was the only passenger on board the merchantman Alcest, which was bound to the Brazils. One fine moonlight night I stood on the deck, and gazed on the quiet ocean, on which the moon-beams danced. The wind was so still, that it scarcely agitated the sails which were spread out to invite it. I looked round —it was the same on every side—a world of waters: not a single object diversified the view, or intercepted the long and steady glance which I threw over the ocean. I have heard many complain of the sameness and unvarying uniformity of the objects which oppose themselves to the eye of the voyager. I feel differently; I can gaze for hours without weariness, on the deep, occupied with the thought it produces. I can listen to the rush of the element as the vessel cleaves it; and these things have charms for me which others cannot perceive.

I heard on a sudden a noise, which seemed to proceed from the captain's cabin, and I thought I could distinguish the voices of several men speaking earnestly, though in a suppressed tone. I cautiously drew near the spot from whence the noise arose; but the alarm was given, and I could see no more. I retired to rest, or rather to lie down; for I felt that heavy and foreboding sense of evil overpower me, which comes we know not how or wherefore: and I could not sleep, knowing that there had been disputes between the captain and his men respecting some points of discipline, and I feared to think what might be the consequences. I lay a long time disturbed with these unpleasant reflections; at last, wearied with my thoughts, my eyes closed, and I dropped to sleep—but it was not to that refreshing sleep which recruits the exhausted spirits, and for a while 'steeping the senses in forgetfulness,' renders them fitter for exertion on wakening. My sleep was haunted with hideous and confused dreams, and murder and blood seemed to surround me. I was awakened by convulsive starts, and in vain sought again for quiet slumber; the same images filled my mind, diversified in a thousand horrid forms. Early in the morning I arose, and went above —and the mild sea breeze dispelled my uneasy sensations.

During the whole of the day, nothing seemed to justify the fears that had tormented me, and every thing went on in its regular course. The men pursued their occupations quietly and in silence, and I thought the temporary fit of disaffection was passed over. Alas! I recollected not that the passions of men, like deep waters, are most to be suspected when they seem to glide along most smoothly. Night came on, and I retired to rest more composed than on the preceeding evening. I endeavoured to convince myself that the noises I had heard were but the fancies of a disturbed imagination, and slept soundly. Ill timed security! About midnight I was awakened by a scuffling in the vessel—I hastened to the spot—the captain and one of his officers were fighting against a multitude of the ship's crew, in a moment after, I saw the officer fall. Two fellows advanced to me, and clapping two pistols to my breast, threatened instant death if I stirred or spoke. I gazed on the bloody spectacle; the bodies which lay around bleeding in gore, testified that the mutinous crew had not accomplished their aim with impunity. I was horror-struck—a swimming sensation came over my eyes—my limbs failed me—and I fell senseless.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on a bed; every thing was still. I listened in vain for a sound. I lay still a considerable time; at last I arose and walked about the ship, but could see no one. I searched every part of the vessel —I visited the place of slaughter, which I had at first carefully avoided, I counted nine dead bodies, and the coagulated blood formed a loathsome mass around them. I shuddered to think I was the desolate companion of death. 'Good God,' said I, 'and they have left me here alone!' The word sounded like a knell to me. It now occurred to me that it was necessary the bodies should be thrown overboard. I took up one of them, dragged it to the side, and plunged it into the wave; but the dash of the body into the sea reminded me more forcibly of my loneliness. The sea was so calm, I could scarcely hear it ripple by the ship's side. One by one I committed the bodies to their watery grave. At last my horrible task was finished. My next work was to look for the ship's boats, but they were gone, as I expected. I could not bear to remain in the ship, it seemed a vast tomb for me. I resolved to make some sort of raft and depart in it. This occupied

two or three days; at length it was completed, and I succeeded in setting it afloat.

I lowered into it all the provisions I could find in the ship, which was but little, the sailors having, as I imagined, carried off the remainder. All was ready, and I prepared to depart. I trembled at the thought of the dangers I was about to encounter. I was going to commit myself to the ocean, separated from it only by a few boards which a wave might scatter over the surface of the water. I might never arrive at land, or meet with any vessel to rescue me from danger; and I should be exposed without shelter, and almost without food. I half resolved to remain in my present situation but a moment's reflection dispelled the idea of such a measure. I descended: I stood on my frail raft; I cut the rope by which it was fastened to the vessel. I was confused to think of my situation—I could hardly believe that I had dared to enter alone on the waste of waters. I endeavoured to compose myself, but in vain. As far as I could see, nothing presented itself to my view, but the vessel I had left—the sea was perfectly still, for not the least wind was stirring. I endeavoured with two pieces of board which supplied the place of oars, to row myself along, but the very little progress I made alarmed me—if the calm should continue, I should perish with hunger. How I longed to see the little sail I had made agitated by the breeze? I watched it from morning till night: it was my only employment—but in vain! The weather continued the same—two days passed over—I looked at my store of provisions—it would not, I found, last above three or four days longer at the farthest — they were quickly passing away—I almost gave myself up for lost —I had scarcely a hope of escaping.

On the fourth day since my departure from the ship, I thought I perceived something at a distance. I looked at it intently; it was a sail. Good heavens! what were my emotions at the sight. I fastened my handkerchief to a piece of wood, and waved it in hopes that it would be observed, and that I should be rescued from my miserable condition. The vessel pressed on its course—I shouted—I knew they could not hear me, but despair impelled me to try so useless an expedient; it passed on—it grew dim—I stretched my eye balls to see it—it vanished—it was gone! I will not attempt to describe the torturing feeling which possessed me, at seeing the chance of relief which had offered itself, destroyed. I was stupefied with grief and disappointment. My stock of provisions was now entirely exhausted, and I looked forward with horror to an excruciating death.

A little water which had remained, quenched my burning thirst. I wished that the waves would rush over me. My hunger soon became dreadful; but I had no means of relieving it. I endeavoured to sleep, that I might for a while forget my torments, and my wearied frame yield for a while to sleep. When I awoke, I was not however refreshed; I was weak and felt a burning pain at my stomach. I became hourly more feeble. I lay down, but was unable to rise again; my limbs lost their strength; my lips and tongue were parched: a convulsive shuddering agitated me: my eyes seemed darkened; and I gasped for breath.

The burning at my stomach now departed. I experienced no pain, but a dull stupour overcame me; my hands and feet became cold; I believed I was dying, and I rejoiced at the thought. Presently, I lost all thought and feeling, and lay without sense on the few boards which divided me from the ocean.

In this situation, as I was afterwards informed, I was taken up by a small vessel and conveyed to——. I slowly recovered, but was some time before I could call to mind the events which had lately taken place. The mutinous crew, I presume, perished, for none of them were ever heard of; and it is probable that I was the only one that came to land—*December Tales.*

Original Poetry.

SONNET TO WINTER.

Hence dreary Winter, to the northern pole,
And take thy darkness and thy storms away,
There thou may'st down the swelling tempests roll,
In lands, half buried from the light of day:
Where rocks of glitt'ring ice, of various hue,
Float on the bosom of the ocean, there
Rearing their turrets, to the heavens blue;
The haunt of slimy seal, and shaggy bear.
And where the giant, of the northern seas,

Rides, like a monarch, o'er the troubled deep,
He spurns alike, the tempest, and the breeze,
Then haste thou, dreary winter, there, and sleep:
Spreading around, and universal foam,
The dreary picture, of the silent tomb.

C. M'KAY.

Varieties.

EPITAPH IN HEREFORD CHURCHYARD, ON A DRUNKEN FIDDLER.

Oft at the Swan has *Ben killed time*,
Mid sons of Mirth, a venial crime:
But strangely alter'd is the case—what then?
Time in revenge has now kill'd Ben.

THE CAT-EATER.—A COMIC TALE.

John Trott, a homespun country putt,
Jack Sly one morning met full but;
Who starting, star'd, and, stamm'ring, said,
'Lord! Juh-Juh-Juh-John, what, an't you dead!'
'Dead? whoy?' says John. 'Dear heart,' quoth Sly,
'Don't rave, I'll tell the reason why:
Dick Bam declares, who saw the sight,
You eat up *three* live cats last night!'
'Eat three lives cats?' quoth John odd rot it!
Proime news! I wonder where he got it:
But I'll soon know'—so speeds to Bam,
Who flatly swore 'twas all a flam:
'I could not say,' quoth Dick, that you
Had eat three cats 'twas only *two*.'
'Two! in the Devil's name and who
Has told,' says Trot, 'this tale to you?'
'Bob Banter.,' 'O, he did,' quoth John,
'I'll meake him cheange his noate anon!'
So flies a Banter, all agog,
Whom thus he greets—'You sland'ring dog,
Who make up loies to gull the flats,
Did I, last neet eat two loive cats?'
'Two,' replied Banter, that's rare fun:
Eat me, if I said more than *one*.'
'Than one, and d—mn it whoy say that?
Whoy say, that I eat one loive cat?'
'Your brother told me so,' says Bob,
'If so,' says John, 'I'll jolt his nob.'
So, off went Cain in quest of Abel,
With mind whose index lack'd no label;
As frowing brow, and flashing eye,
To John's intents ne'er gave the lie:
And had he then met Tom, his brother,
Death might have levell'd one or t'other.
But fortunately, John, thus fool'd.
No brother found till passion cool'd;
When lighting then on tattling Tom,
He cry'd, 'Where got'st thee that tale from,
Pois on thy tongue, thou foul mouth'd brat,
That I, last neet gobb'd up a cat?'
'A cat! cries Tom, 'your sputt'ring spare,
A *Pusy*. I said, a fine fat *hare*,
Mother herself, here, told me that,'
'You lie, you rogue, not hare, nor cat,
Quoth old Dame Trot, 'so donna blab it,
I only said John eat a *rabbit*,
And that's a truth I'll pledge my life,
For here's my author, John's own wife:'
When John's meek spouse dumurely rose,
And cried, good friends, this contest close:
For though three cats of English breed,
'Tis said poor John dispatch'd with speed,
John supped, as oft he's supped before,
On one *Welsh-rabbit*—nothing more.'

IRISH TELESCOPE. — An Irishman was one day observing to a friend that he had a most excellent telescope. 'Do you see yon church,' said he, 'about half a mile off? It's scarcely discernible; but when I look at it through my telescope, it brings it so close that I can hear the organ playing.'

THE LAST PROOF.—An officer being wounded by a musket-ball at the seige of La Rochelle, the surgeon who first dressed the wound delared that it was very dangerous, for he could see the brain. 'Can you, indeed?' said he, 'do me the favour then to take out a little of it, and send it in a linen rag to the Cardinal de Richelieu, who has told me a hundred times a day that I have none.'

We thank C. M'KAY, and R. J. for their promised favours, which we shall be happy to insert if our confined limits will allow us.

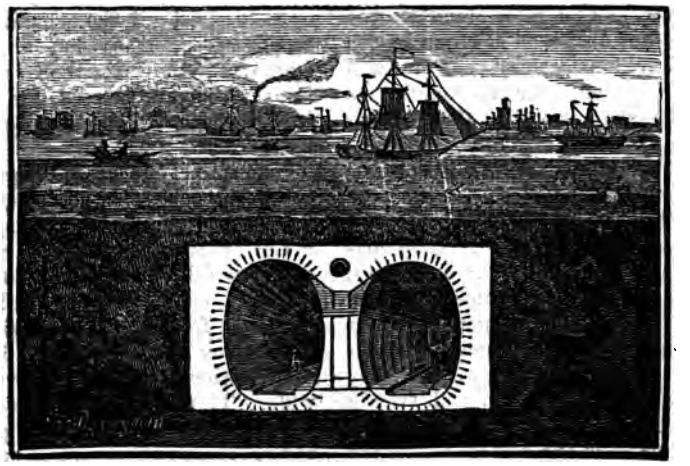
T. C., VIPER, F. S., &c. are under consideration.

H—E,—Yes, if it is good, it shall be welcome.

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The Casket.

No. XVI.] SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1827. [Price 1*d*.



THE THAMES TUNNEL.

In 1823, the formation of the tunnel became an object of deep consideration with Mr. Brunel, the engineer, well known as the inventor of the block machinery at Portsmouth, and many other important works; and his inventive faculty, so ably displayed elsewhere, at last discovered and constructed a machine, where the mechanic powers were so combined as to promise complete success, in the two great objects of supporting the ground, and protecting the men while at work.

He communicated his invention to his friends; and in the beginning of 1824, a number of gentlemen were convened to consider and examine the plans; and all agreed they were not only practicable, but very likely to be crowned with success.

It was resolved to form a Company, to carry the same into execution under Mr. Brunel's superintendence. An Act of Parliament was applied for to incorporate the Company, which was granted without opposition; and on the 2d of March 1825, the Chairman of the Board of Directors, accompanied by many scientific gentlemen, laid the foundation stone, with appropriate ceremony.

The foundation was laid on a wooden horizontal curb, shod with strong cast-iron; and on reaching the top, at the height of forty feet, there was also placed a wooden curb; and the two curbs were connected and fastened together by iron rods passing through the brick-work. The ground within was then removed, and this im-

mense structure or tower was found to sink regularly for about thirty-three feet, when it came to a bed of clay, where it stuck fast; thus the tower became a shaft. The interior of it was further deepened as much as was thought necessary, and it was underpinned for a foundation. The shaft sunk in this manner may be truly said to be the greatest work of the kind ever attempted.

The shield constructed for protecting the workmen, by supporting the ground in all directions, consists of twelve frames of strong cast-iron, each independent of its neighbour, and altogether weighing upwards of ninety tons; they are three feet wide, and twenty feet high, occupying the whole space from the bottom to the top of the excavation. Each frame is divided into three floors or stories; in each of which a man is placed, to excavate the ground immediately opposite to him; so that they are calculated to contain thirty-six men. All the three men will proceed at nearly the same rate, and their task may be finished at the same time. The frames are then either all at once or separately, moved forward; for doing which, screws are attached to them, bearing on the brick-work.

The frames being raised and lowered at pleasure, by screws, press against the top, and support the ground there; and being provided in front with small moveable boards, kept tight by screws pressing them forward, the pressure of the ground in that quarter is resisted, except just at the spot where the workman is cutting. When they have cut away the breadth of one board, they put it up again in its place, and screw it tight, and remove another, where they again operate until all the ground opposed to their division of the frame is removed; the frames are thus moved forward, and the bricklayers build the tunnel close up to them.

The tunnel consists of a square mass of brick-work, thirty-seven feet by twenty-two, containing in it two archways or passages, each of the width of sixteen feet four inches; each carriage-road is thirteen feet six inches wide; and fifteen feet six inches high: and each has a foot-path three feet wide. There is a central line of arches to separate the two passages, some of them so wide that carriages may go from one line of the tunnel to the other. The length of the tunnel will be about one thousand three hundred feet.

The following is an account of the accident:

A dreadful alarm was created on Thursday evening (May 18), at Rotherhithe, in consequence of the water bursting into the tunnel from above, while upwards of 120 workmen were engaged below. For some days past, the earth through which the miners were boring, was of such a description as to admit a leakage from the river, of four or five gallons a minute; but as they were approaching a more favourable soil, no apprehensions of any danger were entertained until about six in the evening, when the men engaged at the extremity of the excavation, observed the leakage to increase rapidly; and in a few

moments afterwards a portion of the earth gave way, and the water rushed down in a torrent. The workmen fled towards the shaft in the greatest terror, while the water rushed after them with great rapidity. They ascended the ladder five at a time, and succeeded in reaching the top in safety, all but one individual, who was missing for a few minutes; he was soon, however, observed struggling in the shaft, where it had by this time risen to a considerable height. Mr. Brunel, jun. quickly descended to his aid, and succeeded in rescuing him from his perilous situation, at the moment that his strength was almost exhausted. From calculations made by the engineer, from the progress of the water in the shaft, it is supposed that about a cubical foot of the earth under the river must have fallen into the tunnel, where it had been recently excavated, and before the brick-work had been raised to support it. It is attributed to what miners call 'a fault' in the soil; that is, the meeting of the two layers of earth where the water has always the least difficulty in insinuating itself.

Sketches of Character.

No. II.—THE OLD MAID.

(For the Casket.)

"—— in single blessedness."

The old maid should be of a middle age, either very short or very tall; she should be plump and in good health, neither annoyed by a superabundance of flesh, nor distressed by the want of a sufficient quantity, and her appearance altogether should be sufficiently singular as to denote, at first sight, the order of the sisterhood to which she belongs.

The old maid spends her life in a way that none but old maids can; though few else, perhaps, would spend their's so, if it were in their power. She visits in succession each of her married sisters, of whom she has at least four or five, looks after the servants, and 'finds out,' as she expresses it, all their tricks and faults; and in consequence, returns from each visit with the sincere wishes of 'Cook,' or 'Mary,' that it may be *one while* before they see her again. Her young nephews and nieces soon learn to call her their 'cross aunt,' and it requires all her ingenuity in the bestowment of sundry presents, as dolls, fairings, 'Trifles from Margate,' &c. to escape becoming the object of their hate. Indeed, it frequently happens that all her endeavours are useless in preventing the effects of numberless mischievous pranks, which Miss Anne or Master George are constantly practising to her annoyance. Her appearance occupies the principal place in her thoughts; she discovers before any one else the 'newest fashions;' her gowns are made to give her a more youthful appearance, and her bonnets are continually being 'cleaned, dyed, and altered.' She has a variety of turbans, caps, and trinkets, and she is the last person who will discontinue the use of rouge: her conversation is very limited, being confined to caps and other head-gear, with an oc-

casional digression upon 'what frights the men are!' 'how queer Miss such a one dresses.' and 'how genteel Mrs. What-d'ye-call her looks in her new pelisse.' She sometimes, too, indulges her hearers with the beauties of Richmond or Gravesend, consisting, in her opinion, in 'the Hill,' 'the bathing-room,' and 'the 'company;' but as there are few not well acquainted with these, she seldom has more attention paid to her than politeness requires, and soon relapses into her usual topics, or preserves, like a philosopher, a dignified silence.

She is very regular in her attendance at church, always taking with her a neatly bound prayer-book, of as small a type as she can procure, that by-standers may not suppose she ever wore glasses. She is a famous 'whist' player, and always makes her 'trumps' turn to account; she visits all the 'sights' within ten miles of her residence, not omitting either the Panorama or Miss Linwood's. She has several specimens of fancy glass-work, and admires *all* the paintings in 'the Exhibition.' She knows most of the 'curiosities' in the British Museum, and thinks the Cameleopard 'a most wonderful thing.' She makes up parties to go to Hornsey or Greenwich to 'take tea,' and calls the ascent of the One-Tree Hill 'quite dreadful.' On these occasions, she by no means spares either her own tongue, or the patience of her friends.

When the old maid begins to acknowledge that she is 'getting in years,' she is usually a very old maid indeed; she now occupies a 'first floor,' or 'furnished apartments;' and her visits to her sisters become less frequent and more limited; her dress is composed of the finery of her youth, and is of course old-fashioned; she carries cakes in her pockets for the children, who, in return, care not how often they see her. The companions of her solitude are a parrot and a cat, and on them she lavishes her tenderest regards; she takes especial care to visit all her relations, even to the fiftieth cousin, and invites them all to a 'dish of tea;' which invitation is in most cases, after all, but 'a compliment.' She knows the affairs of a whole neighbourhood; and at every marriage within the compass of her knowledge, 'goes out for a walk,' and quickly circulates several editions of the character and connection of the 'new couple.'

But there is something to compensate the old maid for this apparent loneliness of her condition, neither has she so few feelings in common with the rest of mankind, as at first thought we might be apt to suppose. She is not plagued with the crying of children, nor by the cares which matrimony too frequently engenders. She is kind in the extreme to her dumb dependants; and if she does sometimes talk scandal, it arises from a wish to gratify her acquaintance with 'news.' Let us leave her to her peculiar enjoyments, convinced that in society there are many, very many characters more in need of pity than the old MAID.

ARABIAN TALES.

THE CALIPH TURNED ROBBER.

(*Continued.*)

After the third turn, the executioner spoke to Yemaleddin: 'Before you die, have you any thing to say to the Caliph? Take advantage of the only moment in which it is permitted you to speak: consider that you have lost every expectation of life.'

'Take away,' said Yemaleddin, 'the bandage from my eyes, that I may behold my relations and friends.' The Hazeb having his eyes unbound, looked about, and perceived that nobody appeared interested about him; so great was the deference paid to the Caliph.

A gloomy silence reigned through the whole assembly. Yemaleddin took advantage of it, and cried aloud, 'I wish to speak to the Commander of the Faithful.' He was permitted to approach. 'Dispenser of blessings and of chastisements,' said he, 'suspend my punishment for one month only, and in the last three days of the reprieve which I demand, you shall behold astonishing events: the knowledge which you shall derive from them will be of the utmost importance to you.'

The Caliph was astonished at the prophetic tone with which these wonders were announced; and as curiosity was his leading passion, and as the culprits could not escape him, he determined to send the princess and Yemaleddin to prison; resolving to do himself ample justice, when the fatal term should expire, if he were deceived by any false prophecy.

Years roll away, months fly, but days evaporate. The Caliph having heard the relation of many extraordinary events, and even having seen many, had become credulous about several points, and therefore every minute expected the appearance of those wonders, which had been announced with so much confidence by Yemaleddin.

Twenty-seven days had now elapsed, without any extraordinary occurrence. 'If marvels,' said the Caliph to himself, 'will not come to seek me in my palace, I must go and search for them in the streets of Bagdad. without having any witnesses of my adventures.'

He disguised himself in the most whimsical manner He put on his head a coarse turban; his dress was a buff doublet, almost covered over with a girdle of leather; underneath he wore a short robe of common cloth; and a pair of half boots of thick leather completed this grotesque and antiquated figure. He armed himself with a long sword of Damascus steel, mounted with wood; in his hand he took a bow and arrows; and having stained his face, blackened his eyebrows, and made his beard stand up like bristles, he sallied forth from his palace, like an Arab of the desert; a purse containing a thousand pieces of gold hung from his girdle.

He had scarce traversed two streets, when he saw a man come out of a kan.* who said, with a loud voice, 'Behold a wonder!' He approached the stranger: 'What is this wonder?' said he. 'It is,' replied the stranger, 'an old woman, who appears to be in extreme poverty; and since morning she has read the Koran as fluently and correctly as it was dictated to the prophet; and nobody, though she has repeatedly asked, has given her alms; and this has happened in a country of true believers. Can there be any thing more wonderful?'

The Caliph entered the kan, and saw the old woman: she was sitting on a stone bench, and read the Koran with singular facility. She was in the last chapter; he stopped to hear her; she was encompassed by a crowd, who gave her nothing. When she had finished the chapter, she closed the book, rose up, and departed.

Haroun followed her, with an intention to give her something; but as there was a crowd between them, before he could reach her, he saw her enter a merchant's shop. Curious to know who this woman was, and what business she could have in that shop, (for, from her wretched appearance, he could not suppose that she was going to make any purchase) he followed her, and saw that she was in conversation with the master of the shop. He approached, without being perceived, and heard her say to the merchant, 'Young man, you are not yet married. Would you wish for a beautiful wife?' 'Certainly,' said the merchant. 'Then follow me,' continued the old woman, 'and you shall see one of the greatest wonders in nature.'

When the Caliph heard her proposal, he interpreted it according to his man-

* An inn for the reception of merchants and strangers.

ner. 'Ah, cursed hag!' said he to himself, 'I should have taken you for a saint, and you are an instrument of seduction! I shall not give you the alms I intended; but I shall follow you, and see what means you employ for the destruction of youth. I left my palace in search of miracles; I shall now see that miracle of beauty which you have praised so highly.' He followed the old woman and the merchant: she opened a door, which she hastily closed again, as soon as she had admitted the young man.

Haroun Alraschid would have lost his labour, if the key-hole, to which he put his eye, had not been very large. He saw the merchant standing, and alone; soon after he beheld the old woman come out of a closet, leading by the hand a young person of the most dazzling beauty; she was stately as the palm-tree, which is planted by the river of Damascus; her dark eyes shed a soft splendor, like that of the morning star; her eyebrow was a bow, which threatened to discharge deadly arrows at every beholder; her mouth was the ring of Solomon, on which the ineffable name is written; the vermilion of her lips effaced the brilliancy of coral; her teeth were beautifully even, white as alabaster, and covered with an enamel brighter than pearl; and the few words which she spoke were sweeter than the honey of Palestine. Her breath perfumed the air; her breasts were whiter than lilies, and rounder and firmer than pomegranates. In a word, she was above all praise; and an angelic modesty crowned her perfections. The Caliph was enchanted with her appearance, but he observed with pain that she had scarcely clothes to cover her.

When the damsel perceived that her mother had exposed her to the eye of the merchant, she was covered with shame, and looked, if possible, more beautiful. She hastily withdrew into the closet from whence she came, crying, 'Ah! mother, what have you done? You have shewn me to this man. You have done what God has forbidden.'

'Comfort yourself,' said her mother; 'nothing can be evil, where the intention is good; a man may see for once the person whom he desires; if destiny unites them, all is well; if not, they meet no more, and no mischief can ensue.'

The young beauty having retired, the Caliph applied his ear instead of his eye to the key-hole; and having heard the conversation of the old woman, began to entertain a better opinion of her. 'This poor person,' said he, 'has a lovely young daughter to marry, and the only means she has to procure her a husband, is to expose her to view.'

While the Caliph was reasoning in this manner, the mother addressed herself to the young merchant. 'I promised you a wonder,' said she, 'and I have not deceived you. She is as good as she is beautiful: will she not suit you?'

'Perfectly well,' replied the merchant. 'Nothing remains to be done, but to know what you demand for the contract and the dowry.'

'Four thousand sequins for each,' said the mother. 'Madam,' replied the merchant, 'I should be reduced to beggary! besides, I have but four thousand sequins in the world. I shall, however, give you two thousand, and then I shall have two thousand left to carry on trade, and to maintain my wife. I can make no greater offer.'

'By the name of God, which is written on the forehead of the prophet,' said the woman, 'I must have the eight thousand sequins; if one is wanting, you shall not touch a hair of my daughter.' 'I consider myself unhappy to have seen her,' replied he; 'but what you demand is impossible.' He bowed and retired.

One suitor withdrew, and another presented himself: it was the Caliph. The fair one, whom he had just seen, surpassed in beauty the princess of Persia, whom, according to the law, he had not yet espoused, whom he had left to languish in prison, whilst he waited the event of Yemaleddin's prophecy, on which depended the fate both of the princess and the Hazeb.

Haroun entered, and saluted the old woman.—'What do you want?' demanded she. 'I come to you, madam,' said the Caliph, 'on the part of the young merchant, to whom you wished to give your daughter; he has desired me to inform you that he gives up all pretensions to her.' 'We know that already,' replied the old woman; 'he departed from hence, and is to return no more.'

'Well,' rejoined the Caliph, 'give her to me, and you shall have the eight thousand sequins, and whatever you may wish for besides.'

The old woman examined the Caliph

from head to foot. 'Robber!' said she, 'for you have certainly the appearance of one, do you propose to plunder the caravan of Mecca, to get me eight thousand sequins, and what clothes and furniture I may want beside! You have hardly a rag to cover you? Out, varlet! or I shall call in the officers of justice.'

'It is none of your business,' said the Caliph, 'whether I am a robber or not: I shall pay down the eight thousand sequins, and give you a suitable present.' 'Villain!' said she, 'do you mock me? but there is justice to be had in Bagdad; you shall not make a laughing-stock with impunity of a poor defenceless woman: I take you at your word; and if you do not make it good, the Commander of the Faithful shall have you strangled this very night.'

'I accept your conditions, and am ready to sign them,' said the Caliph; 'I espouse your daughter, and you shall see that I am a man of my word.' The woman then admitted him into the chamber; he sat down, and said to her, 'Secure yourself against me during your absence, lock up your daughter; go to such a Cadi; he lives not far off; tell him, that one, by name *Il Bondocani*, desires him to come here directly.'

'And do you think,' said the woman, 'that the Cadi will come here for one of your appearance? If you are rich, so much the worse for you; you have certainly got your money badly; you are surely nothing more than a cut-throat; and do you think that a Cadi will stir for you?' The Caliph smiled; 'Go, madam,' said he; 'give yourself no trouble; only tell the Cadi to come, and bring with him papers and pens.'

When the old woman arrived at the Cadi's house, he was sitting in an apartment, with many nobles of the city. She hesitated to go in, withheld by shame, the common attendant on poverty. She then reasoned with herself: 'If I do not go in, I do nothing: I should at least endeavour to know who this man is, who wishes to be my son-in-law, were it only to get quit of him: I shall advance, and hazard every thing.' She moved toward the door of the chamber, and then ran back with precipitation, fearing lest some false step might ruin her for ever. She thrust in half her head; and then hastily withdrew it in the utmost terror.

The Cadi at last observed a head which went and came, which appeared, and then vanished. He desired one of his officers to see what it was. The old woman was brought to him. 'What business have you with me?' said the Judge. 'My Lord,' answered she, 'there is a young man at my house, who desires you to come to him.'

'What say you, insolent old woman!' rejoined the Cadi. 'A man desires me to come to him!' at the same time, he turned to his officers; 'let this mad woman be tied,' said he, 'and sent to the hospital of fools.'

'Mercy!' cried the old woman, when she had heard the order of the Cadi, 'Ah! this cursed robber sent me here for my destruction! Ah! my Lord,' said she to the Cadi, 'I am but a poor woman; there is a robber, a thief, a villain, at my house, who obliged me to take this step; he wished to marry my daughter: he says that you know him, and that his name is *Il Bondocani*.'*

When the Cadi heard this word pronounced, 'Give me my faragi,'† cried he; 'set this woman at liberty. 'My good woman,' said he, softening his voice, 'you say that the young man, who sent you, calls himself'———

'O, my Lord,' answered the old woman, 'do not desire me to repeat his name: it makes me tremble like a leaf; he must be some head of a gang of robbers. But since I must do it, he calls himself *Il Bondocani*.'

The Cadi was now satisfied that it was the Caliph in person. He wrapped himself up in his faragi. 'Madam, said he to the old woman, 'I beg a thousand pardons for my mistake, and the sharpness with which I spoke to you. Is it at your house that I am expected?' 'Yes, my Lord.' 'Do me the pleasure to conduct me there,' rejoined the Cadi.

The spectators, as well as the old woman, were astonished at the powerful magic of the word *Il Bondocani*. As she was conducting the Cadi to her house, she began to change her opinion about her future son-in-law. 'He must be at head of a formidable band of robbers,' thought she, 'since his very

* When the Caliph went out in disguise, he used a watchword that was known by the principal officers.

† The robe of ceremony, worn by the Cadies.

name strikes terror into the Cadi. The chief magistrate of the city covers himself with his robe of ceremony, and flies without his slippers, at the dreadful sound! I, who was going to be shut up in an hospital, am now treated with respect!"

Employed in such reflections as these, the old woman reached her house; the Cadi, who followed her, entered, and knew the Commander of the Faithful. He was going to prostrate himself, when he was prevented by a signal from the Caliph.

(*To be continued.*)

Varieties.

EFFECT.—Mr. Lee, the barrister, was famous for studying effect when he pleaded. On the circuit of Norwich, a brief was brought to him by the relatives of a woman who had been deceived into a breach of promise of marriage. Lee inquired, among other particulars, whether the woman was handsome? "A most beautiful face," was the answer. Satisfied with this, he desired she should be placed at the bar, immediately in front of the jury. When he rose, he began a most pathetic and eloquent address, directing the attention of the jury to the charms which were placed in their view, and painting, in glowing colours, the guilt of the wretch who could injure so much beauty. When he perceived their feelings worked up to a proper pitch, he sat down, under the perfect conviction that he should obtain a verdict. What, then, must have been his surprise, when the counsel retained by the opposite party, rose and observed, that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums which his learned friend had lavished on the face of the plaintiff; but he had forgot to say that "she had *a wooden leg!*" This fact, of which Lee was by no means aware, was established to his utter confusion. His eloquence was thrown away; and the jury, who felt ashamed of the effects it had produced on them, instantly gave a verdict against him.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

A FLATTERING COMPLIMENT.—A lady of high fashion complimenting the late King of Prussia in such high terms that his Prussian Majesty was rather disgusted at it, and saying, amongst other things that he was covered with glory, was the peace-maker of Europe, and, in short, the greatest monarch and man on earth, 'Madam,' replied the King, 'you are as handsome as an angel, witty, elegant, and agreeable; in short, you possess all the amiable qualities—but you *paint*.'

ANECDOTE OF PETER THE GREAT.

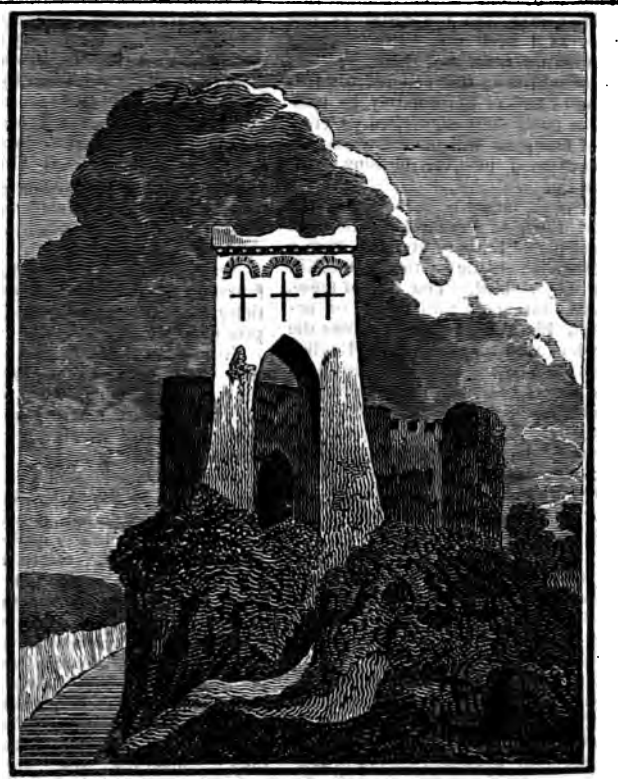
Peter the Great was so much affected with the death of his son Peter, by Catherine I., that he shut himself up at Petershoff, intending to starve himself to death, and forbade every person of whatever description, under pain of death, to disturb his retirement. The senate assembled on this desperate resolution of the prince, and Dolgorouki undertook to drive him from it. He went and knocked at the door of the room where Peter was shut up. 'Whoever you be,' cried the szar, with a terrible voice, 'Fly off, or I will open the door, and knock out your brains.' 'Open, I say,' replied Dolgorouki in a firm tone, 'it is a deputy from the senate come to ask you whom you wish to have named as emperor, since you have resigned.' Peter, struck with the courageous zeal of Dolgorouki, opened the door, and embraced this faithful courtier, yielded to his councils, and resumed the reins of government.

The following curious account of the cause of damning a play, is given in an old dramatic register: 'THE WARY WIDOW; OR, SIR NOISY PERROT, a comedy, by Henry Higden, in 1693.—This is very far from being the worst of our English comedies, being ushered into the world by several complimentary verses, and a prologue written by Sir Charles Sedley: ye it was damned the first night, owing to a very extraordinary circumstance, which was, that the author had introduced so much drinking of punch into the play, that the performers got drunk during the acting of it, and were unable to go through with their parts; on which account, and the treatment the audience gave them by hisses and cat-calls in consequence of it, the house was obliged to be dismissed at the end of the third act.'

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CHEPSTOW CASTLE, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

The castle of Chepstowe, otherwise called Kaswent, or Castelk-Gwent, is situated on a high rock, washed by the river Wye, near its influx into the Severn, over which there is a wooden bridge 70 feet high: the tide here rising sometimes 60 feet.

This castle seems to have been built at the same time with the town, to which it was a kind of citadel; but by whom, or when, is not mentioned either by Leland, Camden, or any of the topographical writers. Stowe, indeed, in his Annals, attributes the building of the castle to Julius Cæsar, a supposition too absurd to merit serious confutation. Probably it was built by some of the Earls of Pembroke. Camden thinks it of no great antiquity; 'for several affirm,' says he, 'and not without reason, that it had its rise not many ages past from the ancient Venta, which flourished about four miles from hence in the time of Antoninus, who calls it Venta Silurum, as if it was their chief city, which neither arms nor time have been able to consume; for at this day it is called Kaer-went, or the city of Venta. But the city itself is so much destroyed by the one or the other, that it only appears to have once been, from the ruinous walls, the chequered pavements, and the Roman coins.'

Leland, in his Itinerary, thus describes it:—'The towne of Chepstow hath bene very strongly waulled, as yet doth ap-

pere. The waulles began at the ende of the great bridge over Wye, and so came to the castel, the which yet standeth fayr and strong, not far from the ruin of the bridge. In the castel ys one tower, as I herd say, be the name of Longine; the town now hath but one paroche chirche; the cells of a blake Monke or two of Bermundsey, by London was lately there suppreised. A great part of cumpace withyn the waulles is now converted to litle meadows and gardens.'

This place formerly belonged to the Clares, Earls of Pembroke, who were likewise called Earls of Strighul, from a neighbouring castle of that name, in which they resided. The last of these, Richard, surnamed Strongbow, on account of his skill in archery, was the first who gained a footing of the English in Ireland. By his daughter it devolved to the Bigots, and is now by descent the property of the duke of Beaufort.

In the troubles under Charles I. this town and castle were garrisoned for the king; and, according to Rushworth, on October 6, 1645, colonel Morgan, governor of Gloucester, at the head of 300 horse, 400 foot, and assisted by the Monmouthshire men, with little difficulty made himself master of the town, and then sent the following summons to colonel Fitzmorris, an Irishman, governor of the castle.

'Sir,

'I am commanded by his excellency, sir Thomas Fairfax, to demand this castle for the use of the king and parliament, which I require of you, and to lay down your arms and accept of reasonable propositions, which will be granted both to you and your soldiers, if you observe this summons. And further, you are to consider of what nation and religion you are; for if you refuse this summons, you exclude yourself from mercy, and are to expect for yourself and soldiers no better than Stinchcombe* quarter. I expect your sudden answer, and according thereunto shall rest your friend,

THOMAS MORGAN.

Chepstow, Oct. 6, 1645.'

To which colonel Fitzmorris sent this answer:—

'Sir,—I have the same reason to keep this castle for my master the king, as you to demand it for general Fairfax; and until my reason be convinced, and my provisions decreased, I shall (notwithstanding my religion and menaces of extirpation,) continue in my resolution, and in my fidelity and loyalty to my king. As for Stinchcombe quarter I know not what you mean by it, nor do depend upon your intelligence for relief, which in any indigence I assure me of, and in that assurance I rest your servant,

R. FITZMORRIS.

P. S.—What quarter you give to me and my soldiers, I refer to the consideration of all soldiers, when I am constrained to ask for any.'

Notwithstanding this resolute answer, four days after he surrendered upon articles, himself and his garrison becoming prisoners of war.

From the same authority, it appears, that in 1648, about the beginning of May, this castle was surprised by sir Nicholas Kemish, Mr. Thomas Lewis, and other active royalists, who, in the absence of the governor, col. Hewes, by means of a correspondence with some in the castle, in the night obtained possession of a post; when, notwithstanding one Cautrell, an officer of the garrison, with some soldiers, retreated to a tower, where they for a while attempted a defence, it was taken, and captain Herbert, with the garrison, made prisoners.

Colonel Herbert, having intelligence of this, presently assembled some forces in order to recover it, and Cromwell marched against it in person, thinking to have taken it by storm. He soon got possession of the town, but unsuccessfully assaulted the castle. He therefore left colonel Ewer, with a train of artillery, seven companies of foot, and four troops of horse, to prosecute the siege; when, though the garrison consisted of only 160 men, they gallantly defended themselves till their provisions were exhausted, and even then refused to surrender on assurance of quarter, hoping to escape by means of a boat. But in this they were prevented by the intrepidity of a soldier in the parliamentary army, who, swimming across the river with a knife in his teeth, cut loose and brought away the boat. At length, on the 25th of May, the castle was taken, sir Nicholas Kemish, and about 40 men being slain in the siege. This was considered of such importance, that the parliament directed a letter of thanks to be drawn up and sent to colonel Ewer, and the officers and soldiers employed no that service.

* Stinchcombe was a place where the Parliament complained of prince Rupert putting their men to the sword.

Arabian Tales.

THE CALIPH TURNED ROBBER

(*Continued.*)

Then, after the ordinary salutation, the magistrate sat down beside *Il Bondocani*, who said to him, 'I wish, my lord, to have the daughter of this old woman for my wife.' The mother and daughter apppeared, and the Cadi asked them if they accepted the proposal of *Il Bondocani*; and he addressed himself particularly to the daughter, to know if she wished him for her husband. They both answered in the affirmative. The Cadi then demanded what they required for the contract and dowry. 'Four thousand sequins for the one, and four thousand for the other,' said the old woman. 'Do you, *Il Bondocani*,' said the Cadi, 'agree to this?' 'Yes, my lord,' replied Haroun; 'you may draw up our contract.'

The Cadi was much embarrassed to obey the Commander of the Faithful. He had forgotten to bring paper along with him for the contract, so that he was obliged to write it on the bottom of his faragi.

After having written the first lines of the register, he addressed himself to the old woman:—'Madam, I must know the names of the father and grandfather of your daughter.'

'Were the father and grandfather of my daughter alive, I should not be obliged to give her to a man, of whom I dare not say what I think,' said the old woman, in a piteous tone of voice.

'All in good time, madam,' said the Cadi; 'but though they are no longer in the land of the living, yet their names are requisite here.' 'My daughter,' replied the old woman, 'is called Zutulbe, and I Lelamain. Nothing more shall transpire from me. It is not necessary that the wife of a robber should be of noble blood.'

It may be easily conceived how much the Caliph laughed at this ridiculous scene. The contract was, however, at length drawn up; the man of law cut off the piece of his garment on which it had been written, and delivered it to the young woman. But being ashamed to go out with his robe so curtailed, he took it off, and gave it to the old woman, desiring her to dispose of it in alms to the poor. His presence being no longer necessary, he bowed and retired.

'Certainly,' said the old woman to her new son-in-law, 'you have this Cadi in complete subjection. How terrible must the leader of a gang of robbers be! This poor man ran here without his slippers; he returns half naked without his robe. Besides he has got nothing for the contract. Are all you robbers equally avaricious?'

'My good mother,' said the Caliph, 'all this is of no consequence to you. More essential matters are to be settled between you and me. I am going to bring the dowry and clothes for my wife; you shall see whether I am avaricious or not.'

'What unfortunate person are you going to rob to-night,' said the old woman, 'to supply your generosity? How will he be surprised in the morning to find himself plundered, without knowing by whom; for I suppose in a town like this you steal in silence.'

Haroun, without answering, returned to the palace; and having clothed himself in his royal robes, sent for his architect, and ordered him to decorate the house of Lelamain in the most splendid manner. 'The Grand Vizier,' said he, 'will furnish you with every requisite; all things must be finished before sunset; but my name and rank must be kept a profound secret: and should Lelamain make any inquiry, tell her that every thing has been ordered by her son-in-law, *Il Bondocani*.'

The architect answered, 'I shall obey the Commander of the Faithful.' The house of Lelamain was instantly filled with workmen, with furniture, with tapestry, and with stuffs; the joiner's work was of aloes-wood, and the walls were covered with most exquisite pictures. The old woman naturally asked by whose direction all this was done. 'By the order of your son-in-law, *Il Bondocani*,' said the workmen.

Next arrived a man, followed by porters, who laid down a steel coffer, damasked with gold. 'What brings you here?' asked the old woman. 'The dowry of the bride,' answered the men. 'You will find in this coffer eight thousand sequins of gold, and two thousand more for your own expence. Here is the key.'

'Well,' replied Lelamain, 'my son-in-law is a man of his word; but who is he?' 'That I cannot tell you,' said the messenger; 'I only know that he is called *Il Bondocani*.'

By sunset, the house of Lelamain was completed in the highest style of magnificence; then several porters came loaded with rich stuffs for the bride, and one of them informed the old woman that *Il Bondocani* would be there that night at eleven of the clock.

'At eleven;' said Lelamain, 'robbers never stir abroad till the rest of the world is asleep.' Having made this trifling observation, she called in some of her neighbours to assist her in arranging her furniture, and in dressing the bride, whose beauty was so exquisite, that it derived little advantage from art. Nothing could equal the astonishment of the friends of Lelamain, to see her wretched house changed into a superb palace. Every thing had the appearance of enchantment.

They were interrupted by a loud rapping at the door. A most delicious repast was brought in, consisting of whatever was rare and delicate. This was followed by a dessert of the choicest fruits and sweetmeats, accompanied by the richest wines. And the whole was served up in dishes of gold and porcelain.

The neighbours of Lelamain gazed with astonishment at each other, and began seriously to believe that the bridegroom must be a captain of a gang of robbers. However, they sat down to table, and ate with a very good appetite, having first set apart whatever was most nice, for the supper of the newmarried pair.

When the banquet was ended, they went away, wishing all happiness both to the mother and daughter; they then dispersed into all quarters of the city, to publish the news that the beautiful daughter of Lelamain was married to an Arab of the Desert, who was the chief of a gang of robbers. That it was done in broad day, without any secresy; that the house was full of wealth, and enriched at least with the plunder of ten caravans.

The young merchant, to whom Lelamain had offered her daughter, had fallen in love with her. He was piqued that a robber should be preferred before him. He determined to destroy his rival, regain the object of his wishes, and get a part of the confiscated wealth of the robber. Thus impelled by jealousy, love, and avarice, he went to the judge of the police, and having first gained his attention by a bribe, he told of the immense wealth which the thief had sent into the house of Lelamain.

This magistrate, who was a very covetous man, affected to hear the story with indifference; then, taking time to consider, and assuming an air of gravity suitable to his station, 'Go,' said he, 'return here at ten o'clock; that will be supper-time, and the most favourable moment to seize the robber. He shall be strangled: you shall have the young girl; and the old woman shall be bastinadoed for having given you such a competitor. But nothing must transpire.' The young man retired, and returned at the appointed hour. The judge, mounted on horseback, and followed by three hundred of his attendants, proceeded to the house of Lelamain, where she and her daughter were expecting the bridegroom. The chamber was illuminated by many flambeaux, placed in sconces of gold. A loud noise was heard. Lelamain looked through a window, and saw by torch-light the judge of the police, attended by a numerous detachment.

The officers of the judge of the police now thundered at the door, headed by Chamama, who was a servant fit for such a master; as cruel and relentless as the judge was avaricious and corrupt. But the violence of Chamama was restrained by the sweetness of temper and beneficence of Hazen, who was second in command to the judge. Hazen remonstrated against the intemperance of Chamama. 'This house,' said he, 'was never suspected to be a retreat for robbers. The merchant, blinded by jealousy, may have given wrong information; the asylum of women is by the law sacred; perhaps we may incur the resentment of the Commander of the Faithful.'

Lelamain listened to what passed. 'Ah!' said she, running to her daughter, 'we are completely unfortunate; the judge comes to seek the robber.'

'Keep the door shut, mother,' said the young woman; 'perhaps God may send us succour to extricate us from this difficulty.'

Meantime, the judge and his people continued to beat against the door. The old woman persevered in not opening it, notwithstanding the threats and invectives of the execrable Chamama.

The Caliph had now resumed his dress of a wild Arab, and came to visit his bride. He was astonished at the light of the torches, and of the multi-

tude of guards, which surrounded the house of Lelamain; he slipped into the crowd, and soon perceived the judge of the police, and along with him the young merchant.

Chamama still continued to storm at the door, and to each stroke added an imprecation. He threatened the bastinado, ropes, and fire. He called for engines to force open the door; and the orders of this monster of iniquity were only prevented from being put into immediate execution by the remonstrances of the humane Hazen.

'Infamous Chamama!' said the caliph to himself, 'you shall pay dearly for your conduct and morality. I shall make a striking example of you.' Haroun began now to consider how he might get unperceived into the house of Lelamain; it stood contiguous to the gardens of the palace of Ilamir Youmis, the chief amongst the princes and nobles of Bagdad, but a man of a cruel and sanguinary disposition. The door of this palace was illumined by a multitude of torches, and a black eunuch was sitting there on a sopha of marble.

The eunuch, seeing the caliph enter, rose, and drew his sabre. The Commander of the Faithful likewise drew his. 'Ah! cursed negro,' said he, 'villain! monster! you are always ready to murder, even before you speak.'

The voice and the sabre of the caliph so terrified the eunuch, that he fled for protection to his master. The indignation of Ilamir Youmis was roused. 'Whoever insults my slave,' said he, 'insults me—his life shall pay the forfeit of the insolence of this bold intruder.' He armed himself with his enormous mace of brass, and sallied forth from his chamber. When the caliph saw the chief of the Emirs, 'O, Youmis,' said he, 'is this your palace?' As soon as the chief of the Emirs knew the voice of Haroun, he prostrated himself before him. 'Commander of the Faithful, your slave is at your feet, and awaits your orders.'

'Do you deserve to receive my orders,' said the caliph, 'thou man without a soul! thou minister without vigilance! a poor widow is distressed in your neighbourhood by the judge of the police and his ruffians, whilst you are slumbering in the arms of your women.'

'Commander of the Faithful,' said Youmis, 'this wrong has been committed without my knowledge: if you permit me, I shall go and punish those disturbers of the public peace.' 'No more of your ill-timed parade of zeal and courage,' rejoined the caliph, 'the house I mentioned joins your garden wall; get two ladders directly.'

Youmis obeyed; and by the assistance of the ladders, the caliph gained the terrace of the house of Lelamain. Youmis followed him. 'Stop there,' said Haroun, 'till I call you.' He approached a window that looked into the bridal chamber, which, by the industry of his architect, had become a terrestrial paradise. The lustres and girandoles, full of lights, emulated the day. His bride, most splendidly dressed, surpassed all description. She was the sun rising above the horizon in an unclouded sky. Her forehead was covered with a dew like pearls, and the tears streaming from her beautiful eyes, were manna of the most exquisite perfume. The moon, in her fourteenth day, never shone forth with lustre so vivid and serene. The caliph was lost in silent ecstacy.

He was at length roused from his dream of delight by the exclamations of Lelamain—'Oh! my daughter, they will break the door in pieces! Those tigers will devour us poor women, who have none but God to assist us. What fatality has connected us with this robber, to give a completion to our misfortunes!'

'Mother,' said the daughter, 'you distress me much when you consider my husband as a robber, I know nto who he is; but by your consent I am united to him in the sight of God, and therefore every reproach which is cast upon him, wounds me.'

It may easily be conceived how pleasing these words were to the caliph; they were like the softest music to his ear.

'God be praised, my child,' said Lelamain, 'that you are satisfied with your lot. There are some points about your husband that I do not dislike. Would I were a bird, that I might fly and tell him not to come this evening. If he appears, he is a dead man.'

The caliph, to put an end to this conversation, threw a little stone, and put out one of the wax-candles which was near the old woman. Lelamain lighted it again; a second stone then extinguished the candle which had lighted the first. The good woman then took a third to rekindle that. 'There must be some wind,' said she, 'or the spirit of the air amuses himself to blow u

the candles. While she spoke, Haroun let some gravel fall on her hand; she looked toward the window, and perceived the caliph. 'Daughter,' said she, 'here is your husband; he travels the same road that all his fraternity does; I never knew a robber enter at the door.' Then addressing herself to him, 'Return from whence you came; no good can betide you here—a set of thieves has surrounded the house—they do not belong to your gang, and you will get no quarter.'

(To be continued.)

Sketches of Character.

No. III.—THE HAIR DRESSER.

(For the Casket.)

'An active bustling kind of man.'

By the 'Hair dresser' we do not mean either one of the old-fashioned and almost extinct race of barbers, who hangs a pole out at his door, 'shaves with ease and expedition,' and 'draws teeth carefully;' or the modern 'friseur,' who exalts hair-cutting to a 'science,' exhibits bears at his 'saloon,' and puffs off what he calls their 'grease;' but the proprietor of a neat looking shop, with remarkably clean windows, wherein are displayed a variety of combs, brushes, perfumery, and 'ornamental hair,' and in which glass jars filled with scented soap, and a notice in gilt letters that he has 'an apartment for cutting ladies' hair,' occupy a prominent situation.

By seven o'clock in summer, and eight in winter, the 'hair-dresser' has washed himself, arranged his hair carelessly, (for he never makes a 'show-block' of his own head) put on a black waistcoat with glazed sleeves, and a clean white apron twisted round his waist. A pair of razors, a strop, and other of his instruments, are wrapped up in a large white cloth, and he sets out on his daily peregrination; his walk is such that you cannot possibly mistake him, and he calls at the houses where he is expected as punctually as the clock notes the appointed hour. If by some uncommon occurrence he is delayed 'beyond his time,' he enters in such an apparent hurry, that he almost always escapes without blame. He takes care to 'rub his shoes well' on the mat, and if the streets are ever so muddy, his white stockings are just as clean as they came from the hands of the laundress. His 'good-morning' is in a friendly, and not merely in a complimentary tone, and his variety of small talk is poured with astonishing volubility; having finished the 'shaving' or 'dressing,' he wipes his razors, puts up his scissors, and with a hurried 'good day, sir,' is on the outside of the street-door, proceeding with hasty strides towards the house where his attendance is next required.

But when after some hours he has finished his round, his day's work is yet a long way from being completed; there are several ladies' fronts to be 'dressed,' and to get them all done in time requires the utmost exertion of his activity; the rest of the day 'chance customers' keep 'dropping in,' and his time is thus fully occupied till he 'puts up the shutters' and sits down to supper, which is the only meal, except his breakfast, that he can 'enjoy peaceably.'

On a Sunday morning, though he has less to do 'out of doors,' he has a great deal more to do in; for, although he leaves the shop 'closed,' yet customary usage, and the door a-jar, are sufficent notifications that he 'does business.' All the 'news' he has been able to collect during the previous week is retailed out with sundry unnoticed and perhaps unintentional additions and alterations; he receives from many of his auditors a fresh supply. If any accident is related to him, he signifies his attention by several 'indeeds,' and 'dear me's,' and then relates it in his own way to those who are waiting their 'turns,' always commencing with 'A very dreadful thing happened,' or, 'the gentleman tells me so and so took place,' but continuing in the mean while his operations with the utmost nicety and exactness. Sunday morning is to him a sort of holiday, though he does as much then as on any other day; but the clock strikes eleven, and his shop is soon cleared, and he is left in a solitude he scarce knows how to endure.

The hair-dresser always appears respectable, and his politeness is extended to every one. He is nimble in his business, and economical in his housekeeping; he is a pleasant and entertaining companion, and will at all times rather better the characters of his neighbours than traduce them. He is an exceedingly useful member of society; and if his station is not among the most elevated, it is one that few others could fill with so much credit. He is constantly

at work, but he has no occasion to labour, and his days are spent in a calm of contentment, which even the great might envy; and to arrive at which, should be the constant aim of mankind.

R. J.

Poetry.

A DYING LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Weep not, sweet, girl, tho' we must part,
Tho' we be doom'd to sever;
Believe this faithful constant heart,
It will not be for ever.

For, if there be an after-life,
As poets fain are telling,
Where souls repose, devoid of strife,
Where Pleasure makes her dwelling;

There, there we'll meet to part no more
Eternal bliss before us;
There, ev'ry pain and sorrow o'er,
We'll join th'angelic chorus.

Yet while thou'rt doom'd to sojourn here,
Should solitude oppress thee,
My spirit still shall hover near,
To animate and bless thee.

Then weep not, dearest, tho' we part,
I only go before thee;
Tho' death shall break this faithful heart,
In death will I adore thee.

Then fare thee well—we part awhile,
Yet, dearest, tho' we sever,
This thought must raise a grateful smile,
It will not be for ever. W.

LOVE.

Oh, what is that soft trembling, doating, feeling,
That floats upon the ocean of the heart;
Spreading around, a light so deeply sweet,
So bright and gladsome, that the night of woe
Flies quickly to oblivion, and the day
Of joy and hope, brought by it into being,
And brighten'd by its glare to fullest height,
Beams on unceasing, one enlighten'd year—
One life-long round?
What is that sacred flame, which burns so bright;
Burns, but destroys not; which warms the heart,
And thro' the veins drives the life-blood more freely;
That fire, which cleanses from the soul the dross
And impure metal which alloy'd its worth,
And sank it in the estimate of virtue?—
——— What is that charm,
Which acts upon the mind like Elfin spells,
Cheating to happiness?—It is the fond,
The faithful union of two youthful hearts
Link'd in the downy bonds of glowing love:
Oh Love! thou most divine, most cheering gift
Of Nature unto man! how shall we worship thee?
Shall we build temples to thy name—erect thine altars—
And offer sacrifice of ruin'd hopes?
Shall we proclaim thee here as Heaven's vicegerent,
Sent down to pour forth blessings on our race?
Or shall we rather, with hearts pure and true,
Follow thy service? Oh, be this my lot,
Then may I boast a pleasure 'mid all pains;
Tho' grief encircle, or tho' woes surround,
Comfort will still be mine!—— R. J.

Varieties.

During the assizes at Oxford some years ago, a man was tried for some felony; the judge had charged the jury, and called on the foreman (a decent farmer) for a verdict. While the judge turned his head to speak to some person on the bench, the foreman of the jury, who had not paid any attention to the evidence or the judge's charge, asked a stranger (the late Mr. Richard Lovell Edgeworth), who happened to sit behind him, what verdict he should give? Struck with the injustice and illegality of this procedure, Mr. Edgeworth stood up and addressed the judges (Wills and Smith). 'My lord,' said he. 'Sit down, sir,' said the judge. 'My lord, I request to be heard for a moment.' The judge grew angry, and threatened to punish him for contempt of court, if he persisted. By this time, the eyes of the whole court were turned upon Mr. E. who, feeling that he was in the right, still persevered. 'My lord,' said he, 'I must lay a circumstance before you which has just happened.' The judge, still thinking that he had some com-

plaint to make of a private nature, ordered the sheriff to remove him; but while he was doing this, Mr. E. again addressed their lordships, and said, 'My lords, you will commit me if you think proper, but in the mean time I must declare, that the foreman of this jury is going to deliver an illegal verdict, for he has not paid any attention to the evidence, and he has asked me, who am not of the jury, what verdict he ought to give.' The judge then made an apology to Mr. E. for his hastiness, adding a few words of strong approbation.

MAGNIFICENCE OF PAGAN WORSHIP.—Herodotus records of Cræsus, that among other things he sent as offerings to the temple of Delphos a statue of gold, a lion of gold, a cup of gold weighing 8 talents, and 360 phials of gold; the value of which, in English money, is equivalent to 879,000*l.*

DISCOVERY OF COFFINS.— In recently carrying into effect certain alterations and improvements at the eastern end of Durham cathedral, an old oaken coffin was found, containing the remains of some distinguished personage, supposed to be no other than the patron saint (St. Cuthbert), 'whose restless body, in the three hundred and ninth yeare after his first buriall, was with all funeral pompe enshrin'd' in 'the white church' at Durham, in the year 995, or 832 years ago! The skeleton was found to be remarkably perfect, and enclosed in the remains of robes, richly worked with gold, a large and bright gold ring, having a crucifix, apparently of silver, appended, was found lying on the breast, and below it the remains of a book.——On the 13th ult. some boys, playing in Kirkstall Abbey, discovered a stone coffin in the wall of the building, about six feet from the ground, containing the skeleton of a full-grown man. The coffin was so acurately fitted into the wall, as to appear a part of it; and there is another stone of precisely the same shape alongside of it, which is probably a coffin. From the place and manner of their burial, these remains doubtless are those of some man of rank, probably one of the abbots of Kirkstall; and it is certain that they have been interred some centuries, as that abbey was dissolved, with the large monasteries, in 1540.

ORTHODOX OBSEQUIOUSNESS.— A clergyman, not long ago, was called upon by the bishop of his diocese, with whom he was well acquainted. On going away, the prelate discovered around the house a number of sporting dogs of all kinds; on which he said to the owner, who expected promotion in the church through this prelate's influence, 'Mr. ———. I do not like sporting parsons; what a variety of dogs you have here!' The bishop's back being turned, the parson went to his servant, and said, 'John, hang all these dogs, and when you see any of the bishop's servants, tell them what you have done!'

THE TANNER, AN EPIGRAM.

A Bermondsey tanner would often engage
In a long *tete-a-tete* with his dame,
While trotting to town in the Kennington stage,
About giving their villa a name.
A neighbour, thus hearing the skin-dresser talk,
Stole out half an hour after dark,
Pick'd up in the roadway a fragment of chalk,
And wrote on the palings '*Hide*-park.'

MAJOR TOPHAM.—This well-known character, who established 'The World' newspaper, and afterwards retired into the wolds of Yorkshire to breed greyhounds, once invited a friend to dine with him, who was in fear of being arrested for debt. The party was seated at dinner, when a loud knock at the door produced more than a common degree of alarm on his friend's countenance, while he, observing him start, said;—'What, my dear ———, startled by my knocker! You are not at home, recollect—yet of men in your circumstances, my friend Gray well says,

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.'

JUSTICE.—Mysias, the brother of Antigonas, king of Macedon, solicited him to hear a cause, in which he was a party, in his chamber. 'No, my dear brother,' answered Antigonus, 'I will hear it in the open court of justice, because I must do justice.'

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The Casket.

No. XVIII.] SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1827. [Price 1d.



THE BY-WARD, OR ROUND TOWER,

TOWER OF LONDON.

This venerable building stands at the south-west angle of the Tower of London, and forms the principal entrance to the exterior line of fortifications. It is of great strength; the Tower flanked with bastions, and the gateway originally defended by gates and a portcullis. The interior remains in great perfection, particularly an octagonal apartment about sixteen feet on each side of the gateway. That on the north side is perfect, and possesses a highly curious vaulted roof; the southern one has lost the upper part of its vaulting, and both receive light through narrow embrazures. An ancient stone fire-place is still perfect in each; and there can be little doubt but that these rooms were originally designed and used as lodges or guards of the gates. The principal part of the fortifications on the southern side of the Tower were erected in the latter part of the reign of King Henry the Third, and some of them exhibit interesting specimens of the architecture of that period. The following is an extract from a manuscript document entitled 'An Abstract of certayne Reperacions done within the King's Towr of London,' preserved in the Chapter-house at Westminster.

'It'm, for clensyng and makyng clene of ij windowes in the cownseill chambre in the same *Rownde Tower*, and more for v fote of border in the same cownseill chambre in a chymney, and more for the mendyng of a doore comyng of the same chambre into the ledys wt a sholding amountying in stone vj fote.'*

ST. GILES-IN-THE FIELDS.

This parish is of great antiquity, for it is expressly mentioned in the decreta-sentence of Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, anno 1222. But it was not con] verted into a parish till the twentieth of

* For interesting particulars relative to the Tower, see Allen's Hist. of London.

April, anno 1547, when William Rawlinson was instituted rector thereof. The little old church of this parish being taken down in the year 1623, the materials thereof were only sold for the sum of 9l. 11s. 9d. And in the same year the foundation of a brick edifice was laid, which was finished two years after at an expence of 2068l. 7s. 2d. The first stone of the present church was laid in 1730, and the entire building was finished in 1734. The whole charge amounted to the sum of 10,026l 15s. 9d.

We will here conclude by observing, that in the early part of the present year, the churchwardens, adopting the suggestions of Mr. Payne, erected a transparent dial illuminated. The effect is excellent, and at any period of the night, though the dial is situated high, yet the hour is always clearly visible. On Monday, June 4, the ingenious inventor, at the meeting of the Society of Arts, was presented by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex with a valuable silver medal.

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

No. IV.—THE OYSTER WOMAN.

'A hard-working drudge.'

As soon as the month of August brings the oysters from their beds to our tables, and grotto boys begin to collect materials for their speculations in building, the oyster woman makes ready her tubs, and takes possession of her accustomed corner, as though it was her own indeed: her stall is well washed, and the pepper-box and vinegar bottle are again called into requisition; while, as she gaily chaunts 'a penny a lot,' her 'fine fat oysters' receive their full share of washing, and are exposed in the way that seems to her best adapted to attract the notice of the passer-by.

In her outward appearance she is extremely singular; her head is surmounted with a bonnet of a shape totally different to the many hundreds which decorate the shop-windows, or adorn the heads of our countrywomen; indeed, it is no easy task to discover what has been originally its true form, for it is, as she tells you, 'an auld sarvant,' and has seen 'its best days,' but is always a black one, and after a shower of rain appears totally renovated, and seems to bid defiance to the attacks of time; a great coat with the skirts cut short, which belonged to her 'poor husband,' who was 'drowned at sea,' envelopes the upper part of her body, leaving nothing visible but the remains of a well-patched black gown; a blue apron tied tightly round her waist, completes the *tout ensemble* of 'the oyster woman.'

Day after day does she rise with the sun, and tramp through 'all weathers' to 'the Gate;' after having purchased the customary bushel, she has, perhaps, miles to carry it; or if unequal to the task, must employ a porter, and requite him out of her hard got earnings; she then has the oysters to 'clean' and 'sort,' and to transport, together with her moveable premises, to the place of sale; after the necessary preparations of erecting her stall, and levelling it with the assistance of divers stones and brickbats, she lays them out in 'penn'rths,' and the tempting cry of 'here they are three a penny,' invites the customers to the purchase; her knife disjoins the shells, with a celerity that epicures would be glad to imitate, and after every operation receives a careful wiping, and is stuck in the corner of the stall board, with an air that would not disgrace a captain of cuirassiers; the first sixpence she 'changes' is spit upon 'for luck,' and her hand dives into a pocket sufficiently capacious to hold her whole stock, in search of some 'ha'pence,' for which if she cannot there find the right quantity, she waddles into the nearest public-house, from whence she returns at a kind of jog-trot pace to the expectant *gourmand*, who has indulged his appetite with her savoury ware; while she is not employed in 'opening,' she collects the shells and heaps them in a corner, in reserve for some young urchin who expects to obtain, by teasing the passengers into 'rememb'ring the grotto,' the means of procuring on the morrow an extra tart or bun; or else she dips an old tin pot into some clean water, and allows it to run through a hole in the bottom over the lots which she is endeavouring to vend. From time to time, as her hunger presses, she draws out of a cloth which was once white, but has long lost its original beauty, a tolerably good portion of bread, and this with a relishing piece of fat bacon, forms her principal food; to eat it she sits down upon a small rickety

stool, which is raised to a proper height by being placed on an oyster tub turned bottom upwards, but at the first look that is by chance or design directed towards her, it is all thrust back into its original concealment, and she is again upon her legs, attempting, by 'all fresh and good,' 'fine oysters, ma'am,' and other technical phrases, to persuade the hungry lookers-on to expend their pence upon the delicate-looking fish she exhibits to their view.

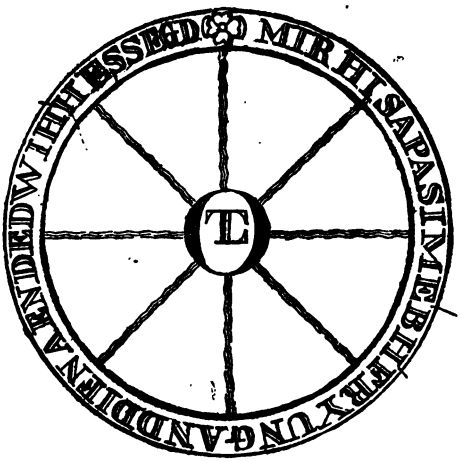
When spring is approaching, and the oysters 'go out,' the oyster woman seems at a loss for an occupation; she sells shrimps, 'red-herrings' or '*penny*-winkles,' and as the season advances, provides a barrow, and mounts cherries upon sticks, or bawls away, 'green gooseberries at ten-pence a gallon;' but this is all against her inclination, and she longs for the months to roll round, that autumn may again bring with it her much-loved oysters, when she hopes to 'turn a penny' a little easier than she has for 'many a long day;' but when she again appears in her original character, she still finds it 'a hard matter' to 'get a bit o' bread.' She is, indeed, a complete drudge, for, saving a few hours of necessary repose, she is at work her whole time; she labours harder than any colonial slave, and has not for her reward even the comforts of a captive negro; plenty of food and rest are always allowed to him, while 'the oyster woman' gets but little of either.

But after all, she is not a slave, and is, therefore, far happier than the well-fed African; the little she does get is her own, and the laws protect it equally with the wealth of the nobleman; nothing that she acquires can be taken away at the pleasure of a hard-hearted master, nor may her children be trafficked with like senseless merchandise. She leads, certainly, a 'hard life;' but then she is mistress of her own actions, and a home of some sort welcomes her at the finish of her toil. She is, in society, a woman; and though the rich may turn away with a contemptuous smile, or the titled find not her ancestors in their pedigrees, she is to each a sister, and should partake their pity, if they will not allow her to share their opulence. R. J.

Mr. Editor,—By inserting the under-mentioned for the amusement of your numerous readers, you will oblige, Yours, &c.

Southville. S. HOLLANDS.

A PUZZLE.



Around this wheel there is a verse,
Which if to me you do rehearse,
Both right and true, without a fault,
One penny you shall have—but halt—
If you begin, and can't go through,
Two-pence, then, I ask of you.

Arabian Tales.

THE CALIPH TURNED ROBBER.

(*Continued.*)

While Lelamain was speaking, the Caliph took off his boots, his mantle, and girdle; he made them up into a parcel, into which he put his bow and arrows, and darted into the chamber like a bird. He saluted the mother with affection, and embraced the daughter with tenderness.

Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Lelamain, who in vain exhorted the Caliph to fly, he calmly sat down to supper with his spouse and her mother, who was astonished at his intrepidity. 'He is a very devil!' said she to herself; 'he fears three hundred men no more than I should a flea. Notwithstanding his profession, I conceive a woman might love a robber; they are as active as goats, and as stout as lions.'

While the Caliph, after supper, was gazing on his lovely spouse, and listening to the whimsical conversation of her mother, the noise increased at the door, and the voice of the formidable Chamama became a hurricane. 'Well, I believe,' said Haroun to Lelamain, 'it is bed-time; and since the concert is not of the pleasantest kind, it will not be amiss to discharge the performers. Take this ring; tell them through the key-hole, that your son-in-law, *Il Bondocani*, is here, and has sent his ring to be put into the judge's own hand, that he may say what is to be done.'

'I go,' said the old woman; 'I remember there is magic in the name; it makes men immoveable like statues.'

While Lelamain was executing her commission, the Caliph mounted again on the terrace; he spoke to Youmis, who was waiting for his commands;—'Take my sabre; descend into the street by the assistance of your ladder, and if any violence is committed, strike off the head of the offender. As soon as my ring, which I have sent, shall have dispersed the crowd, displace the judge; let him be confined in your house, put Hazen in his place, and invest him with the robes of magistracy. As to Chamama, and those who have been guilty of great enormity, let them be put in irons till to-morrow, and then punished as their crimes deserve.'

After this conversation with Youmis, the Caliph returned into the chamber, and the Chief of the Emirs hastened to execute the commands he had received.

It is easier to conceive than express the terror which seized the judge of the police when he saw the ring of Haroun: all was fear and confusion through his attendants; and Chamama himself fell prostrate in the dust, when he found that *Il Bondocani* and the Caliph were the same.

The good Lelamain beheld the effects produced by her son-in-law's name and ring, with a mixture of joy and surprise: and on her return, she recited to the Caliph the whole of the adventure, in her fantastic manner. Haroun now wished to be left alone with his charming Zutulbe. The old woman drew the curtains round them. 'May God and his holy prophet bless you,' said she; 'it is a marriage, such as it is; for my part, I have nothing more to do than to put out the wax-lights.'

Whilst the Caliph was entranced in the delights of love, Youmis was executing his orders with punctuality, He had invested Hazen with the robe of the deposed judge, whom, with Chamama and four of his accomplices, he confined in his court-yard till day-break. The judge was then led to prison. Chamama was conducted to the next street, and expired under the bastinado. His four companions having been treated in the same manner, were carried to a dungeon almost dead. A handbill thus expressed their crime:—'Officers of justice, who have been guilty of oppression and double dealing in their department.'

The day had far advanced, when Haroun left the embraces of Zutulbe, and an elegant collation was prepared by Lelamain. 'God grant,' said the old woman, 'that our misfortunes may end here; we are wretched and miserable, after having lived in affluence and splendor.' 'How!' said the Caliph, 'you have had wealth? and who has deprived you of it?' 'Misfortune and injustice,' answered Lelamain.,

'And has that happened to you in Bagdad?' replied the Caliph, with much anxiety.

'Yes,' said the old woman; 'for we have never been out of it.'—'It has not been,' answered the Caliph, 'under the reign of Haroun Alraschid?'

'Has he not reigned more than a month?' said Lelamain. 'Yes,' said Haroun; 'but it is said that he prevents every sort of injustice.'—'True,'

said Lelamain, 'he punishes the crimes of others, but he winks at his own.'

'You astonish me,' said the Caliph; 'let me know your story.'

Lelamain then detailed to Haroun both the merits and misfortunes of her son Yemaleddin. 'He was erect,' said she, 'as the reed of the Nile, and graceful as the cedar of Lebanon, which is visited by the devotee; he was meek as the lamb, and candid as the dove; he was an eagle for vigilance, and a squirrel for activity. Ah! my poor Yemaleddin! the sentence of death was pronounced against thee for a glass of water, by him who had drank thirty glasses of wine too much.'

The Caliph now began to feel that he had committed a wrong. He endeavoured to gain the approbation of his own conscience, and to exculpate himself to his mother-in-law; but his efforts were ineffectual.

'Well, said Haroun, 'no essential mischief has been done; your son is still alive; I shall hasten to the palace; I have interest there; I promise you that this day you shall clasp your son within your arms.'

Lelamain gave no faith to the promise of her son-in-law. Both she and Zutulbe besought him not to expose his life by going to the palace. 'Leave us not, we conjure you, by the nameof God, which is engraved on the plate of gold that adorns the forehead of the high priest of the jews.' Haroun assured them of his safety; he departed, and by a private way gained the palace.

The Caliph having scrutinized into his conduct found that it merited censure in the extreme. He was cloathed in his royal robes, and seated on his throne; his Viziers and nobles were prostrated before him.

'Rise,' said he, 'it is my command. Let the Hazeb Yemaleddin be brought from prison, let him be attired in the most sumptuous dress. I have got the fullest proofs of his innocence; he deserves honour instead of chastisement.'

The commands of Haroun were obeyed, and Yemaleddin appeared at the foot of the throne. The Caliph covered him with a cloak lined with the richest ermine, and appointed him chief of the Emirs of the Empire. 'Go,' said he, 'and comfort your mother.' Yemaleddin hastened to discharge so agreeable a duty.

Giafar and Mesrour re-conducted the Princess of Persia to her apartment. Haroun had offended her too much, to appear before her. His two confidants were desired to inform her, that she recovered her liberty; that she might remain in the palace all her life, either as the wife or daughter of the Caliph, and enjoy all the honours annexed to such exalted rank.

Though the Princess of Persia had consented to give her hand to Haroun, yet her heart was at liberty. She was pleased with the proposition which had been made to her. 'You see,' said she to Giafar and Mesrour, 'an obedient daughter full of gratitude and respect to the Commander of the Faithful."

Haroun was charmed with the manner in which his proposal had been received, and immediately formed a plan of marrying his adopted daughter with the new Chief of the Emirs.

Yemaleddin was received with open arms by his mother and sister; and after the first effusions of joy were over, Lelamain related to him the extraordinary adventures which had happened since his imprisonment.

The new Chief of the Emirs was astonished at the recital of his mother; but indignation was the predominant passion—that his sister should be married to a robber! to a wild Arab of the desert! 'I swear,' cried he 'by the Cadba,* if your thief comes here, I shall treat him as he deserves.' He put his hand on the hilt of his sabre; his eyes sparkling with rage, terrified the tender and timid Zutulbe.

'What a misfortune,' said the mother, 'that the Caliph did not do you justice a day sooner! then I should not have been compelled to marry your sister to the robber *Il Bondocani*.' 'What name do you say, mother?' replied Yelmaleddin, with an air of anxiety.

'The name of my son-in-law,' rejoined Lelamain, '*Il Bondocani; Il Bondocani*. Have I not said it?"

'Is it he, mother, who has espoused my sister?' 'If you are not satisfied, son, with what I have said, read the contract—here it is; Marriage article between Zutulbe, daughter of the widow Lelamain, and Il Bondocani.' At the sight of the contract, Yemaleddin prostrated himself on the earth, and Lelamain burst into a loud fit of laughter.

'Ah! ah! my hero!' said she, 'you are humbled into the dust like other people! where is your sabre now! Oh! the

* The famous temple at Mecca.

glorious name! the name of my son-in-law. I am happy to know it. I shall attack the caravan of Mecca; I shall repeat aloud the name of my son-in-law; and I shall have India, Armenia, Persia, Egypt, and Romelia, to bow the knee! I shall not leave them a single camel. But you have still your nose on the ground; rise, my fallen lion! rise at the name of my son-in-law; I command you to rise at the name of *Il Bondocani.*'

'Yes, mother,' said Yemaleddin, 'I shall rise at that name, which all the earth must respect and adore! I shall rise at the name of the Prince of Princes, the King of Kings, the sage and magnanimous Haroun Alraschid! for your son-in-law, *Il Bondocani*, is the Caliph himself!'

The confusion of Lalemain may be easily guessed, when she reflected how she had abused Haroun to his face. Mesrour now appeared, and announced the arrival of the Commander of the Faithful. Lelamain was going to hide herself; but she was prevented by her son and daugter.

Haroun now appeared, arrayed in all the splendour of majesty. Lelamain, Yemaleddin, and Zutulbe, fell prostrate before him; but they were raised from the ground by their tender and benevolent sovereign. He spoke to Lelamain and Zutulbe in the kindest manner, and ordered them to be conveyed to the palace in a superb litter, whilst he followed on horse-back, between Giafar and Yemaleddin, who was that day married to the Princess of Persia.

The happiness of Lelamain was now complete; she no longer read the Koran at the door of the mosque, or asked alms from the deaf. Had one person heard her, nobody would have cried a wonder, the Caliph would not have seen that most ravishing of all wonders, Zutulbe; Yemaleddin had been a false prophet.

It must be allowed, that the stars direct events by threads so fine, that they are imperceptible to the eyes of weak mortals.

MISERIES OF AN APPRENTICE.

(*For the Casket.*)

Mr. EDITOR,—Aided by the swift progress of that friend and foe to the human race, Time, I at length hail the last year of my apprenticeship; Oh! how my thoughts revel in the luxuriant liberty which I anticipate; how I delight in the idea, that 'op'ning and shutting shop,' early hours, and all those inconveniences we apprentices are 'heirs to,' will shortly come to a termination. Excuse, I beg, Mr. Editor, this rhapsody, for really the object of my hope appears to me, and (doubtless to many others in my situation) a 'consummation' so 'devoutly to be wished,' that I have noted down for the edification of those among your readers, who know nothing of an apprenticeship but the name, a few of the miseries which, alas, it entails.

It was on the 1st of September, 1830, that I was taken from school, and the delights of plum-cake and pocket-money, and placed behind the counter in a stationer's shop. Mr. B. my master, was about forty years of age, had a wife a few years younger, and two daughters of the ages of twelve and five, and was what the world calls 'a very good sort o' man.'

1st year—Cold weather coming on, find it very unpleasant to turn out of bed before light; and to sweep the shop before breakfast,

Sent, in a pouring rain to fetch the children from school; got wet through, and a lecture into the bargain for being too long gone.

Summer come—Mrs. B. and children gone to Margate. Mr. B. goes weekly; obliged to attend him to the boat, carry portmanteau, &c.—thought it too bad, and more than I had any right to do.

N.B. At Easter discovered Mr B. allowed no holidays,—'always takes stock on Good Friday.'

2nd year—Mr. B. resolved to burn no more gas, 'so smoky,' has oil instead—every day get it all over me when cleaning the lamps; as greasy as a butcher, to say nothing of the smell.

N.B. One day putting the oil away on shelf, let it fall—received a considerable portion in my mouth, the rest anointed my clothes.

Ask'd leave to go to an Oratorio; did not get back till half-past 11—got soundly rated, threatened that I should never go out again.

Tom, my fellow-apprentice, and I, amused ourselves with squirts; Tom discharged his at me and retreated by the back-door, behind which I stationed myself; door opened, and I let fly at master's shirt frill as he entered,

taking out all 'the starch; had the starch taken out of me in return, and was convinced of my error by some very striking arguments.

3rd year—Quarrel with my fellow apprentice, get in a passion, and then laughed at, speak saucy, and finish by receiving a sound drubbing.

Want a new hat—father very cross—'cost him a great deal of money, can't afford new hats so often,'—not able to get a coat any how.

Walk across the clean kitchen with dirty boots, housemaid affronted—laugh at her—pail of water thrown over me—nearly half drowned.

4th year—Fellow-apprentice out of his time; Mr. B. finds trade so bad can't take another—get every thing to do myself.

Go out in a very sulky humour to take a book home—take no care—knocked down in the mud—book spoiled—customer affronted;—master in a violent passion; declared at last he 'never had any body so careless in his life.'

5th year—Got leave to go to Drury-lane, seated in the pit—row in the gallery, apples thrown on the stage—looked up to see what was the matter—had one thrown in my eye;—got home late—black eye—accused of fighting and getting into bad company.

Forgot to book something sent out—received a number of hard words, as 'idle,' 'inattentive,' &c.

Got three days holidays—went down to Gravesend—stopt as late as possible—missed the coach, and steam-packet—obliged to come by the sailing-boat—becalmed—didn't get home till next day—all laid to me—'should have come away sooner,' 'did not miss the coach' and such like.

6th year—Fell desperately in love with a fine young girl who came to buy paper—found means to speak to her—thought she liked me;—not able to get out of an evening to meet with her—obliged to go home and stay the whole day on Sundays—found she was acquainted with another young man—at length heard she was married;—lost my sweetheart and also my temper.

Went to Vauxhall with a friend—missed him in the crowd—two *young ladies* vastly polite—asked how I liked the dancing and singing—thought them very nice girls—offered my arm;—lost my watch, and all the money I had in my pocket—found I was *done*—went back in high dudgeon;—'did'nt like Vauxhall at all!'—obliged to buy a new watch, which quite emptied my pocket; wanting at the same time gloves, cravats, and other trifling but necessary articles.

7th year—Begin to think I know what I am about—Mr. B. happens to think otherwise—very cross indeed;—kept closer than ever—every body asking if I am *out* of my time.

No, Mr. Editor, I am *not* out of it yet, though in a fair way for it; I have no peace for the very expectation of the 1st of September, when I mean to rise as early as any cockney-sportsman.

I have here described a few only of the 'regular' miseries I have met with; should I at any future time note down my 'miseries miscellaneous,' I will forward them for the amusement of your readers. R. J.

Varieties.

STORY OF A GHOST.

Mr. S. Fisher, the inventor of the Golden Snuff, was acquainted with a widow lady of excellent character, who resided at Cork. This lady was inconsolable for the death of her husband; the day was spent by her in sighs and incessant lamentations, and her pillow at night was moistened with the tears of her sorrow. Her husband—her dear husband—was the continual theme of her discourse, and she seemed to live for no other object but to recite his praises and deplore his loss. One morning her friend Fisher found her in a state of mental distraction. Her departed love, she said, had appeared to her in the night, and most peremptorily ordered her to enter the vault where his remains were deposited, and have the coffin opened. Mr. Fisher remonstrated with her on the absurdity of the idea; he said, that the intensity of her sorrow had impaired her intellect; that the phantom was the mere creature of her imagination, and begged of her at least to postpone to some future period her intended visit to the corpse of her husband. The lady acquiesced for that time in his request; but the two succeeding mornings the angry spirit of her spouse stood at her bed-side, and, with loud menaces, repeated his command. Mr. Fisher, therefore, sent to the sexton, and, matters being arranged, the weeping widow and her friend, at-

ended in the dismal vault: the coffin being opened with much solemnity, the faithful matron then stooped down and kissed the clay-cold lips of her husband. Having reluctantly parted from the beloved corpse, she spent the remainder of the day in silent anguish. On the succeeding morning, Fisher (who intended to sail for England on that day), called to bid his afflicted friend adieu. The maid servant told him that the lady had not risen. 'Tell her to get up,' said Fisher, 'I wish to give her a few words of consolation and advice before my departure.' 'Ah! sir, said the smiling girl, 'it would be a pity to disturb the new-married couple so early in the morning!' 'What new-married couple?' 'My mistress, sir, was married last night.' 'Married! Impossible! What, the lady who so adored her deceased husband—who was visited nightly by his ghost—and who yesterday so fervently kissed his corpse! Surely you jest!' 'Oh, sir,' said the girl, 'my late master, poor man! on his deathbed, made my mistress promise, that she would never marry any man after his decease, till he and she should meet again (which the good man no doubt thought would not have happened till they met in heaven) and you know my dear Sir, you kindly introduced them to each other, face to face yesterday. My mistress, sir, sends you her compliments and thanks, together with this bride cake, to distribute among your young friends.'

THE LONG HEADED LAWYER.

A student of the Middle Temple being just called to the bar, sent for a peruke-maker to measure him for a new tye-wig. The peruquier, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile; on which, the young barrister desired to know what ludicrous circumstance gave rise to his mirth: the barber replied, 'that he could not but remark the extreme length of his honour's head.' 'That's well, said the student: 'we lawyers have occasion for long heads.' The barber, who had by this time completed the dimensions, now burst out in a fit of laughter; and 'an explanation being insisted on, at last declared, that he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered 'that his honour's head was just as *thick* as it si *long*.'

Original Poetry.

INCONSTANCY DENIED.

Can time forget the coming year?
Eternity to flow?
The sun his hour? or can I e'er
Forget thee, dearest, No.

No, tho' my days were spent in pain,
While death delayed his blow;
Could I, while reason held my brain,
Forget thee?—dearest, No.

Should every thought my bosom fly,
Chill'd by lost memory's snow;
Each straggler as he left, would cry
Forget thee!—dearest, No.

Tho' age should all my joys reject,
And grief on sorrow grow;
Could I my dearest bliss neglect—
Forget thee!—dearest, No.

Or shouldst e'en thou my love oppose,
And cold neglect bestow;
Yet could I, while my life-blood flows,
Forget thee?—dearest, No.

No, once to love thee is to take
Leave of all else below;
Without thee now my heart would break:—
Forget thee?—dearest, No.

But while gay joy flits in my eyes,
And youth's fond feelings glow;
Can I, when every sorrow flies,
Forget thee?—dearest, No.

My bark shall float before thy breath,
Tho' adverse winds should blow;
Nor will I, when we part in death,
Forget thee?—dearest, No.

No,—in the day of endless span
My love this truth will show,—
Mortal or not, I never can
Forget thee!—dearest, No.

R. J.

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NEW LONDON BRIDGE PROPOSED LEVEL STREETS.



This front view, altered from Mr. Jeffrey's plan, represents a continuation from the new bridge (see ground plan *a*) crossing Upper Thames Street *b* by an archway 18 feet high. At *c* is a terrace, and view of the Monument: at *d* St. Michael's Church; whence to Gracechurch Street *e* forms, what shall be called for distinction's sake, the first proposed level street.

It may be observed that the declivity of Fish Street Hill *f*, to Lower Thames Street *g*, is not more than the acclivity to the top of the land-arch of the new bridge; wherefore, heavily laden waggons descending Fish Street Hill, and ascending the new bridge, whose particular road has only two feet rise, would, according to this old fashioned scheme of ups and downs, be subjected to unnecessary labour and risk of accidents. Moreover, carriages mounting Fish Street Hill, although they would lose in distance when made to approach the new bridge in that circuitous manner, would have a less steep assent to climb: in other words, from the bottom of Thames Street to the top of the above hill the ascent will be easier, because the distance is longer than from the bottom of Thames Street to the top of the land-arch of the new bridge; besides, no other line can be produced which shall afford a corresponding number of requisites. The buildings gained from two additional frontages of very considerable extent, (see elevation A B C) should repay this alteration, which becomes facilitated owing to the removal of the waterworks from old London-bridge. D is a boat-stairs, and at E a wharf with cellars vaulted from the river side to Upper Thames Street. Fishmongers-hall F will be rebuilt.

Descending from the new bridge to St. Magnus church, at the corner of Lower Thames Street, Mr. Jeffrey has adopted the line of the river in preference to one towards that church by Upper Thames Street; yet whilst he seems correct in relation to the latter route being shorter and more difficult of access than the former, he appears to mistake in descending from the new bridge abruptly or at right angles, instead of coming down diagonally, that is, by an easy slope of 10 feet to the Monument, when compared with a fall of 20 feet to St. Magnus church. For the sake of putting this case, a level street to Gracechurch street has been supposed exclusive of the present question.

The second proposed level street, which is that of Mr. Jeffrey, is generally reckoned a good plan, notwithstanding the communication of such street with the New Post-office shall hardly be so convenient as a direct road to it from Blackfriars Bridge, or Southwark Bridge. Nevertheless, to explain his selected line, Mr. Jeffery widens Princes Street *h*, cuts about four houses from Cornhill *i*, passes Lombard-street *k*, Cannon-street *l*, and after enlarging Miles-lane, reaches the archway and new bridge. The old Post-office *m*, will not be wanted much longer; consequently, its site may be procured with little or no sacrifice; other places specified herein are the Mansion-house *n*, Royal Exchange *o*, and Bank of England *p*.

Let it be remarked, that Mr. Jeffrey's street can ultimately join another new street, designed hy Mr. Brown to run parallel with Coleman street, and extend from Prince's-street, Lothbury, to Finsbury-pavement, London-wall: by this method, shall two great north roads become accessible, since another main outlet from the city, being by Highgate and Barnet, will be added to the one leading through Bishopsgate-street, to Edmonton and Waltham Cross. The business of the Post-office, however, when removed from Lombard-street to St. Martin's-le-grand, can render Mr. Brown's street of utility to town rather than country.

Having premised these few explanations, there rests to subjoin a quotation from Mr. Jeffrey's own account of his laudable plan.

'In the act of Parliament for building the new bridge a power is given to purchase the following houses, viz., Nos. 121 to 128 in Upper Thames-street, Nos. 1 and 2 on the south side of Lower Thames-street, also Fresh-wharf Nos. 119 to 127 on the north side of Lower Thames-street, Nos. 23 to 28 on the west side, and Nos. 30 to 33 on the east side of Fish-street-hill.

'Such are purchases which have been deemed necessary for raising the foot of Fish-street-hill four feet, that the ascent to the bridge may be rendered easier; yet it rests to be objected after all, that this ascent will be as much as twenty-one feet in a length of two hundred and thirty; for the centre of the new bridge is about twenty-seven feet above the level of Thames-street, whilst the land-arch of that bridge is about twenty-five feet above such level; con-

sequently, after having raised the foot of Fish-street-hill four feet, according to the plan in progress, the ascent to the land-arch of the new bridge will become twenty-one feet.

'And if all the valuable houses before mentioned should be removed, the steepness would still be such that waggons heavily laden could scarcely be able to ascend the new bridge; wherefore, it may prove requisite to purchase additional houses as well in Fish-street-hill, as in Upper and Lower Thames-streets; in other words, it must be recollected that Fish-street-hill cannot be farther raised without Upper and Lower Thames-streets being similarly raised towards the foot of the hill. *Moreover, it may be doubted if the intended approach to the new bridge can be made commodious in this way, or indeed in any other which does not include land stretching north, rather than east and west.*

'The proposition therefore becomes, that none of the houses on Fish-street-hill and in Upper and Lower Thames-streets ought to be removed, excepting those of Messrs Jones and Co., in Upper Thames-street, immediately facing the new bridge; for the money required to buy the property from Upper Thames street to Cannon-street will not be more than the cost of purchasing and clearing away the houses already enumerated in Upper and Lower Thames-streets and Fish-street-hill; which is to say, that the proposed level street can generally traverse retired thoroughfares, in which is much vacant ground, and where the present buildings are of inferior value.

'Pursuing the line from the new bridge to Cannon-street, near Miles-lane by one from Cannon-street to Cornhill, the proposed level street will pass through the present post-office, which is crown property, and by giving a double frontage to such part of that office as is not wanted for carrying the proposed level street into effect, the crown may neither gain nor lose, that is, pecuniarily.

'Let it be observed, that formerly Saint Magnus church and church-yard were detached, whereas now they become attached. This communication can be accomplished by making an embankment of the river from the foot of the new bridge to Fresh-wharf. The expense of this alteration will be trifling.

'And if a boat-stairs should be made, not immediately at the east side of the new-bridge, which place would become objectionable from being a great thoroughfare, but at the west end of Saint Magnus church-yard, where those stairs would be more convenient, such locality might serve as a landing-place for passengers, and wharf for steam-boats. Luggage could be housed in the vaults fronting the Thames, conveyed under shelter to Thames-street, and forwarded to order.

'A boat-stairs at the west side of the new bridge must be peculiarly objectionable to the Fishmongers' Company, whose liverymen may find that fish is not the only article which comes from Billingsgate, Or shall not the Fishmongers' Company, upon rebuilding their hall, prefer a handsome edifice of modern architecture, as well raised on arches, to afford a finer prospect, as having a spacious terrace adorning the new bridge, and inviting the public to enjoy a healthful promenade. New Fishmongers' Hall, besides may have a side entrance on a level with the new bridge.

'Thus does the proposed level street appear essential, whilst other considerations seem to recommend it for adoption. It must suffice to mention the increasing population of Surrey and Kent, the actual want of a direct line of communication with the Mansion-house, Bank of England, Royal Exchange, and Lloyd's Coffee-house.'

PHILIP II. OF SPAIN.—Philip the Second walking one day alone in one of the cloisters of the Escurial, an honest tradesman seeing the door open, went in. Transported with admiration of the fine paintings with which that house was adorned, he addressed himself to the king, whom he took for one of the servants of the convent, and desired him to shew him the paintings, and explain the subjects of them. Philip, with all the humility and condescension of a lay brother, conducted him through the apartments, and gave him all the satisfaction he could desire. At parting, the stranger took him by the hand, and squeezing it affectionately said, 'I am much obliged to you, friend: I live at St. Martin's, and my name is Michael Bambis; if you should come my way, and call on me, you will find a glass of good wine at your service.' 'And *my* name,' said the pretended servant, 'is Philip the Second; and if you will call upon me at Madrid, I will give you a glass of as good.'

The Old Wrecker.

A TALE.

Methought the billows spoke and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name

Returning from the Mediteranean, a few years since, about the autumnal equinox, we had reached the British Channel, where our vessel was compelled to beat about for some days in consequence of a thick fog. At last a brisk breeze sprang up, clearing the atmosphere in its progress, when we discovered a dangerous shore on our lee bow, at the distance of half a mile; our captain immediately ordered the ship *about*, and, as night was approaching with appearance of storm, the greatest care and vigilance became necessary. To our tars this was all a matter of course; but to a landsman, like myself, the scene was truly alarming.

To sleep appeared impossible under such circumstances; I therefore determined on sitting up. Our chief mate, a Cornishman, and an old sailor, being, during his watch, full of direful tales, I was compelled to listen to many a tale of hair breadth escapes, storms, and shipwrecks, which would elsewhere have been much more entertaining. One was so striking that I afterwards committed it to paper—it was as follows:—

Towards the close of the 16th century, a horrid custom still prevailed in ome parts of the coast of Cornwall, of luring vessels to destruction, in stormy weather, by fastening a lantern to a horse's head and leading it about on the top of the cliffs, that the bewildered mariner, mistaking it for the light of a vessel, and consequently not apprehending land could be in that direction, might be induced to shape his course thither; till the foaming breakers gave too late warning of his fate, and the vessel become the prey of a set of ruthless barbarians called 'wreckers;' who, to legalise their plunder, frequently murdered those who had escaped drowning, and then called the wreck a 'God-send.'

In a hovel on the craggy shore of a deep and dangerous bay, dwelt one of these wretches—an old and hardened desperado, who united in himself the fisherman, smuggler, and wrecker; but to his depraved mind the two latter were the favorite professions, and such was the confidence of his companions, in his experience on these occasions, that he was usually leader, nor did he ever fail in his office. His wife too, encouraged him in his deeds of iniquity, and sometimes aided in his exploits. Shocked at the wickedness of his parents, their only son had long since fled his home, and driven away by their cruelty, had sought a more honourable course of life on board a West Indian trader.

It was at a period when a long and profitless summer and autumn had nearly passed away, that Terloggan, like the vulture ever watchful for his prey, was more than usually observant of the signs of the heavens: nor was any one more capable than himself of tracing the most distant indications of tempest. Nature had for several months worn a placid, and to honest minds, a delightful aspect; the soft and azure sky had beautifully tinted the transparent sea, and the expanding waves swept with low murmurings along the shining sands of the deep bay, in mild and stately majesty, playfully casting up their white foamy margins, and gently splashing the feet of the craggy rocks. Not more hateful were the beams of the orb of day to Satan, as described by our poet, than was this quiescent state of Nature to Terloggan's dark mind; in his impatience he cursed the protracted summer and hailed the approaching dreary season as more congenial to his interest. At length he saw, with savage delight, the sun sunk in angry red beneath the cloudy horizon; he heard with exulting feelings, the hollow murmuring of the wind, and beheld the blackening waves rising in angry roar, lashing the lofty rocks with the ascending spray. As the night advanced in chaotic darkness, the horrors of the tempest increased; and the long and loud blast of the contending elements seemed enough to overawe any mind but Terloggan's: 'Now's thee time, boy,' said the old hag his wife; 'go th' ways out 'pon the cleaves, there's death in the wind.' Terloggan speedily equipped himself, and ascended the steep promontory at the entrance of the bay; the lantern was displayed in the usual manner, and he soon observed a light at sea, as if in answer to his own signal; which caused the old demon to rejoice in anticipation of speedy success. The light evidently approached nearer, and ere an hour had elapsed the white close-reefed sails of the vessel could be discerned through the darkness, and the uproarious cry on

board, at the discovery of their danger could be distinctly heard. Signal guns of distress were fired—the loud commands 'All hands on deck,' and 'About ship,' were uttered in a wild despairing tone: every exertion was made to carry into effect the salutary orders; but, alas! the redeeming moment was passed, strength nor skill could avert her impending fate. In a few moments the tremendous crash, the heart rending, but fruitless cries for help, announced the horrid catastrophe; and the last flashing signal gun gave a momentary view too shocking to be described. Alas! it was indeed a piteous scene that followed; the stranded vessel, thrown with reiterated blows against the rugged rocks, soon parted; the broken waves were dashing over her shattered hull in relentless fury, bearing to the shore the scattered cargo, broken pieces of the wreck, and the tattered rigging; while the mingled cries of the drowning and the despairing, with the terrific roar of the striving elements, seemed like Nature's last expiring hour.

There was one, however, in whose eyes such a scene was joyous—in whose ears such sounds were melody—and that was Terloggan. He impatiently waited till the storm had somewhat moderated, and when silence indicated that death had done its work, he descended the well known cliffs to grasp his prey. Unmoved by the horrid spectacle, he stood awhile and gazed with fiend-like pleasure on the rich booty that lay around him, (for the rising moon now shot forth her light), as if at a loss where to begin his work; but to his surprise and momentary dismay, there was yet one living soul on board, who, should he survive, would bar the wrecker's claim. To dispatch this poor unfortunate was his immediate object; then scrambling over the rocks, as if to save him from destruction, he became his murderer. He rifled the pockets of his victim, took a ring from his finger, and then, laden with the most portable articles of plunder, bent his footsteps homewards. 'Well, fayther, what luck?' exclaimed the old woman, as he entered. 'Never better,' replied Terloggan; 'look, zee mauther,' pointing to his plunder. He then described the success that had attended his stratagem; not even withholding the particulars of the murder: after which he displayed some pieces of foreign gold coin, and the ring belonging to the murdered man. As he held the ring near the light he recognized its form and certain marks on it:—he started back, his countenance fell, and he quickly passed it to his wife. She too well knew from whose hand it must have been taken, and no sooner examined it, than she exclaimed, 'Plaise God, thee'st murdered our son Tom!—Oh, my son—my poor dear son!'—and sunk on the floor, rolling about in frantic ravings. Terloggan endeavoured to master his feelings, and chid the old woman's hasty conclusion; although he was himself secretly stung to the heart, and but too apprehensive of the dreadful deed he had committed. He lay on his bed, however, and tossed to and fro till morning, when, with the dawn of day, he walked forth to ascertain if he had really been the destroyer of his child. He reached the spot where he had left the body, and soon as his eyes lighted on the countenance, he beheld his only son. Who can describe the deep remorse that now stung his soul—who can paint the horror that now pervaded even Terloggan's hitherto callous heart?—He returned to his hovel, and having related the doeful news, fled the face of man for ever. For several days and nights he was known to wander among the rocks—many, who accidentally passed near him, shuddered to behold his horror-struck countenance, and to hear his wild ravings of despair. There was, indeed, a tempest in his soul, black and horrible, the transcript of what he had so lately witnessed; and the dreadful forebodings of his conscience, as to futurity, forbade him to call the grave a hiding place. Thus overwhelmed by despair, and hurried to self-destruction, his mangled body was found dashed to pieces among the rocks, and was buried in the sands, not far from the spot where he had perpetrated his last deed of blood. For a considerable period, the fishermen and smugglers—some of whom had been his companions in iniquity—would feel a chill of horror in passing near the spot, and observe a melancholy silence, while their superstitious fears often traced in the hollow murmurings of the winds and waves, the doleful cries of the murdered son, and the despairing groans of the remorse-stung father.

Sketches of Character.

(For the Casket.)

No. V.—THE WATCHMAN.

"——noting the hour."

"Past ten," cries the watchman, (as he separates from the throng, which at that hour issues from the parish watch-house) and proceeds, with more care than expedition, to his "box," to disencumber himself of his "pipe" and a "bit o'bread and cheese" which he has brought to solace him at his solitary post; he walks round his "beat," "tries" every shutter and every fastening at those houses where he expects to receive a "Christmas-box;" contented at others with a slight pull, or a careless rattling of his staff against the iron bar as he passes along; this walk is repeated throughout the night, twice during every hour that he is "on duty;" those who wish to enjoy a sound slumber are more annoyed than edified, by the stentorian voice in which he "cries the hour;" some fifty or sixty years back, they might have been informed by it of the state of the weather, and the appearances of the sky, but now,—Oh! that the spirit of innovation and improvement should have found its way into the proceedings of the guardian of the night! now, we have nothing but a simple "past, or half-past one;" no longer can the aspect of the morrow be guess'd at from his cry; no longer can the holiday expectant receive hints from him as to the state of the atmosphere, or the weather-wise instructions by which to make sure their prophecies. No, he is now little more than a living clock, and his knowledge of astronomy, (if he possess any), can avail us nothing. *

As a "charley" the watchman is exposed to innumerable "larks" and mischances. Should he yield to the influence of the drowsy god, and in a comfortable "nap," forget the duties of his post, he will be fortunate, if on awakening, he does not find himself a close prisoner in his dormitory, or even up to the middle in a horse-pond; or should his vigilance at no time forsake him, and his prudence preserve him from unnecessary squabbles, still he cannot always escape being the sufferer by a drunken frolic, out of which, should he even become the conqueror, he will probably have to lament a broken head or lantern; and although the parish may pay for mending one, or even both of these, yet the pain and the endurance are all his own, and it is very seldom indeed that he gets sufficiently "satisfied," without preferring his complaint at a police office. In winter, he ties up his head in an old handkerchief, and "goes round" at as more quickened pace; but he spends all the time he can in his box, amid the fumes of tobbacco, and buttons up to his throat his well-worn watch-coat. The snow-drifts from the house-tops, and the frosty wind howls drearily around him, but sheltered in his snug fortress, he escapes all the fury of the storm; and if the envious clock did not rouse him from his doze, he would speedily forget that it is "bitter cold," and that he must leave his comfortable situation, and brave all the chilling feelings which such scenes convey; full glad is he when he hastily calls out "past six," and returns to his home and to his rest, which, however, he never reaches without the assistance of a helping dram, and "a good warm" at the tap-room fire of the first open house he reaches.

The watchman's business commences when that of most other men is at an end; he is exposed to the different changes which affect our climate, and endures, without murmuring, the rain and the cold. He meets with more abuse than thanks, and if a house is robbed within a considerable distance of him, is sure to be accused of being in league with the thieves; if we add to this, the cough with which, in too many instances, he is endowed for life, we can scarcely think him recompensed by the poor pittance he receives, which does not exceed a few shillings per week; but *he* is satisfied with his condition, and cheerfully submits to the hardships of his lot. Let us not, therefore, consider him as unworthy our notice, nor even pass by without returning the "good night" of "the Watchman."

R. J.

* The following actually occurred a few years back at Gravesend. A watchman of the town having, during a violent shower of rain, indulged too freely in the use of the gin bottle, observing, after the shower was over, that the moon was reflected from every wet spot he passed by, alarmed a considerable portion of the inhabitants, by calling, —'Past 3 o'clock, and *more moons than usual.*'

The Casket.

No. 20.] SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1827. [Price 1d.



STATUES AT ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH.

The above engraving is a correct representation of the statues at St. Dunstan's church; those ingenious pieces of mechanism which astonish the gaping multitude by their movements in announcing the hour with their clubs, are excellent emblems of the barbarous age it which their patron Saint flourished; who malgre his numerous and successful encounters with the arch enemy of man, and his canonisation, does not inspire the present generation with any very exalted ideas of his sanctity or virtue. He was one of those proud, turbulent, meddling, ambitious priests, born to be the pest and the scourge of their country; the abandoned dissoluteness of his life obliged him to have recourse to the most rigid penances of the severest Ascetic, in order to retrieve a character, which, even in those lawless times, was in some degree necessary for the attainment of honor and power. Marvellous legends were spread abroad during his retreat; the ignorant multitude immersed in the blindest barbarism and scarcely emancipated from the monstrous superstitions of the cruel faith of their pagan ancestors, eagerly swallowed the incredible tales which his policy propagated; and on the strength of his wonderful piety, Dunstan quitted his retreat, and assumed his place on a more populous stage, where, without scruple or fear, he plunged at once into every crime that promised to promote the aggrandisement he so eagerly coveted. Generally at the head of the strongest party, during three reigns the bishop swayed all the affairs of state; unquestionably a man of talent, even in this rude age he manifested a love for the fine arts, excelling in poetry, painting, and music: he is reputed to have been the inventor of the Æolian harp, but it is not possible to place any very strong degree of credit in the relation of events which occurred so early, and in which the miraculous is so thickly blended, that his contemporary, queen Emma, usually and falsely styled good Queen Emma, is said to have proved her innocence of those crimes for which she suffered perpetual imprisonment in a convent, by walking over burning plough-shares.

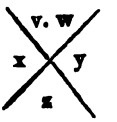
METHOD OF SECRET WRITING.

In a former number of *The Casket*, we presented our readers with a sort of secret method of committing their ideas to paper; but we have reason to believe, judging from the sale of our little work, that the *secret* is now known to at least a few thousand individuals. Indeed, in several epistlesent us on the subject, we are accused, in no very spare phrases, of *entrapping* the young ladies, who one and all threaten vengeance on our heads for exposing their manifold secrets. [Miss Belinda was prevented escaping from the first-floor window—Maria's pensive lines were committed to the flames—area gates were locked at nine—cousins were found to be no relations, &c. &c.; and all this, say they, because we were indifferent to our papers falling into the hands of mammas and mistresses, who, it is surprising to sayy were as clever as themselves. Now, my dear Miss Belinda, my dear Maria, and my dear cook-maids, we will this time put all future fears at rest, and at once make the *amende honorable*, by presenting you with a method that shall puzzle even Asmodeus himself, were he once more to be freed from the bottle:

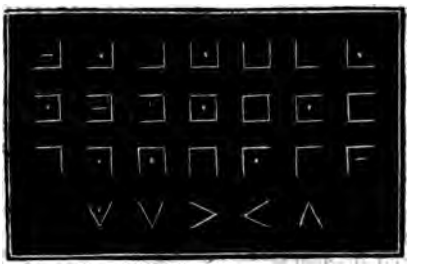
No. 1.

a b. c	d. e	f g.
h. i j	k. l	m. n
o p.	q. r	s. t u

No. 2.



It will readily be seen that the alphabet is formed by dissecting the above figure into angles and squares. The angle on the left-hand corner contains a, b, c. and this angle distinctly represents each of these letters, by the first containing a short line, and the second a dot, the third being without either; the same observation applies to all the other letters. The alphabet will stand thus:



Now, were it necessary the alphabet should remain precisely as above, we should be fearful of again incurring the displeasure of the ladies; but we beg to assure them that it is only requisite to form a *key* agreeably to the way in which they may please to arrange the letters, and that they may begin the alphabet at either corner, in the middle, or even in the cross on the right hand. All the care requisite is to place the *key* under lock and key, and then, if Paul Pry really make any discovery, why it is —not our fault.

Sketches of Character.

(For the Casket.)

No. VI.—THE STREET KEEPER.

The street-keeper must be a man of a commanding height and of a portly make; he must have a huge three-cornered hat profusely decorated with broad gold lace, and his blue coat must be ornamented with the same costly material; he should have his legs cased in a pair of boots, in and out of which a common sized mortal might easily jump, and a stick of substantial dimensions should

be grasped in his right hand, and waved backwards and forwards with an air of authoritative importance; without all these he may indeed pass for a surveyor of pavements, but they are the *sine qua non* of 'the street-keeper.'

View him as he sallies forth from his dwelling, and proceeds down the most public street in his district; how the apple and orange women retreat at the first intelligence of the appearance of their resistless enemy!—Woe to the unlucky one who is unmindful of his approach, or whose movements are not quick enough to avoid coming in 'his way.' Apples and oranges roll in mixed confusion in the kennel, while the surly visage of the spoiler presents a grim picture of executive justice, as he threatens to 'punish' the owner under 'the street act,' and desires that he may 'never catch her there again.' How the tired drayman descends from his heavy carriage at the first sound of his voice, and hastens his horses towards the next turning he is to take, that he may again be concealed from his quick searching eye, and resume the luxurious shaking from which he has been so unceremoniously disturbed! How the gardener, with his barrow of roots, wheels off the foot-path at the very terror of his looks, and proceeds along the carriage-way, cursing the uneven stones, and wishing their lawful guardian in his last rest; while the very dogs, as if they had read the order for destroying them, and knew their willing executioner by his habiliments of office, sneak by him with their tails drooping to the ground, or fly home with a speed scarcely their own, and testify their joy at the escape by a most enlivening howl. He regulates the order in which carriages are to proceed, and whenever 'a stoppage' occurs, orders carmen to 'draw in' on one side of the road, and coachmen to 'go on' on the other, while to the apothecary in his gig he addresses a civil 'this way, if you please, sir,' accompanied by a most respectful touch of his hat. If he espies the poor drudge of a costermonger left alone with his panniers, and at liberty to wander about at his pleasure; or the cart of the greengrocer, well laden from the market, standing in the street without an owner or a guide, the keys of the 'greenyard' rattle in his pocket as he leads thither the passive brute, or urges him at a quicker pace than his heavy load will allow, to hasten to that asylum for 'strayed cattle;' in vain do the old women request him to desist, and leave 'the poor fellow's cart alone,' and in vain does the proprietor urge the necessity of his temporary absence, for there is an 'allowance' out of the fine to the 'bringer in,' which incites his vigilance, and the payment of this, without disputation or abuse, will frequently release the property that he might legally impound.

The street-keeper may frequently be seen looking after the paviors, and superintending the measuring of their work; should any jealous inhabitant of the same ward or parish complain of the bad condition in which the street where he resides has been for a long time, he immediately informs him that 'the commissioners' intend to 'take that in hand next,' or directs him with perfect indifference to attend the 'next board;', all drunken and disorderly persons that he may chance to meet with, are without delay taken 'into custody;' while the regular beggars take good care to use all possible precaution to evade his clutches; the Jew pedlar, with his box of trinkets, moves on at his command; and the proprietors of Punch, or the Fantoccini, dare not to exhibit before him; the travelling showman ceases to tell his wonders at his bidding; and the ballad-singers, under the influence of his controul, shorten the chanting of their ditties.

'The street-keeper' is, in most cases, well paid for his services, and it is but right that he should be so; his duties are neither few nor trivial, and often require the absence or the stifling of kind feelings; he surrenders the whole of his time to the use of the public; and the public in general cannot begrudge the salary to which each one contributes his due proportion. R. J.

Triboulet was a court-fool in the time of Louis XII. and Francis I. and acquired much celebrity in the reign of the latter. It was he who said that, if Charles V. were simple enough to enter France and trust himself in the power of an enemy whom he had used so ill, he would give his fool's cap to him. 'And suppose,' said the king, 'I give him as free a passage as if he were traversing his own dominions?' 'Sire,' answered Triboulet, 'in that case I shall take back my cap, and make you a present of it.'

THE BROKEN HEART.

I never heard
Of any true affection, but 'twas nipt
With care, that like the caterpiller, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
MIDDLETON.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me that, however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her own soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs; it wounds some feelings of tenderness; it blasts some prospects of felicity. But he is an active being; he can dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking as it were the wings of the morning, can fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest.

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying upon its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her the desire of her heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises, which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—'dry sorrow drinks her blood,' until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to 'darkness and the worm.' You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low; but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and repeatedly fancied that I could trace their death through the various declensions of consumption, cold debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me, the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E—, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country, the eloquent vindication of his name, and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation — all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim placed itself against him, when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth — who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave! so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pangs of separation none of those tender, tho' melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene,—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like the dews of heaven to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities the most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her loves. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that shewed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent

around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear away the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.
She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!
He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!
Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow!

Original Poetry.

THE BLACKCAP.

Woodland warbler, clear and strong,
I joy to hear thy early song,
Distending large thy little throat,
To swell the loud mellifluous note;
Leaving, O desultory guest,
On some low briar thy flimsy nest,
To carol the green woods among,
In happy ecstacy of song;
How is it that I never see
The poet's praise bestow'd on thee?
O emblem thou of poet true!
He ought to give thee honour due,
Because, like him, in forest green
Retir'd, thou lov'st to sing unseen.

H. M. LARNDER.

THE KISS.

From Phillis I received a kiss,
And quite transported with its bliss
O, kiss me, kiss me, still I cried.
And thus the laughing fair replied:
"What, is your memory so bad
That you've forgot the kiss you've had?"
"No!" I replied, "you reason wrong,
If for another kiss I long,
'Tis that my memory so steady
Still dwells on that I've had already."

CHLOE, at church, with look devout,
Was overheard to say,
"My morning glass is almost out
A husband, Lord, I pray."
A drollish spark who by her sat,
Determined for a joke,
Cried out with voice effeminate,
As if an angel spoke,
"Chloe thou shalt not die a maid,
Thou hast neglected been."
"Thank you good spirit," Chloe said,
And loudly cried "Amen."

B. DORSET.

DISSAPPOINTED LOVE.

Oh! heard you that soft ling'ring lay,
Which hush'd the woodlark's song,
And led each warbler far astray,
To join th'admiring throng!

It was the lute, by Mary swept,
A melancholy strain;—

The notes re-echoed! madness slept,
And anguish ceas'd from pain.

Heard you that voice, whose chrystal tone
Held list'ning silence still,
Which thrill'd thro' air, o'er heaven's broad zone,
And check each murm'ring rill?

'Twas Mary's voice, she plaintive sung
Love's sorrows in her breast;
While tearful mem'ry sobbing hung
On hope, by grief o'erprest

She mourns the loss of him, whose heart
Once breath'd devotion's fire;
The generous flame she saw depart,
Just flitter, and expire.

Heard you that moan which rent the air
Yet told not grief or pain?
'Twas nature's farewell, borne to where
Mary's at peace again.

R. J.

THE TEAR OF SYMPATHY.

Sweet is the tear on Pity's cheek,
That gently trickles from the heart;
And welcome to the troubled breast,
The holy tear of sympathy!

And O! if e'er I strive with pain,
And fell misfortune cloud my brow;
O! may I find some kindred breast,
To drop a tear of sympathy!

And if in misery I pine,
Without a friend to mourn with me;
May gentle pity down descend,
And drop a tear of sympathy!

Or if disease, with heavy stroke
Encircle round my languid limbs;
May Pity watch me on my couch
With holy, heavenly sympathy!

And if I broken-hearted mourn,
May gentle Pity still be there
To shed relief, and drop a tear
With an unfeigned sympathy!

Sweet as the shower to parched lands,
Sweet as lov'd freedom to the slave,
And sweet as morn to traveller,
Is the lov'd tear of sympathy.

C. M'KAY.

Varieties.

A BURMESE EXECUTION.

The culprit is led to the place of execution, (which is commonly an open spot on the banks of the river), where a bamboo grating is set up, to which his extended arms and legs are tied; sometimes he is made to kneel in front of the grating, and the hands alone are pinioned to it. The executioner, who is distinguished by a red cloth crossing the body over one shoulder, and armed with a *dar*, or sword, which he holds in both hands, retires about twenty yards from the criminal, and making a rush at him inflicts a frightful wound in a diagonal direction from the upper part of the thorax to the bottom of the abdomen, which exposes the viscera; a piercing shriek follows the blow, which is not immediately fatal, the culprit lingering sometimes for several hours after. This is the punishment for heinous offences. The most common punishment for more trivial crimes is decapitation by a single stroke of the *dar*, or a target is painted on the naked body of the culprit, who is fixed to a tree and fired at. In the latter case if the executioners miss their object, after a certain number of shots (which they are very ready to do if well bribed) he is permitted to escape. It is extraordinary to observe the apparent unconcern which the Burmese exhibit when led to execution; they smoke a cigar on the way, and continue to do so with apparent *sang froid* till the fatal moment.—*Alexander's Travels.*

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

As a gentleman was walking across the Dee when it was frozen, the ice gave way in the middle of the river, and down he sunk, but kept himself from being carried away in the current by grasping his gun, which had fallen athwart the opening. A dog, who attended him, after many fruitless attempts to rescue his master, ran to a neighbouring village, and took hold of the coat of the first person he met. The man was alarmed, and would have disengaged himself; but the dog regarded him with a look so kind and so significant, and endeavoured to pull him along with so gentle a violence, that he began to think there might be something extraordinary in the case, and suffered himself to be conducted by the animal, who brought him to his master, in time to save his life.

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.

Over the altar of one of our country churches is placed the following inscription, which we leave to the ingenuity of our readers to decypher:—

P R S V R Y P R F C T M N V R
K P T H S P R C P T S T N

In the church yard of Dalkieth in Scotland, is the following inscription to the memory of Margaret Scot:—

Stop, passenger, until my life you read,
The living may get knowledge from the dead.
Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life,
Ten times five years I liv'd a virtuous wife,
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste,
Now weary of this mortal life I rest.
Between my cradle and my grave, have been,
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland and a Queen.
Four times five years, the commonwealth I saw,
Four times the subjects rise against the law.
Twice did I see my own prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
An end to Stuart's race I saw:—Nay more!
My native country sold for English ore.
Such desolations in my life have been,
I have an end to all perfections seen.

A FREE MONARCHY.

In the work of James I., intitled *True Law of Free Monarchies*, it is laid down that a free monarchy is one in which the Monarch is perfectly *free to do as he pleases.*

Lord Calloway was an enemy to the Bute administration. At the change of the Ministry he came to London for the first time in the late King's reign. He was dressed in black, in a very uncourtly style. When he appeared at the levee, the eyes of the company were turned on him; and George Selwyn being asked who he was, replied: 'A Scotch undertaker, come to bury the last administration.'

INCOME TAX.

Horne Tooke is said to have given in his return under the property-tax, as having an income of only sixty pounds a year. Being, in consequence, summoned before the commissioners, who found fault with his return, and desired him to explain how he could live in the style he did, with so small an income: he replied "that he had much more reason to be dissatisfied with the smallness of his income than they had; that, as to their enquiry, there were three ways in which people contrived to live above their income, namely, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, and he left it to their sagacity which of these methods he employed.

PATIENCE.

George Mackay, Esq. a retired officer well known in London for his remarkable sort of writing which is like print, but so very neat and fine, that specimens are sometimes kept as curiosities. He does it all with a crow-quill, and embellishes the rims of each page with an elegant border. He undertook for his amusement, in the year 1811, to print or write out in this manner the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha, with the contents of each chapter, embellishing the borders of the whole pages by an elegant frieze. He completed the whole in eighteen months, and it is at present in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Perthshire. The writer has seen it, and he can bring the evidence of several people of quality, to prove the truth of the foregoing statement.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An elegant copper-plate engraving of His Royal Highness, the DUKE OF CLARENCE, is in hand, and will be delivered gratis to the purchasers of the CASKET, as soon as it can be got ready; on which occasion, a double number, price Two-pence, will appear, to afford room for a memoir of His Royal Highness, and other interesting matter.

We cannot insert the lecture on Phrenology. The object of our little miscellany is to afford amusement and instruction and not to wound the feelings of any persons. Any other favors of R. Thos. will be properly estimated.

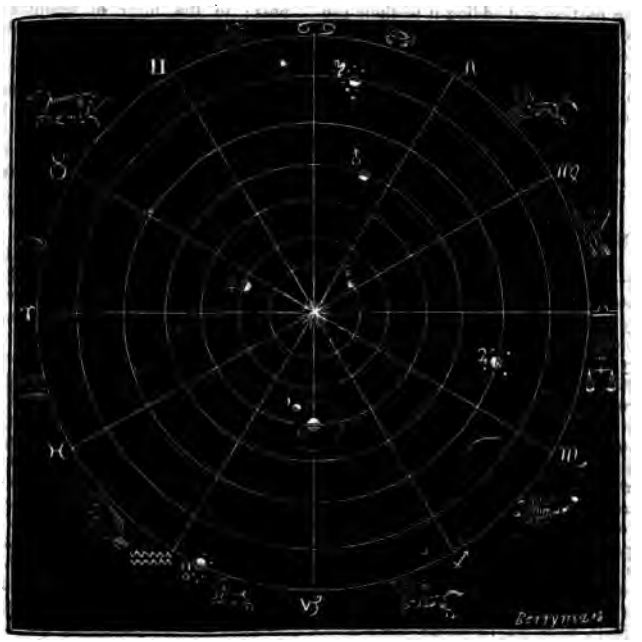
C. Mackay—R. J.—T. C.—M. E. B. and Titus Oates's favors shall have an early insertion.

Many articles are necessarily delayed for want of room.

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The Casket.

No. 21. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1827. Price 1d.



THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

The following article is copied from the *Scholastic Register*, a work which we think cannot be too highly estimated, whether on account of the instruction or amusement it affords to every person fond of literary pursuits, or on account of its usefulness in schools and private families.

'The above cut is a representation of the Solar System and of the planets which compose it, with their true situations in respect to the Sun on the 21st of June, 1827, at twenty minutes past six o'clock in the morning, when the Sun entered Cancer, or rather the Earth entered Capricorn. Mercury, the nearest to he Sun, was in 29° 44' of Leo; Venus 12° 37' in Aries: Mars, 19° 40' in Cancer; Jupiter, 15° 42' in Libra; Saturn, 9° 19' in Cancer; and, Herchel, 25° 55' in Capricorn. These are their heliocentric longitudes, or their longitude as seen from the Sun, and are each counted from the first point of Aries, in signs degrees or minutes. Thus the longitude of Mercury 4 signs, 19 degrees, and so of the rest—every sign is 37. The real proportion of their distances from the Sun cannot be given in this space; we can only give the order, as they are nearer or more remote from him. The geocentric longitude of the planets is the sign and degree they appear to be in as seen from the Earth. Thus the Sun appears to be entering Cancer, because he is exactly in a line between us and the first point of Cancer; and a line drawn through the Earth and Mercury would cut Cancer; therefore Mercury's geocentric longitude is in Cancer while, his helio centric is in Leo. Therefore we say the Sun enters Cancer and make the longest day to the northern, and the shortest day to the southern half of our globe. The Sun at that minute will be exactly perpendicular to that spot of our

Earth which has 23o 27½' north latitude and 90 degrees east longitude; he will not set on this day to any place having more than 67o 33' north latitude. The places of the planets may be found at any time of the year by finding their mean motion and adding it to their present places. Divide 360o by the time which any planet takes to go round the Sun, and it will give the mean time; this added to its place at any known time will give the planet's present place. This is not exactly true, but may be used for common purposes.'

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Richard Clifton was one of those wild yet commanding spirits, that are great in good or evil, according to the more or less favourable circumstances, in which they may happen to be placed. His earlier years had been devoted to the navy, where by his own unassisted merit, he had risen to the rank of a first lieutenant; when a blow, given to his superior officer, thrust him on the world, a pennyless outcast. The same energies, which had before made him the best of seamen, now rendered him the worst of citizens; for power is like the fiend that once called up, must have something to employ it, or it fall on its master. There was a blight on his fame and on his hopes, yet still there was one chance for him: he had long been attached to Lucy Ellis, who on her side most truly loved her sailor in spite of all his faults, real or supposed, and the one list was equal to the other; for calumny, like the raven, is fond of preying on the dying and the dead. Had the father of the maiden consented to their union, it is most probable that the life of Richard would have been honourable to himself, and useful to his country; but old Ellis was one of those heartless selfish beings who love their children only as they minister to their own comfort or gratification: he wished to see his daughter married to a rich man, not because those riches might make her lot more comfortable, but because a rich son-in-law added to his own importance. Such a proposal, therefore, excited his warmest indignation; it was a cutting up of all his prospects, of the hopes that he had been toiling to realise for many years; she would be a beggar, an outcast—the alliance was infamy. In all this, however, there was much more regard shown for himself than for his child; and Lucy felt that there was. This was the corner-stone of the subsequent evils; the harshness of her father made her more open to the false flatteries of her lover; though at the same time she was not altogether ignorant of her own weakness; in the hour of temptation she flung herself on the honour of the man she adored; she owned her inability to resist him, in all the fervor of a real passion, and urged that very passion as a plea for his forbearance. With many this prayer had been effectual, but not with men like Richard Clifton, who have no settled rule of conduct, and are either bad or good only from the impulse of the moment. The consequence was the seduction of Lucy; and in a few months afterwards, her lover joined a band of smugglers, and was either killed, or drowned, or had fled the country, for each of these reports had its particular defenders.

In the mean time the dishonour of Lucy became too gross for longer concealment. On the discovery of her situation, the merchant at once turned her out of doors, as the destroyer of all his dearest expectations; and bade her starve or live, as she could best settle the matter with the world: nor could any after arguments of his friends, in the least affect his resolution; he was deaf to all remonstance, whether of justice, or humanity. But the wrath of heaven, which had first smitten the guilty child, was not slow in punishing the heartless parent, who had arrogated to himself the office of vengeance, and executed it, with more of passion than of equity. In his eagerness to amass a fortune, the merchant overstepped the bounds of prudent speculation. The first great loss stimulated to a second adventure for its retrieval; and that miscarrying, in turn brought with it a further hazard, to fail like those before it; till the proud and wealthy Ellis found himself a destitute bankrupt, pursued and crushed by the vindictive spirit of disappointed creditors, who pleaded his cruelty in excuse for theirs. 'You showed no mercy to your own child, how then can you expect it from me, a stranger?'—was the answer of one to whom he was deeply indebted, and who had formerly been a fruitless intercessor for poor Lucy. Some, too, were actuated by less disinterested motives, and were glad to shelter their hatred of the father, under the show of compassion for the child; but the result was the same to Ellis: he was

a ruined man. His ostentatious charities, which had been so much praised in the days of his success, were now considered in their true light, and had not procured a single friend to pity or assist him in his difficulties.

So complete had been the failure, and so rigid his creditors, that a few weeks found him possessed of a few pounds only, whose word had once been good for thousands. In this dilemma, he quitted his native town, which for the last month he had inhabited out of mere pride, and after a long course of suffering, became the guardian of a light-house, on one of the wildest parts of the English coast. A very short residence in this sad abode, made him a weaker, though not a better man; he grew, not less selfish, but more timid, more impressed with the actual and near presence of a Creator, and he began to feel that there was not only an after, but a present vengeance. Nor is this to be wondered at; loneliness brings the mind more immediately in contact with the works of the Creator, and from them with the Creator himself. No man of any imagination was ever an atheist in solitude, and though in the case of old Ellis, religion was only the religion of fear, yet still it was better than no faith at all; it taught him a little more lenity to the faults of others.

Nearly two years had thus past, when, one September's evening, a poor maniac, in squalid weeds, and with a face gaunt from long misery, came to his door, and begged a morsel of bread for the love of charity. It was his daughter!—The recognition was quick and mutual, but with very opposite feelings. Sorrow, and pain, and remorse, suddenly threw a dark cloud over the old man's face; while the maniac's eye was lit up with an expression of rage and triumph, that was truly fiendlike, as she screamed out, 'Ho, ho, ho! Have I found you at last? Take back your curse, old man: I have borne it long enough, and a sad load, and a weary one it has been to me—but take it back—it has curdled the milk of my bosom to poison, and my poor babe sucked and died. But take it back, and look that it does not sink you into the depths of hell. Many a time it has lain heavy on me, and I felt myself sinking—sinking—sinking, like one that struggled with the waters; but then my sweet babe would come, with his cherub face all bright with glory, just like those skies where the sun is setting, and his little hand was stronger than my strength, for it would draw me back again when I was up to my breast in fire. But you have no child to save you, therefore look that your heart be strong, you had best—no child—no child, old man—; for I deny you—I cast you off—go—leave this earth—it is mine—go—do you hear?—you are the only peace-breaker, and I'll none of you. Go—you'll ask whither! but that's your concern; there's a large world above, and a larger one below, and if they refuse you in the one, it will only be a better recommendation to the other.'

She might still have gone on thus, for Ellis was too much shocked to interrupt her; but the wild mood had exhausted itself; her eye was caught by the sun, resting with his broad red disk on the ocean, and her thoughts returned to the hunger-pains which incessantly gnawed her, though they had been unfelt, or at least unnoticed, during the violence of her passion. On a sudden she exclaimed, 'I wish the sun would set, that we might go to supper.' The old man endeavoured to soothe the maniac, and, taking her by the hand, would have gently forced her into the light-house; but it was all to no purpose; this singular idea had got possession of her, though it is not easy to say from what cause, and she positively refused to move a step till the sun was below the water. 'He has a long way to go yet,' she said; and, taking up a handful of dust, she scattered it slowly in the air, towards the evening, at the same time muttering, or rather chaunting, 'Speed! Speed! Speed!' till by degrees her memory pieced out the words of a familiar song, which she poured forth in that wild manner so peculiar to insanity:

Speed, sun, speed through the ocean wave,
Where the mermaid sings in her coral cave,
Where on sands of gold the pearl is white,
And each glance of thine eye wakes something bright;
Where thy fairest beams upon diamonds play,
That shine with a fairer light than they.
Speed, sun, speed, for from out the wave
A voice invites to the mermaid's cave;
Where the waters are rolling o'er her head,
Like the rainbow's arch o'er the evening spread;
And each drop, which falls from that brilliant bow,
Turns to a gem of the same below.

The sun had sunk below the horizon,

as the last words died on the maniac's lips; and Ellis having lit the beacon, they sate down to their humble supper. Both for a time were silent,—the daughter from the caprice of insanity—the father because he was stunned and stupified by her appearance, coupled as it was with past recollections. Remorse was busy with him, though it was remorse without repentance; and if he wished the past undone, it was more with reference to his own pain, than the sufferings of his daughter. Lucy, however, was in a state that made all these things a matter of indifference to her, and as the evening darkened, her madness took a wilder turn.

'Do you hear, old man!—Ho! Ho! The spirit of the wind is abroad. Do you hear what a coil he keeps up yonder, howling into the ear of old Ocean, and calling on him to wake;—Do you see the billows too, how lazily they lift up their heads, as if loath to leave their slumber;—How they toss and tumble, and rear and groan;—but it's all to no purpose: you'll sing a wilder tune yet, my merry boys, and I'll sing with you: and the curlew shall whistle, and the rain shall patter, and the thunder shall roar, and we'll have a brave music to your dancing, such as the foot of a king never danced to.'

The face of the old man darkened at this raving; it was making his misery more miserable, and if remorse had brought any transient feeling of pity into his heart, it was quite extinguished when he found that his daughter's presence would be a constant vexation to him. He looked at her with a countenance of wrath; but something seemed to stifle the expression of his anger for the moment, and he resumed his meal in sullen silence. The change did not escape Lucy; she fixed her elbows on the table, and, resting her head on her hands, gazed on him for several minutes without moving a musele, to the sore annoyance of the old man, whose blood was already in a ferment; he swallowed the thin sour beer at long draughts, clutched the handle of his knife more firmly, and tried to force his attention from her—but all to no purpose. Her protracted gaze became at last intolerable, and he exclaimed, half rising from his seat, 'What in the devil's name do you stare at me for? Can you find nothing else to fix your eyes on but my face?'

'I was counting how long you had to live,' said the maniac calmly; 'you have only a few hours, and then I shall be lady of this castle, and Richard will come home to me, and bring our little Lucy with him, and we shall be so happy!—Oh, so happy!'

This was too much for the patience of Ellis; he started up from his seat, and dashed away his plate, with a curse on the poor maniac, and the mother who had borne her.

'Woman! Witch! Devil; You were made to be my torture; but I'll not bear it many hours longer. Either you or me, and I don't much care which.'

He raised his hand to strike, perhaps to kill her; when a deep flash of lightning blazed between them, and the old tower rocked in the wind, as if it were going to tumble about their ears. So tremendous, indeed, was this burst of the storm, that a large mass of overhanging cliff, that the water had been for years undermining, was hurled down with a horrible crash, and the spray of its fall came beating against the windows of the light-house.

'Did you see him?' shouted Lucy.

'See whom?' said Ellis, pale and motionless from terror, though without any distinct cause of that terror.

'Did you hear him?' echoed the maniac.

'Hear whom?' replied the father.

'So, you neither saw, nor heard, him?'

'Whom? whom?' exclaimed Ellis, almost frantic with the impatience of fear.

'The Devil! the arch-fiend! the fisherman of souls! He has you, father; he has marked you with his mark, and signed you with his sign. His broad lightning wings covered you as he spoke over you the baptism of hell:

One drop of thy blood where the stream is red!
One lock of the hair from thy purchas'd head!
One touch of baptizing flame to plough
The mark of your Christ from out your brow!
Ho! Ho! how the cold and wat'ry sign
Hisses and dries 'neath this touch of mine!
While I'm lord of the flame, be the waters thine.'

The hair on Ellis's head was actually singed by the lightning; his brow, too, was slightly scathed; and, whether it was the electric shock, or the force of imagination, a single drop of blood did, indeed, fall slowly from his dilated nostrils. It is impossible to calculate the power of fancy on such occasions: it is neither to be estimated nor controlled by reason.

To be concluded in our next.

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

THE HACKNEY-COACHMAN.

No. VII.

'Coach, Sir,'

Mounted on his 'box,' and describing with his whip sundry curves in the air, all of which terminate on the sides and backs of his jaded cattle, the hackney-coachman conducts his vehicle through the crowded streets of the metropolis: he is muffled up in a large blue coat, the capes of which, to the number of ten or twelve, hang on his shoulders in water-proof array, and seem to tempt the soaking powers of the heaviest rain; his hat weather beaten and battered out of every regular form, has a band of straw twisted around its ample brim and his ancles are fortified in a similar manner; thus accoutred he dreads not the most unceasing shower, but on the contrary wishes for its coming, and hails its approach as his chief means of emolument;—umbrellas in crowded conflict cover the well washed foot-paths, the kennels extend over one half the road, and pedestrians with wet feet and dripping garments seek the friendly shelter of some neighbouring gateway; but impervious to the rainy torrent and careless of its pelting rage, the hackney-coachman finds profit in its continuance, and views the first symptons of brighter atmosphere with discontent and sorrow: rattling along the streets, he soon arrives at the conclusion of his 'fare,' and has not to go far before he 'takes up' another; waiters from the doors of coffee-houses hail him with the cry of 'coach! and the shopmen of linen-drapers elevate their fingers to draw his attention; but their exertions are unsuccessful, and their hopes are disappointed: a sullen shake of the head signifies that he is 'engaged,' and beaux and belles must wait till the weather clears up, or their good fortunes provide them with a conveyance home. If he has been 'hired' by any one, whom he thinks he can impose upon with impunity, he invariably requires double his legal payment, avowing at the same time that he is 'by rights' entitled to 'a shilling more:' if his demand is disputed, he affects to talk cavalierly, only requesting 'the gentleman's name,' and muttering something about 'the Mansion House;' if, however, 'the gentleman is not to be overcome by bullying, or begins to copy the number of the coach into his pocket-book, he takes with an ill grace the proffered remuneration, wonders how 'people' can expect 'to ride' for nothing: and grumbling a storm of abuse, reaches his seat with the despatch of an harlequin, and hastes away grieved at his ill-success, lamenting the loss of the 'pot o' beer' which he had hoped his extortion would have afforded him.

In fine weather the hackney-coachman sleeps away his time on 'the stand' or gossips with 'the waterman' as he feeds his horses. He is now very civil and obliging and attentively looks around to see if he is wanted, or contends with his rival for his regular 'turn;' frequently does he remain there for hours together, without his services being once required: but evening come, and he departs for the theatres or 'Wombwell' where he hopes to be indemnified for the day he has lost, by taking home a party exceeding four in number to some considerable distance. If he goes far 'off the stones,' his 'back fare' pays him well, and he has no need of making a more exorbitant demand; he will, in this case, probably behave very civilly, and request 'a drop o' something to drink' as a favour; if this is granted he contentedly returns to 'the yard,' and after disposing of his horses seeks an hour's repose; and early in the morning resumes his usual station, and passes months together in the same unvaried round.

The hackney-coachman's manners are rough, and his behaviour frequently corresponds with them but too well: he uses his whip with a seeming carelessness of inflicting pain, and yet, in many instances, he is fond of the poor jades he drives, and may be seen patting and fondling them as he ties on their nose-bags. His principal failings are a want of due respect to those who make use of his carriage, and a constant desire to receive more from them than in adjudged his right by law; if he was divested of these, he would be by no means undeserving of commendation; and would soon find himself a gainer from the generosity of those by whom he is employed; but which, on account of his rapacious disposition, is now so seldom extended towards him.

R. J.

THE STATUES AT ST. DUNSTAN'S

SIR—Perceiving in your last week's Casket a description of the Statues at St. Dunstan's church, I beg leave to add an additional account to them, together with a brief account of the church. The church of St. Dunstan, commonly called St. Dunstan in the west, to distinguish it from the other church dedicated to the same saint in Tower ward, called in like manner St. Dunstan in the east, is situated between the ends of Fetter-lane and Chancery-lane, in Fleet-street; where it projects out into the street, and contracts the passage in a most inconvenient manner. It appears to have been built four or five hundred years ago, since there are accounts of funerals and donations to it from the year 1421, with earlier anecdotes of little consequence: and it is easy to see that it has been repaired and altered at different times, till the original style, whatever it was, is lost. It narrowly escaped the fire of London in 1666, the flames stopping within three houses of it. It was repaired in 1701, and a handsome square roof built instead of the old one, which was arched, the windows, &c. added. The ceiling of the interior is adorned with a spacious quadrangle of deep mouldings, crocket-work, an elipsis, roses, &c. of fret-work: there are galleries on the north, west, and south sides, with a fine organ; and the church is well pewed with oak. The altar-piece consists of two columns of the Ionic order with painted cherubim, over which is a cornice, and in the middle a globe between two bibles, denoting the wonderful spreading of the pure gospel. In the east window is a figure of St. Matthias, in stained glass. This edifice is but an incumbrance to the way, and without having any thing but deformity itself, spoils the beauty of the whole street; hiding the prospect of Temple-bar, which would otherwise terminate the view very advantageously, and be seen almost as far again as it is at present. The dial of the clock projects over the street at the west-end with a double face, at the extremity of a beam.

On the outside of this church, within a niche and a pediment at the south-west-end, over the clock, the two figures of savages, or wild men, carved in wood, and painted in their natural colors, as large as life, standing erect, each having a knotty club in his hand; with this they alternately strike the quarters on two bells hung between them, not only their arms, but even their heads moving at every blow; they are so placed as to be perfectly visible to the passengers on the south side of the street, and are almost every hour in the day a source of considerable amusement to passengers.

In October, 1766, the elegant statue of queen Elizabeth, which stood over the great arch, on the west side of Ludgate, was put up in a niche at the east end of this church, and elegantly painted, with the following inscription under it:—'This statue of Queen Elizabeth formerly stood on the west side of Ludgate: that gate being taken down in 1760, to open the streets, it was given by the City to Sir Francis Gosling, Knight and Alderman of this Ward, who caused it to be placed here.'

The vestry-room of this church is also ornamented with a fine portrait of that queen upon painted glass. There are a number of monuments in this edifice well worthy of attention. This church is a very ancient foundation, in the gift of the abbot and convent of Westminster, who, in 1237, gave it to king Henry III. towards the maintenance of the house called the Rolls, for the reception of converted Jews. It was afterrwards transferred to the abbot and convent of Alnwick, in Northumberland, in which patronage it continued till that religious house was suppressed by King Henry VIII. Edward VI. granted the advowson of this church, under the name of a vicarage, to Lord Dudley, with whom it did not long continue, but after successive changes still continues in private hands.

Hoxton. T. WARD.

Original Poetry.

TWO OR THREE PLEASING TRUTHS.

There's calm to soothe the storm;
Spring's sun to melt the snow,
And joys of tint most warm,
To bid life's pleasure flow.
Freedom to bless the slave,
Kind hearts to win the cold;
And faithfulness steady and brave
To make confidence gleam more bold
Pleasure to soften pain,
Bright hope in each low'ring hour,
Gay joy to end dismay's reign,
And bliss to annul doubting's pow'r.
Such are our blessings here,
Thus all our comforts flow;
Then let us strive t'enjoy them, ere
We sink to the shades below.

R. J

I'LL THINK ON THEE.

I'll think on thee, I'll think on thee
Whene'er I wander silently,
Where'er the moon-beam's silv'ry ray
Illumes the pilgrim's weary way.
Or when the lark with early song
Scuds the milky way along,
Rising with a rapid flight
Towards th' eternal realms of light;
Or when the sun at peep of dawn
Scatters the dew drop from the thorn,
And glitters on the sparkling sea,
Oh then, dear maid, I'll think on thee.

I'll think on thee, I'll think on thee,
Mid the gay scenes of revelry;
Whene'er the goblet circles high,
I'll think on thee, love, with a sigh;
For I must e'er regret my lot,
If I am cast where thou art not.
There is no bliss in life's midway
For me, if thou art torn away.
But oh, the time will come, my love,
When we in joy's bright paths may rove,
And if thou wilt but think on me,
I'll ever, ever think on thee.

SUMNERS.

Varieties.

THE AMERICAN LION.

The Abate Molina, in his 'History of Chili,' gives the following particulars respecting the American lion, which we extract from the English translation.

The *pagi* (felis puma) called by the Mexicans mitzli, and in Peru *puma*, the name by which it is best known to naturalists, has by the Spaniards been denominated the Lion, which it resembles in its shape and its roaring, but is wholly destitute of a mane. The hair on the upper part of its body is a greyish ash-colour, marked with yellow spots, and is longer than that of the tiger, particularly on the buttocks; but that on the belly is of a dusky white. Its length from the nose to the root of the tail is about 5 feet, and its height from the bottom of the foot to the shoulder is twenty-six inches and a half. It has a round head shaped much like that of a cat: the ears are short and pointed; the eyes large, with yellow irides and brown pupils. Its nose is broad and flat, the muzzle short, the upper lip entire, and furnished with whiskers, the mouth deep, and the tongue large and rough. In each jaw it has four incisors, four sharp-pointed canine teeth, and sixteen grinders. Its breast is broad; the paws have each five toes, armed with very strong nails, and its tail is upwards of two feet in length, and like that of the tiger.

The number of toes on the hinder feet would alone be a sufficient characteristic to distinguish it from the real lion, which has but four. The pagi may, however, be considered as an intermediate species, between the lion and the tiger. Its cry, though not so loud, differs not materially from the roaring of the African lion, but in the season of its loves becomes changed into a shrill whistle, or rather a frightful hiss, like that of a serpent. The female is rather less than the male, and is of a paler colour. Like the African lioness she has two dugs, and brings forth but two young at a time.

Such is the lion of Chili; it may, perhaps, in other parts of America, offer some shades of discrimination, as I have been informed that those of Peru have a longer and more pointed muzzle The pagi inhabits the thickest forests and the most inaccessible mountains, from whence it makes incursions into the plains to attack domestic animals, particularly the horse, whose flesh it prefers to that of any other. In its mode of seizing its prey it resembles a cat; it approaches it by drawing it upon its belly, glides softly through the shrubs and brooks, conceals itself in the ditches, or, if it shows itself, assumes a mild and fawning appearance; and, watching the favourable opportunity of seizing the animal whom it has marked for its victim, at one leap fastens itself upon its back, seizes it with his left paw and teeth in such a manner, as to render it impossible for it to escape, while, with the right paw, in a few minutes it tears it to pieces. It then sucks the blood, devours the flesh of the beast, and carries the carcase into the nearest wood, where it conceals it with leaves and boughs of trees, in order to eat it up at its leisure.

As it is a common practice for the husbandmen to fasten two of their horses together in the fields, whenever the pagi finds them in this situation, it kills one and drags it away, compelling the other to follow by striking it from time to time with his paw, and in this manner most always succeeds in getting possession of both. Its favourite haunts are the streams to which animals usually repair to drink, where it conceals itself upon a tree, and scarcely

ever fails of seizing one of them. The horses, however, have an instinctive dread of these places, and even when pressed by thirst, approach them with great precaution, carefully examining upon every side to discover if there is danger. At other times, one of the boldest goes forward, and, on finding the place secure, gives notice to his companions by neighing in a sprightly manner.

The cows defend themselves well against the pagi; as soon as he appears, they range themselves in a circle round their calves, with their horns turned towards their assailant, await his attack in that position, and not unfrequently destroy him. The mares, when there are a number of them, place themselves in the same manner, though in an inverted order, around their colts, and attempt to repel their enemy with their heels, but one of them almost always becomes a victim to this maternal love. All those animals that have not young, on the approach of the pagi attempt to save themselves by flight; the ass alone, from his want of speed, is compelled to defend himself with his heels, which frequently proves successful; but should the pagi, notwithstanding his efforts, leap upon his back, he immediately throws himself upon the ground, and endeavours to crush him, or runs with all its force against the trunks of trees, holding his head down so as not to dislocate his neck. By these means he generally succeeds in freeing himself from his assailant; and there are but few asses destroyed by an enemy so frequently fatal to much stronger animals.

Notwithstanding his ferocity, the pagi never ventures to attack a man, although he is continually hunted and persecuted by the latter. He is naturally a coward, and a woman or child will make him fly and abandon his prey. He is hunted with dogs trained for the purpose, and, when hard pressed by them, either leaps upon a tree, seeks an asylum upon a rock, or placing himself against the trunk of some large tree, defends himself in a furious manner, killing many of his enemies, until the hunter, watching his opportunity, slips a noose around his neck. As soon as the animal finds himself taken in this manner, he roars terribly, and sheds a torrent of tears. The skin serves for various uses; good leather for boots and shoes is manufactured from it; and the fat is considered a specific in sciatica.—*Lady's Mag.*

The following curious fact happened a few years since in the city of Bristol. A gentleman who had continually employed his time in search of the philosopher's stone, having one day left his laboratory open, his servant took the opportunity in his absence to attempt discovering the object of his studies. Amongst other things, her attention was engaged by a furnace full of fire, and in which were several substances thrown in under a certain aspect and disposition of the planets. Curiosity induced her to stir and try to bring out the materials with a very large and handsome silver spoon that was used at table, which, to her surprise, melted, and fell to the bottom of the surface. Terrified at the circumstance, she flew out of the room. Her master soon afterwards returned home; and, on extinguishing his chemical fire, was astonished and delighted to perceive a mass of silver in his furnace, and imagined he had proved successful in the object of his researches, and might soon make his fortune by his converting the baser into the purer and more valuable metals; and on the strength of this idea, invited a large company the next day to dinner, for the purpose of acquainting them of his good fortune.

He did not sleep all night, as may easily be imagined, for joy, and the next day had his table furnished in the most sumptuous manner. His friends came, were informed of his success, and even those who were incredulous congratulated him on the occasion. But while he was indulging himself during dinner-time in the effusions of triumph, he missed his silver table spoon. His servant was asked where it was, and she answered with equivocation and trembling. Upon insisting, however, to know, she confessed that curiosity had induced her to attempt extracting several of the substances contained in the furnace with it, and that it had melted out of her hand. Her master turned pale and fainted; the harmony of the day was of course destroyed, and thus ended the discovery of the Philosopher's Stone.

Our next number (a double one price Two-pence) will contain an elegant engraved portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

Printed and Published by COWIE and STRANGE, 64, Paternoster Row and 24, Fetter Lane.

The Casket.

No. 22.] (With Supplement) SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1827. [Price 2d.

PORTRAIT of his ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of CLARENCE.

It is with feelings of pleasure we present our readers with the annexed spirited and faithful likeness of the Duke of Clarence. The known attachment of the Royal Duke to 'True Blue,' and the tars of Old England, is a guarantee that the affairs of the Admiralty will be conducted in a superior manner to what they have been lately. In fact, the urbanity and gentlemanly conduct of His Royal Highness has already won the hearts of all orders, even from the admiral to the cabin-boy.* Peculation and fraud will find in him a determined foe, while to the deserving officer and seaman we doubt not due encouragement will be given.

William Henry, third son of George the Third, was born on the 21st of August, 1795, and consequently he is now in the 62d year of his age. In the year 1789, he was created Duke of Clarence and St. Andrew's, and Earl of Munster. While the Duke of York was destined for the military profession, his brother was educated for the naval service, and sent to sea at an early age, under the care and instruction of admiral Digby. He sailed with Admiral Rodney, and witnessed the capture of the Caraccas fleet, so that he may be said to have 'seen some service.' Having acted for some time in the capacity of midshipman, he became successively a lieutenant and a captain. He had the command of a frigate in an expedition to the West Indies; but neither then nor since that time has he had the opportunity of acquiring the fame of a great naval commander, although no one, we believe, pretends to dispute his courage or his skill. On the death of earl Howe, he obtained the title and the emoluments of 'admiral of the fleet;' and on the late change of ministry in consequence of the illness and incapacitation of the Earl of Liverpool, he was declared lord high admiral of the united kingdom.

In the year 1818, the Duke, being weary of a state of celibacy, became desirous of matrimonial happiness, and gave his hand to Adelaide, sister of the reigning duke of Saxe-Meinungen.—With this princess he lives in comfort and harmony, and enjoys the mild pleasures of domestic life.

In 1827, on the alteration in the cabinet, his royal highness was appointed to the office of Lord High Admiral, and we hope he will long remain the guardian of the protector of our isles 'the WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.'

*The following instance of the humanity and generosity of his royal highness in early life, is recited in a letter from Mr. Richard Vallant (midshipman of his Majesty's ship Torbay) to his friends in Birmingham, dated Port Royal Harbour, April 24, 1783. 'The last time Lord Hood's fleet was here, a court-martial was held on Mr. Benjamin Lee, midshipman, for disrespect to a superior officer, at which Lord Hood sat as President. The determination of the court was fatal to Mr. Lee, and condemned him to death.—Deeply affected as the whole body of midshipmen were at the dreadful sentence, they knew not how to obtain a mitigation of it, since their brother Lee was ordered for execution; they had not time to make their appeal to the admiralty, and despaired of meeting with any success in a petition to admiral Rowley: however, his royal highness generously stept forth, drew up a petition, to which he was the first that set his name, and solicited the rest of the midshipmen in port to do the same; he then carried it to Admiral Rowley, commander-in-chief, and in the most pressing and urgent manner, begged the life of our unfortunate brother, in which he succeeded, for Mr. Lee is reprieved.'

A DUTCH SERMON.

(From a New York Paper.)

The following admirable production, delivered before a company of volunteer soldiers, during our revolutionary struggle, upon the eve of their going 'forth to glorious war,' was calculated to inspire them with more than Herculean strength and courage:—

'Mind frinds, ven you first comed here, you was boor, and now, frients, you is prout; and yous gotten on your unicorns, ant dem vits you like a dongs upon a hog's pack; now, mine frients, let me dell you dis, a man is a man if he's bigger as my dumb. Ven Tavid vent out to fight vid Goliah, he dook noting vid him but one sling; now don't mistake me, my frients, it was not a rum sling, no, nor a gin sling; no, nor a mint-vater sling: no, it was a sling mate vit an hickery sthick. Now ven Goliah sees Tavid, he says, 'you little dampt scoundrel, does you come to vight me? I will give you to the pirds of the field, and de peasts of the air.' Tavid says, 'Goliah, Goliah, the race ish not always with the swift, nor ish the battle wit the strong, and man is a man if he's no pigger as my dumb.' So Tavid he fixes a sthone in a sthling, and he drows it at Goliah, ant knocks him rite in de vorehead, and den Tavid takes Goliah's swort, and cuts off his heat—and den all the preity caals comes out and strewed flowers in his way, and sung, 'Saul is a creat man, for he has kilt his dousands, put Tavid is creater as hur, for he has kilt Goliah.' Now, mine frients, ven you coes out to vight wit the dampt British, remember vat I dell you, dat a man is a man, if he's no pigger as my dumb.'

THE LIGHT HOUSE.

(Concluded from our last.)

The old man was almost frantic with terror, and dashed out of the light-house, as if impelled by some external agency; while the maniac quietly installed herself in a large oak chair before the window, with all the pride of a queen just restored to her lawful throne, by the expulsion of its usurper.

'So, so; the old boy is gone, and I am his heir—his lawful heir. This house is mine, and all that is in it; I am the lord of the castle now;—but what do you here?'—It was a large Newfoundland dog, that had caught her eye,—'What do you here, I say?—Your name and calling?—quick—Why how now! Can't you speak?—and with that large tongue too licking your paws?—Sirrah, Sirrah, I shall find means to make you answer.'

The dog for a moment looked her in the face and wagged his tail, in token of recognition; but he did not choose to leave his warm place before the fire, and quietly resumed his occupation of licking his paws. Highly incensed at this imagined obstinacy, the maniac would have vented on him her wrath, had not her attention been suddenly drawn away by the appearance of a small brig, that was visible in the flashes of lightning, as it tossed and pitched and struggled with the waters, like a drowning man.

'He comes! he comes! My own dear Richard!—Missed many a day and come at last!'—The poor thing knew not how truly she was speaking.—'Blow, blow,

My gentle wind, blow him to me, my bridegroom, my husband! Oh how slow the bark moves towards the shore. 'Tis my cruel father holds it back.'

But in truth, the vessel was driving too fast on the land, in spite of all the efforts of the seamen to keep her off, for they had yet a low reef of rocks to weather, which stretched out from the shore, something less than a quarter of a mile, and on which the surf was beating most tremendously. Till these were past, the usual dangers of a lee-shore were doubled on them. At this critical time, the wind veered a point in their favor; the beacon, too, from the light-house, marked to the experienced seamen the extent of their danger, as was evident by their efforts to keep out to sea, and their safety became almost certain. But this delay became sorely vexatious to the impatient spirit of poor Lucy. 'Slow, slow,' she exclaimed; 'but 'tis your fault, father; you were always cruel to your child; first you took my Richard from me, then my child, then my reason, and I have been looking for it over many a weary mile of land, and have not found it. Some told me it was buried with my babe. It may be so, for I never could find her grave. But I'll be revenged; I'll quench the fire on your hearth, and the light on your tower.'

She hastened to execute this frantic threat by cutting the rope that governed the windlass; in an instant the lamp flew down and dashed to shivers, leaving the whole coast in utter darkness, and the little brig in imminent peril of shipwreck. Still she kept watch at the window, her eyes fixed on the black waste of waters; At last her eye caught a glimpse of the vessel, nailed as it were to a rock, but the ship past away even before the lightning that had shown it — still she watched.

Nearly half an hour had thus elapsed when she was roused from this dreamy state by the sound of voices in the room below; a large crevice in the broken floor allowed her to see old Ellis in high altercation with three wild-looking strangers in the dress of seamen; two she could easily distinguish, but the third, who stood opposite to her father, and who was by far the most violent, was so placed that she could only see his back! he was evidently the leader of the party by his vehemence in the dispute about the beacon; to the absence of which, and not without cause, he attributed the loss of his vessel and her cargo.

'So, you old scoundrel, after having brought my vessel home in spite of winds and waters, I am to founder in sight of land, because you are too lazy a lubber to do your duty. Why were you not aloft in the light-house looking after your beacon?'

'Richard Clifton!' said the old man, who had by this time recognised his voice.

'And who told you I was Richard Clifton, you villainous old wrecker? — What! — Eh! — Yes, it is old Ellis! — Huzza, my boys, we have him at last; there is but another beside himself, and that's the Devil. I tell you what, my old one; you had better have sate on a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted fuse at your tail, than have crossed my path.'

'Why, what will you do?'

'Do! — It was you who set on my creditors to hound me like a

pirate—it was you that denied me Lucy—you that drove me to be a villain; and now that the wind had set fair, and my uncle, the planter, had left me his money, and I was coming home with a wet sail, it is you, you old wrecker, that dowsed the beacon and—'

'I did no such thing,' interrupted Ellis.

'You lie!—you did; you wanted to have the picking of our wreck, but if you get more out of it than timber enough for your coffin—'

And with this he snatched up an axe, and split the old man's skull, without allowing him a pause for answer: the blow was so effectual that the victim instantly rolled at his feet a lifeless corpse; but the passion of vengeance was over with its gratification; Clifton, though a daring, and, in some sense of the word, a hard-hearted man, was not totally devoid of feeling, and he would have given his chance of life for years for the power of recalling the last five minutes: he gazed on the work of his own hands with a sensation of horror, that had hitherto been a stranger to him, when a loud scream from the room above, by diverting his attention, gave relief to the poignancy of his feeling. The shriek was repeated;—every hand was instinctively placed on its cutlass. A third time, and the fall of a heavy body was heard over their heads. To catch up the candle, and rush to the side of the unfortunate maniac, was but the work of an instant, and a very little more time was requisite to shew him his own Lucy in the wretched being, that, on her recovery to life, lay shivering and moaning in utter and hopeless madness. All his efforts to make himself known to her were without avail: she saw in him only the murderer of her father, and, as her mode changed, she either heard him with curses, or mocked him with idiot malignity, that was even more dreadful than her execrations.

'I see it now,' exclaimed Clifton in the agony of his heart, 'I seduced your innocence—drove you to madness—and now that madness is made the instrument of vengeance. It drowns my fortune—makes me a murderer—gives me to the gallows!—Messmates, this is no place for me—I must be off before any one finds the rotten old corse below! but whither! No matter whither; I must be off, or I shall be taken, and I'll not die on a gallows, if it were only for the sake of her who bore me.'

But it was too late; a party of king's seamen, who were on the preventive service against the smugglers, had observed the sudden disappearance of the beacon; and, supposing it was some fault of the keeper, had come to warn him of his imagined negligence. On entering the light-house, the first thing they saw was the body of the murdered Ellis, as he lay on the floor, bathed in blood, and his head cleft asunder; this naturally led to seizure of Clifton and his party, and the latter, in their anxiety to avoid all share in the probable punishment, did not hesitate to bear witness against their captain. Such evidence was of course fatal; a very few days sufficed to the whole business, for the affair had happened a short time only before the assizes, so that the trial followed close on the heels of the murder. Richard Clifton was condemned and ex-

or execution on the rock
he light-house.
s the night previous to the
execution, one of those
tumpal nights when the
ps noiseless from the tree,
were a shadow. A thin
ite fog mantled the earth,
which the moon seemed
like a spirit, so little had
ed her brightness; and,
isoner lay in his dungeon,
d see the carpenters at
his scaffold. He even
he coarse jokes of the
n, their taunts against
ier, and their calculations
robable pain of hanging,
ow and then with a word
congratulation that they
t, as they expressed it,
hoes of the prisoner. Not
e escaped him.
w more screws in the up-
said the master carpenter,
work may chance to give
ore the time.'
: does I'll give you leave
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'But suppose we try it
Sim here; if it bears his
, it will bear any thing.'
had better try it on your-
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Your neck was made for
n neckcloth.'
h all my heart,' said the
eaker, and, dexterously
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ng up so as to catch a
f it as high as possible,
ng himself from the scaf-
th his neck hung on the
le, and his feet flourishing
imitation of one execu-

eart of Richard was sick
him at this brutal jest;
en the first pain of the
as over, it left behind a
fect: the over-wrought
mind sunk into a slumber, and fortunately for him, the indolence, or the drowsiness of the gaoler, let him remain undisturbed by the usual hourly visitations. His dreams too were happier than his waking reality. If a state of sleep can be deemed life, this was with him the happiest moment of life; he hung on her lips, like a young bee on the rose; and the very air, in which he breathed, seemed a perfume; it was a full and perfect consciousness of bliss that belongs only to the imagination, and can therefore be tasted by none but the sleeper or the maniac: a glimpse of reason would destroy it; like the figures of the phantasmagoria, it is visible only in the darkness.

Such a position of mind and body, however, could not, and did not, last long, and every minute his slumber lost something of its soundness. He began to be half conscious that he was only in a dream; and in this middle state, between sleeping and waking, struggled hard to keep it, by giving himself up, as much as possible, to the illusion. He had even partially succeeded, when a rude voice, in breaking up this slumber, awoke him to a full sense of his misery. It was the gaoler with the blacksmith, who came to knock off his fetters, previous to his appearance on the scaffold. The transition was anguish unutterable. He was led out from his prison in a state of mental agony far more severe than the worst inflictions of the hangman. He had seen many suffer the same form of death, but now that he was called on to endure it in his own person, it seemed as a thing beyond all possible calculation—as an event that had never happened till then. He gazed on the

crowd that were collected to witness his death, as he had often witnessed the death of others, and could hardly believe that he himself was the victim of the present hour; or if his eye by accident glanced on a face of more than usual hardness, he turned away instinctively in horror.

He was now within a few yards of the scaffold, that stood on the cliff before the light-house, when a young woman made her way to him in spite of all opposition, and flung herself, sobbing, on his neck: it was Lucy. The sheriff's officers would fain have forced her from him, but, at the earnest prayer of Richard, the clergyman interposed, notwithstanding the irregularity of the proceeding, and obtained for her a momentary respite, which she was not slow to employ. 'Why is this?' she exclaimed; 'I will not have it so. The old man was my father, and if I forgive the deed, you surely may. What was he to any of you? By God's light, you make much more ado about the dead man than you ever did about the living one.'

'We can stay no longer,' said the sheriff, who little expected such an address.

'You can't?' exclaimed Lucy; 'and who are you?' Then addressing herself to the clergyman, she added in a tone of peculiar bitterness, 'Turn over your book, my bonny man, and let them know that they shall do no murder; and what do they call hanging a man on yonder cross sticks till he's black in the face? Isn't that murder, think ye?'

For the first time since his boyhood, a tea rstood in Richard's eye, but he did not utter a syllable. Lucy stretched out her hand towards him, like a father questioning his child.

'Answer me Richard; do you believe there is another world?'

'Most fervently!' ejaculated the prisoner; and it was evident that the reply was an involuntary one.

'Then give us both your blessing, reverend sir,' exclaimed Lucy, casting herself on her knees before the clergyman.

The pale cheek of the venerable old man was suffused with a slight glow, and his hand trembled as he laid it on the supplicant's head, saying, in a voice scarcely intelligible from emotion, 'May God of his infinite mercy forgive the young man the wrong he has done to thee and thine, and take ye both unto himself in a world where there is neither sin nor suffering!'

'Amen!' responded Lucy; and the Amen was solemnly echoed back by the whole assemblage.

She now rose from her knees, kissed her lover tenderly between the eyes, and, exclaiming 'farewell!' dashed him suddenly from the cliff. So unexpected was the action, that no hand was quick enough to stay it; and before the waters had well closed over his body, she flung herself headlong after him. One cry of the falling victim—one plash of the waves below—and all was over!

The Museum.

MODESTY OF IMPUDENCE.

Two fellows of no common assurance were disputing with each other as to their relative shares, the one denying that he had half the impudence of the other: 'Phé, phé,' interrupted his colleague, 'you have, but your modesty will not allow you to confess it.'

Sketches of Character.

For the Casket.

'Contented with little.'

No. VIII.—THE WASHERWOMAN.

No sooner does the first dawn of morning streak the east, and the slow murmur of the casual footsteps announce the approach of the day's bustle, than the washerwoman may be seen coming from her lodging in some narrow alley, and moving onward with hurried steps towards one of her 'places,' where she is engaged to exhibit for the day her prowess at the washing tub; a woollen shawl, which has withstood the attacks of many a soaking shower, and warmed her shoulders in many a wintry storm, hangs from her neck like a scarf upon a cloak-pin, and with threadbare surface shivers in the early breeze, and tells a long tale of the hardships that befal her; a dirty straw bonnet of disfigured form, trimmed with a ribbon whose beauty, like its owner, time has most woefully faded, constitutes her head dress, and shades her features from the mizzling rain; an old stuff gown, strengthened by many a well-joined patch, flutters in the wind, and shines with the unwelcome varnish which the clouds bestow; a pair of pattens, or more frequently two odd ones, are fastened on her feet with string, and, as they clatter on the yet unfrequented pavement, distribute the mud with unsparing profusion on the lower part of her dress, so that she arrives at her destination in no very cleanly plight: with joyful recognition she grasps the well-known bell-pull, and by a hearty tug rouses Molly from her slumber; she waits a few minutes in silent expectation, and then repeats it with redoubled violence. At length the unfastening of bolts, and the rattling of the door chain, announce to her the joyful tidings of a speedy admittance; she meets Molly's 'good morning' with rather a cold return, for she has been so long 'kept at the door,' that she is rather in ill-humour, and it is not till she has disencumbered herself of her bonnet and shawl, and disposed of her pattens behind the kitchen door, that she begins asking her usual questions, of whether there are 'many things in the wash this time,' whether 'the copper' is 'filled,' or whether the soap is 'put out' in readiness.'

But soon by recollection that it is 'getting late,' she is roused from this her extreme of luxury, and takes her station at the oft used bench; she always prefers one particular 'tub,' and till it has become old and useless, and on that account exempted from further service, she invariably draws it towards her, and after filling it with water, and exclaiming 'How it runs!' proceeds to put into it a *quantum sufficit* of the dirty linen, which piled around her in numerous baskets, seems to call for the bleaching power of her soddened knuckles; after considerable rubbing, and some grumbling about 'how dirty they make the things!' she transfers them to the tub of Molly for the purpose of being 'seconded,' and proceeds in the same way with another lot; bye and bye she looks out 'the things' for 'the boil,' and 'firsts' them with extraordinary speed. And now the steam disperses itself over the whole kitchen, and envelopes her in a cloud, which equals in ob-

a Duke in these parts; and so he said to me one day, said he, Joe, says he, (for we were wherry familiar, and had larnt one another's lingo,) Joe, says he, you shall marry the Princess Pokikokihooki, my darter.—So says I, wherry well your Majesty, I'm agreeable, if so be the young hooman is agreeable. So upon that he called what they call a palarver, that is similar to our parliament here, but at first they could not agree, but at last, all parties being agreeable, the princess and I stopped over a bamboo together, for that's the way they marry in that country,—something like our jumping over a a broom-stick here, you know sir. She was a fine hooman, of a dark copper colour, and wore a mat round her middle, by way of petticoat; she was wherry accomplished too, and had killed upwards of sixty men in battle with her own hand, and wore their double teeth round her neck for a necklace. We lived in a deal of harmony, and used to kill our own pigs; only there was another chief, you see, the king's nevoy, one Abbabeahbonocrisacrackafelte, and he got jealous on me, because you see, the accession was in me, for there was a likelihood of a young Joe Hatche coming; and so he made a party agin me—but I smoked it, and so to prevent being quilled and tomahawked some morning for their breakfasts, I cut and run, and come off by the first ship,—and so here I am, and here we are at the Strand Stairs, and my fare is half-a-crown, sir, if you please.'

Joe Hatch, we are informed, on very creditable authority, is a real character. Indeed, we know many watermen of equal originality; and as to their litigious motions the court of watermen can bear ample testimony. They are just about as prone to mistakes in their charges as the Hackney coachmen, though not so often brought before the public.—

Lady's P. Mag.

Original Poetry.

TO A LARK.

Hail! sportive messenger of morn,
And welcome in the day;
Much I delight thy voice to hear,
And listen to thy lay.

Soon as the shades of darkness flee,
And the grey twilight reigns,
Thou fliest to greet the morning star,
High o'er the dewy plains.

O, earlier riser of the morn,
That charm the flagrant groves,
Fly o'er the lover's dewy path,
And cheer them in their loves.

Hail! yet again, sweet bird of morn,
And twitter to the day;
And wake again the warbling choir,
To sing their morning lay.

And as I tread the dewy green,
I'll listen to thy song;
While echo, from the breast of morn,
Shall the sweet notes prolong.

CHARLES M'KAY.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE HUMAN SKELETON* IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(In Imitation of Gray's Elegy.

Speak, mould'ring relic from far distant climes,
Tell us what annals thou hast lived to see;
Say how long back thou datedst distant times,
Nor leave us in this dull obscurity.

Wast thou a warrior or a humble hind?
A king's or prince's state hast thou, e'er seen?
If so, a curse or blessing to thy kind?
A priest-led monarch? or a statesman keen?

* A human skeleton embedded in free stone from Guadaloupe, presented by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

Say, hadst thou genius?---where can now be found
The sculptured marble, or the poem grand,
The breathing canvass drawing praise around,
Or aught the labour of thy gifted hand?

In drier studies didst thou spend thy days?
Say, where are now thy lectures erudite?
Was music thine? O, where are now thy lay---
Where are the records of thy fancy's might?

Didst thou oppose the ministers of death,
And chase fell sickness from thy patient's bed?
Tho' thou mightst others heal, thine own weak breath,
Heedless of thee, at nature's call has fled.

In battle's tumult didst thou heap the slain?
Fierce Hector thou, or e'en Achilles brave?
Did thy strong arm chase armies o'er the plain?---
That arm itself was vanquished by the grave.

Or did some coronet compress thy brow?
Wast thou a noble in thy nation great?
Vain were thy honours, low thou liest now;
Titles avail not 'gainst the blow of fate.

Wast thou a merchant eager after gold?
Or didst thou venture on the dang'rous sea?
Have thy researches to the world been told;
Or did they end unknown to all but thee?

Are these thy bones all that remain behind
Of one whose name posterity ne'er knew?
Wast thou unknown---unnumber'd 'mong thy kind?
Or wast thou rank'd among the useful few?

Perhaps when we look on thee, we see the weak
And fragile remnant of man's earliest frame;
Art thou the parent whom in thoughts we seek,
From whom our race---e'en all the nations came?

Some ancient Solon, or Lycurgus stern,
Didst thou to virtue bend thy stubborn race?
Thy laws, when founded, lasted not their term,
But, scar'd by others, vanished from their place.

From the sweet joys society affords,
A hermit didst thou strive to keep thy heart?
The solitude thou soughtst in deed and words,
This stone bestow'd, from all thou wast apart.

Wast thou a savage, in some forest deep
Spending thy days in simplest, purest mode?
Still the same end's to thee in death's long sleep;
We search in vain to trace through life thy road.

If thy great state, thy knowledge, or thy fame,
This miserable wreck we now behold,
Is all that's left to thee:---if fool, the same,
Thy paths of folly thou wilt ne'er hear told.

Then let us leave thee, where the chance of fate
Has deem'd thee needful: let us not repine;
Though all must thus be, e'en the good and great,
When mark'd from off the catalogue of time.

R. J.

MY BOXEN BOWER.

I love my little boxen bower,
Fring'd with April's earliest flower;
On its leaves of glossy green
The climbing sunbeams shed their sheen,
Cool its shade, its shelter warm,
In summer's heat, or winter's storm;
The social and the lonely hour
Endear my little boxen bower.

Within my little boxen bower,
With friends I fill the social hour;
Or, wanting them, the feats unfold
That bards of Greece and Rome have told;
Or prove no meaner magic reigns
In Britain's most endearing strains:
Contentment shews her sunny shower
Around my little boxen bower.

Should I leave my boxen bower,
Panting up the paths of power,
Puff'd with empty pomp of pride,
Blind ambition for my guide,
Ev'n in splendour's gaudy glare,
Cushion'd on the couch of care,
Might I not bewail the hour
I left my little boxen bower.

H. M. LANDER.

TO MARY C.

Vainly my bosom strives to steal
Gleams of that joy it cannot feel;
Vainly aside my heart would throw
Its melancholy dream of woe;
No ray my hapless breast can cheer,
I can but sigh---thou art not here!

'Tis not that doubt can ever breathe
His baneful sigh o'er love's dear wreath;
'Tis not that love's best light is gone,
When 'tis no longer smil'd upon;
'Tis but affection's sad decay;
'Tis but this thought---thou art away.

Oh! were this long, long absence o'er,
And we united as before;
And oh! that hope would lend its light,
To charm away the clouds, whose blight
Falls ceaseless in the lovely heart,
Condemn'd to weep its woes apart

J. D.

TO THE MOON.

Come, mild and gentle queen of night,
And spread around thy peaceful light
In the skies of æther blue;
When every bird flies to its nest,
And busy man has sunk to rest,
And I recline beneath the yew.

Oft have I heard, that by the stream,
When thou dost shine in lustre pale,
A troop of sprightly fairies seem
Wafted on the downy gale,
Dancing in circles on the grass,
While airy forms of shadow pass:
Heavenly music swelling round,
Borne on the pinions of the breeze,
Whilst thou, O Moon, smil'st sweet around,
And twinkling stars shine through the trees.

But all I ask, O pensive Moon,
Is that thou'l't guide me, when I stray
Along the peaceful vale.
Beneath thy mild and solemn noon,
To hear the pensive melting lay
Of the sweet nightingale.

LINES SENT TO A RICH MISER, WHO DECLAIMED AGAINST MARRIAGE IN THE POORER CLASS OF PEOPLE.

Thus fares the hen in farmer's yard;--
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known her weary every claw,
In search of corn amongst the straw.
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks among her chirping brood;
With joy I've seen that self-same hen
That scratch'd for one would scratch for ten.
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my girl without a shilling;
And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
Jenny's resolv'd to marry me.

Varieties.

SCOTCH GENEROSITY.

Two English gentlemen, some time ago, visited the field of Bannockburn, so celebrated for the defeat of Edward's army. A sensible countryman pointed out to them the position of the hostile nations—the stone where Bruce's standard was fixed during the battle, &c. Highly pleased with his attention, the gentlemen, on leaving him, pressed his acceptance of a crown-piece. 'Na, na,' said the honest man, returning the money, 'keep your crown-piece, the English hae paid dear enough already for seeing the field of Bannockburn.'

ANECDOTE.

During a certain inundation of the Rhine, a hare unable to escape through the water of an eminence, climbed up a tree. This, one of the boatmen, rowing about to assist the unfortunate inhabitants, observing, pulled up to the tree, and mounted it, eager for the game, without properly fastening his boat. The terrified hare, on the approach of its pursuer, sprang from the branch into the boat, which thus set in motion, floated away, leaving its owner in the tree, in dread of its being washed away by the current; till after several hours anxiety, he was perceived and taken off by some of his companions.

IGNORANCE OF FEAR.

A child of one of the crew of his Majesty's ship Peacock, dur-

ing the action with the United States vessel Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by the destruction and death all around him, he persisted, 'till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when, seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, 'Now I've caught you.' This singular anecdote is related in a work called 'Visits of Mercy, being the second journal of the stated preacher to the hospital and almshouse, in the city of New York, by the Rev. E. S. Ely.'

ABSENCE OF MIND.

The Memoirs of Count Tessin, lately published at Stockholm, contain among many curious anecdotes, the following: 'Of all the absent people I ever knew in Sweden, the most remarkable was the late Chancellor, Baron Nolkin. Two instances deserve to be related:—Once when he had to read to his Royal Highness Prince Adolphus Frederic, a report of the privy council, he very gravely took out of his pocket the lease of his house, which he read nearly to the end, till the remarks of the Prince at last made him sensible of his mistake. —Another time he came into his Royal Highness's antichamber, where I was with several others, and asked for Count Tessin. I answered him myself; but he went out in a great hurry, and came back and said, the officer in waiting affirms that he is in the room. I answered, your lordship will believe me, I hope, for I have myself seen the Count go out of the room. Nolkin went out a second time, and came back again with the new assurance of the officer in waiting; on which a general laugh ensued, and waked him out of his dream.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said—'I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smooth pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, *whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.*'—What a lesson of modesty for the smatterers who believe wisdom to be inclosed each in his own nut-shell!!

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

That Walpole's mode of administration was certainly corrupt, we are afraid, cannot be controverted; a fact which he himself never denied, bearing the jokes of his friends upon that subject with great good humour.—Having at a dinner party repeated a line from Horace containing the word 'Bibisti,' 'Pray, Sir Robert,' says one of his friends, 'is that good Latin?'—'Why, I think so —what objection have you to it?' 'Why,' says the other drily, 'I did not know but the word might be *bribe*isti in your Horace.'

LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Sir Walter Scott appears to be an inveterate punster. Even in so sober a work as his Life of Buonaparte, when mentioning that Napoleon once contemplated a literary work, after the manner of *Sterne*, he describes him as deterred from it by the *sterner* times which were approaching.

ELECTION WIT.

In the vicinity of the Westminster hustings, a person remarked to his friend, that Mr. Lamb manifested much more diffidence in addressing the electors than during the late contest, when he ap-

peared before them with extraordinary confidence. 'That's not astonishing (said a wag, who over-heard the observation), for the older a lamb gets, the more *sheepish* it grows.'

PARLIAMENTARY ANECDOTE.

Sir John Sinclair moved in the House of Commons, in 1795, for a reward of 1000l. to be granted to Mr. Elkington, whom he stated to be 'the best artist for draining the country.' Mr. Jekyll, who sat next him, whispered in his ear, you forget the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Germany; who have shewn themselves infinitely more successful artists for *draining the country*, and have already been much better paid for it.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

A gentleman's servant, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, went, with two horses and a dog, for the sake of exercising. After some hours, the horses came home without the man or dog: this caused great alarm to the family; servants were dispatched in various directions in quest of the poor fellow, being supposed to have met with some unfortunate accident. After a very tedious search, they observed the dog standing in the midst of a turnip field, with evident marks of distress and uneasiness. On seeing the servants approach, he advanced, and, by every possible sign, indicated his anxiety for them to follow. He led them in this manner to a lane, where as they saw nothing, they attempted to return; but the dog's importunity was so great, they determined to follow wherever he should lead. He conducted them to the side of a ditch, in which they found the groom in a state of insensibility, having received a fracture of the skull, by a fall from the horse. A proper vehicle being procured, the unfortunate man was conveyed to his master's house, and placed in a comfortable bed. A surgeon was sent for, and the wound dressed.

During this operation, it was impossible to keep the dog out of the chamber. As soon as all was quiet, this faithful creature placed himself upon the bed, and though the poor sufferer, in the violence of his delirium, often struck the dog, the animal seemed to understand that he was not in his right senses, for neither blows, nor the repulsive voice of his agonized master, could drive him from the post he had chosen. The man recovered, and ever after valued this affectionate creature, to whose attachment he probably owed his life.

NAVAL ORATORY.

Admiral Blake, when a captain, was sent with a small squadron to the West Indies, on a secret expedition against the Spanish settlements. It happened, in an engagement, that one of his ships blew up, which damped the spirits of his crew: but Blake, who was not to be subdued by one unsuccessful occurrence, called out to his men, 'Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up; and now, let's see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation.' This well-timed harangue raised their spirits immediately, and in less than an hour he set his antagonist on fire. 'There, my lads,' said he, 'I knew we should have our revenge soon.'

WAY TO PROMOTION.

Speed relates, that Guymond, chaplain to King Henry the First, observing that for the most part ignorant men were advanced to the best dignities in the church,

at he celebrated divine service before the king, and was about to read these words out of St. James, 'It rained not upon the earth iii years and vi months,' he read it thus: 'It reigned not upon the earth one—one—one years and five—one months.' Henry noticing the singularity, afterwards took occasion to blame the chaplain for it. 'Sir,' said Guymond, I did it on purpose; for such readers, I find, are sooner preferred by your majesty.' The king smiled, and in a short time afterwards presented Guymond to the benefice of Saint Frideswid's, in Oxford.

A GREAT MAN.

An honest citizen, whose thoughts seldom wandered farther from his pounds, shillings, and pence, than to the wares which acquired them, being in company with a number of Unitarians, the conversation turned on the principal writers of that persuasion. One of them who was seated next to the draper, remarked, that '*Belsham* was a very great man.' 'Very, Sir, very, one of the greatest men of the day,' answered the cit: 'what a fine battle that was he fought with the game chicken.' 'Fought! who!' exclaimed the astonished sectary. 'Why, the man you mentioned—*Belcher* the boxer.'

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

Always to give praise moderately is a strong proof of mediocrity.

Reason and liberty are incompatible with weakness.

Slavery degrades men to such a degree as even to make them love it.

NEGRO FORTITUDE.

Stedman, after giving a picture of the cruelties practised on the negroes of Surinam, relates, that, on his arrival in that colony, a white man was flogged by a black executioner, for having stolen some money from the town-house; and he remarked that this negro inflicted the punishment with great commiseration. A negro was broken on the wheel for the same crime, and he bore that horrible punishment without a sigh. A moment afterwards they prepared to hang another, and whilst the hangman was tying the cord round his neck to launch him into eternity, he looked stedfastly, with a smile of contempt, at his judges, who were amongst the spectators of the execution. 'Having expressed to the persons who were near him,' says captain Stedman, 'how much I was shocked with the injustice and cruelty of those executions, and surprised at the intrepidity of the negroes during the punishment, a very decent-looking man thus addressed me:—'Sir, you are newly arrived from Europe; but if you were better acquainted with negro slaves, what you now see would neither excite your surprise nor your pity. It is not long since I saw a negro suspended from that gibbet by the ribs. The following is the manner in which it was done: two incisions were made in his side, in which was passed an iron hook attached to a chain. He lived three days suspended in that manner, his head and feet hanging down, licking from his bleeding breast the drops of water that fell from it, for it rained the time. The sufferer, however, did not utter a groan, and never once complained. On the third day, another negro was flogged under the gallows, and having cried from pain, the former reproached him for his want of courage. *Do gay fan-*

cy? 'Are you a man?' said he to him; 'you behave like a child!' A moment afterwards the soldier who was sentry on the spot, taking pity on him, dashed out his brains with the butt end of his musket. 'I saw another negro quartered,' the narrator continues, 'after his arms and legs were tied to four very strong horses, an iron nail was driven under each nail of his hands and feet. He suffered that without complaining, requested a glass of rum, and ordered the executioners to let loose the horses. But that which amused us most, continued the monster, 'was the humour of the fellow, who, when the hangman presented the glass of rum to him that he asked him for, told him to drink first, as he was very much afraid of being poisoned, and desired him to take care that his horses should not kick him.' As for the old negroes being broken on the wheel, and young women burnt alive, nothing is more common in this colony.

THE DOCTOR AND THE CYNIC.

Doctor Linegar, titular Archbishop of Dublin, who was a man of lively parts and very communicative, happened in a mixed company, to be introduced to a Mr. Swan, a gentleman of a cynical turn, whose practice it was to attempt to raise a laugh at the expense of some one in the company. They sat near each other at table, where the Doctor engaged general attention by his sprightly manner. Mr. Swan to silence him said, 'Doctor ——, I forget your name.'—'*Linegar*, Sir,' returned the Doctor.—'I ask your pardon,' replied Swan, 'I have the misfortune scarce ever to recollect names; you'll not be offended therefore, if, in the course of conversation, I should name you *Vinegar*?'—'Oh, not at all, sir,' returned the Doctor; 'I have the very same defect; and it is probable, though I now name you Swan, I may by and bye call you *goose*.' The laugh was effectually turned against the cynic, who never attempted a second sarcasm that evening, and slunk away as soon as he decently could.

A SOFT BRUSH FOR PRIDE.

A British merchant resident at Leghorn, who was very solicitous to conceal the meanness of his origin by the splendour of his appearance, was one day sent for by the English consul of that place. Previous to his obeying the notice, he dispatched his servant 'to request he might not be permitted to wait upon the consul in his morning dress.' The consul, entertained with the formality of the upstart, immediately replied, 'Tell your master, I have no concern with his wardrobe; he may, if he think proper, make his visit in the dress he wore on his *first* coming to Leghorn.

FRET-WORK.

A gentleman, who had long danced after the ministry in hopes of preferment, being one day, as usual, at the Duke of Newcastle's levee, and happening to cast his eyes up to the ceiling, observed to his fellow-solicitors how properly the room was decorated. The gentlemen present said, they could see no great ornament about it. 'I did not say there was,' said he, 'but I admire the propriety of what there is: for both top and bottom is full of *fret-work*.'

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The Casket.

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CURIOUS FONT IN STEPNEY CHURCH.

The above is a correct delineation of the curious Font in Stepney Church. There was a church here so long ago as the time of the Saxons, when it was called the Church of All Saints, ecclesia omnium sanctorum; and we read of the manor of Stepney under the reign of William the Conqueror, by the name of Stibes-hede, or Stiben's-heath: but it does not appear when the church changed its name by being dedicated to St. Dunstan and All Saints, whose name it at present bears. To this church belong both a rectory and vicarage; the former, which was a sinecure, was in the gift of the Bishop of London, and the latter, in the gift of the rector, till Ridley, Bishop of London, gave the manor of Stepney, and the advowson of the church to Edward VI. who, in his turn, granted them to Sir Thomas Wentworth, Lord Chamberlain of his household. But the advowson being purchased by the principal and scholars

of King's Hall and Brazen Nose College in Oxford, they presented two persons to the rectory and vicarage, by the name of the Portionists of Ratcliff and Spitalfields, till the year 1744; when the hamlet of Bethnal Green being separated from it, Stepney became possessed by only a rector.

When the present church was built is not known; the wall and battlements are built of brick and wrought stone, plastered over, the roof is covered with lead, and bears a resemblance to the architecture which prevailed in the fourteenth century. It is a large Gothic structure, consisting of a chancel, nave, and two aisles; and is of a very considerable extent. It is 114 feet in length, 54 feet in breadth; the height of the roof is 35 feet, and of the tower 92 feet. The pillars, arches, and windows, are of the later Gothic, and the west portico was built in 1612, and has no resemblance to the other part of the church, it being of the Tuscan order. At the west end is a plain square tower, containing a ring of ten bells; and supported at the corners with strong buttresses and quoins; it is crowned with a small mean turret; and the same kind of battlements are carried round the body of the church. On the east side of the portico, leading up to the gallery on the north side of the chancel, is a stone, with the following inscription on it:—

" Of Carthage great I was a stone,
O, mortals, read with pity;
Time consumes all, it spareth none,
Man, mountain, town, or city.
Therefore, O mortals, all bethink
Go whereunto you must,
Since now such stately buildings
Lie bury'd in the dust.

The church-yard contains many curious epitaphs; there is one to the following effect:—

" Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spitalfields weaver—and that's all."

And on the south-west side of the church is a grave-stone to the memory of Joyce Rich and her daughter, as follows:—

" We two within this grave do lye,
Where we do rest together,
Until the Lord shall us awake,
And from the goats us sever.'

24, Critchell Place, Hoxton. T. WARD.

Sketches of Character.

(For the Casket.)

No. IX.—THE PAWNBROKER.

" If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men."

At the corner of a bye-street or alley in some great thoroughfare, stands the mansion of this long pursed attendant on the wants of the needy; the main entrance is half hidden by a multitude of dirty blankets and patch-work bed-covers; between which, at distant intervals, an old gown or a worn-out shawl presents itself to view, with its price exhibited on a ticket of more than ordinary dimensions, and displaying at once the miserable poverty of its former possessor and the anxious desire of its present one to dispose of it to the best advantage; rusty looking hats ' quite new,' accompanied by saws and planes, with a solitary old telescope or quadrant hanging among them, are tied to nails driven into the top part of the shop front, and serve to decorate the exterior of his habitation; high above all hangs the mystic sign, which, in spite of prohibitory laws, and the prevalence of fashion, he still continues to display; while his neighbours have long since dismissed their's to the wood-cutter, or committed them to the flames of the kitchen fire—the three golden balls, swinging to and fro in the wind as they hang suspended from the wall of his house, proclaim to the idle gazer the wealth of the inmate, and shine in the sun's rays with dazzling splendour; directly under them, in conspicuous characters, is written up in large characters ' Money *lent*,' which sentence has of late years (by the grammatical knowledge of some worthy members of the profession) been rendered more perspicuous by being altered to ' Money *to lend*,' which intimates they have still some remaining; the only reason that can have any weight with their customers, or induce them to bring their moveables to their shops. In the window are displayed ' stout silver watches, warranted;' ' very cheap' books, and seals, ear rings, and brooches, ' set in fine gold:' flutes and flageolets, which have all the appearance of having been, like Hodge's razors, ' made to sell,' are ranged in several rows behind the well-polished glass; ' silver spoons' and ' plated candlesticks' occupy the

most prominent situations, as it is on their account principally that he assumes the title of 'silversmith.' A stray musical snuff-box, which 'plays two tunes,' is ticketed 'remarkably cheap,' and serves to convey to those foot passengers who may cast in a glance as they pass by some idea of the variety of articles which may be procured within. Just within the side door are two or three separate enclosures, which on account of their possessing seats (an accommodation which the body of the shop does not afford) as well as from their being devoted to the better sort of customers, are styled 'boxes.' It is here that the extravagant votary of fashion resorts to replenish his exhausted purse;—here hies the gambler, when after having cheated his unwary dupe of all the cash he possessed, he has robbed him of whatever valuables he happened to have about him, under pretence of giving him another chance: here he repairs to dispose of his ill-gotten booty, and to chuckle in secret at the folly of his victim. Here, too, might we find the unfortunate parent, who, driven by misfortune to poverty, has no other means of procuring a meal for his hungry family, than by borrowing money upon his wearing apparel, or descending to the paths of dishonesty and theft; he prefers the lesser evil; and while his wounded bride bleeds at the idea of his altered condition, saves it the worse pang of taking his stand among the crowd of wretches, whom the love of drink, or the habit of needless extravagance has made shameless of their destitution and their vice: he shrouds himself in the obscurity of the dark passage, and opening the creaking door, is soon enclosed in a comfortable solitude, and immediately attended by the pawnbroker.

'The pawnbroker' is a man of serious aspect, and rather unhealthy appearance; 'in the shop' he appears in his shirt sleeves, or in winter has on an old coat, with the cuffs turned back; with a pen in each ear, he addresses himself with feigned politeness to his numerous customers, and scribbles out their 'tickets' with wonderful activity; he speedily ascertains the value of any article, and always secures himself from loss by 'lending on it' as little as possible; he reckons up 'the interest' with a readiness that a schoolmaster could scarcely compete with, and sounds the money offered him with the speed of a bank cashier: as soon as he has opened his shop, he commences ornamenting his house with the variety of 'goods' appointed for that purpose; he then has a constant succession of customers throughout the day, and thus is prevented from attending to his 'books' till his shop is shut up, which happens during the summer season at nine, and in winter at eight o'clock in the evening; he then has from two to four hours labour, according to the extent of his business, and the number of his assistants, in settling his accounts: so that it is always morning when he retires to rest. Every Saturday is to him a day of considerable bustle; but it is on those which immediately precede Christmas and Easter, that he is 'teased with custom' in the most extraordinary manner; on the evenings of these days, he commences 'taking in the things' earlier than ordinary: and after putting up the shutters and lighting the gas, is at liberty to serve all comers. The crowded state of his shop on these occasions, must be seen to be believed, and it requires no little dexterity to be able to please all who come; frequently does a disappointed gin-drinker, whose pledge he refuses to receive, commence a torrent of Billingsgate abuse; frequently does an expectant holiday maker grumble at the time he has been kept waiting, and swear at the busy money-lender with emphatic violence; but used to all this, the pawnbroker heeds it not, but bustles on till 'past eleven,' when he refuses to 'do any more business,' and shuts his door against the grumbling crowd. The next day being Sunday is with him a day of rest indeed, and as such he always welcomes it: but on the morrow he is again surrounded by noise and confusion, and continues so till the next Saturday night closes the week's bustle, and another holiday greets his tired frame.

The pawnbroker labours very hard in his vocation, and devotes to it the best part of his life; the utility of his calling is confessedly obvious, and if it is sometimes abused, should not upon that account be absolutely condemned; were it not for him, it is true that there would be fewer in deep distress; but then, at the same time. there would be many in want of food, If his profits are large, (and they are by

no means so great as is generally supposed,) so is the capital which he embarks in his business, and the industry by which he endeavours to improve it. It is certainly much to be wished that the number of persons who accept this aid were fewer than at present; but while poverty surrounds us, and distress is unfortunately so prevalent, society at large cannot but be much benefited by the existence and exertions of the pawnbroker.

R. J.

LAUGHABLE ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

Our ship was moored to a field of ice, on which, at a considerable distance, a large bear was observed prowling about for prey. One of the ship's company, emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from the use of his rum, which, in his economy, he had stored for special occasions, undertook to pursue and attack the bear that was within view. Armed only with a whale-lance, he resolutely, and against all persuasion, set out on his adventurous exploit. A fatiguing journey of about half a league over a surface of yielding snow, and rugged hummocks, brought him within a few yards of the enemy, which, to his surprise, undauntedly faced him, and seemed to invite him to the combat. His courage being by this time greatly subdued, partly by the evaporation of the stimulus he had employed, and partly by the undismayed, and even threatening aspect of the bear, he levelled his lance in an attitude suited either for offensive or defensive action, and stopped. The bear also stood still. In vain the adventurer tried to rally courage to make the attack; his enemy was too formidable, and his appearance too imposing. In vain also he shouted—advanced his lance—and made feints of attack; the enemy either not understanding them, or despising such unmanliness, obstinately stood his ground. Already the limbs of the sailor began to shake—the lance trembled in the rest—and his gaze, which had hitherto been stedfast, began to quiver; but the fear of ridicule from his messmates still had its influence, and he yet scarcely dared to retreat. Brain, however, possessing less reflection, or being more regardless of consequences began with the most audacious boldness, to advance. His high approach and unshaken step subdued the spark of bravery, and that dread of ridicule, that had hitherto upheld our adventurer: he turned and fled. But now was the time of danger. The sailor's flight encouraged the bear in his turn to pursue; and being better practised in snow-travelling, and better provided for it, he gained on the fugitive. The whale-lance, his only defence, encumbering him in his retreat, he threw it down, and kept on. This fortunately excited the bear's attention; he stopped—pawed it—bit it—and then resumed the chace. Again he was at the heels of the panting seaman, who conscious of the favourable effect of the lance, dropped a mitten: the stratagem succeeded, and, while brain again stopped to examine it, the fugitive, improving the interval, made considerable pregress *a-head*. Still the bear resumed the pursuit, with the most provoking perseverance, excepting when arrested by another mitten, and finally by a hat, which he tore to shreds between his teeth and paws, and would no doubt have made the incautious adventurer his victim, who was rapidly losing strength and heart, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates, who, observing that the affair had assumed a dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue. The little phalanx opened him a passage, and then closed to receive the bold assailant. Though now beyond the reach of his adversary, the dismayed fugitive continued onward, impelled by his fears, and never relaxed his exertions until he fairly reached the shelter of the ship! Brain once more prudently came to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with all the consideration of an experienced general; when, finding them too numerous for a reasonable hope of success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honourable retreat.—*Scoresby's Journal.*

DENNIS O'TOOL'S WILL.

Copy of a paper written by a poor man in the county of Sligo, in Ireland, who put his resolve in execution just in the manner he himself mentions.

(SUPERSCRIPTION.)

This will be found after my deth, if thea look sharp. DENNIS O'TOOL.

As I noe the people that has found my carkase is curious about the manner of my deth, which is somethin out o' the way, I'll give 'em aul the satisfakshun in my power about itt, as I noe the hole matter from beginnin to end—which is my own misfortiun that I married a cross woman that's never plased but when she's after vexin mee, and spending my substance, whereby I have been reduced to grate shifts, as aul the world nose, and fader M'Donough in particular; so let that rest, for the leest sayd the soonest mended, and I don't luv to be rippin up ould scores.

It may be reported, as the world's grately given to lying, that I dy'd by axident, but that's a mistak, for I throw'd myself into the rivver o' Wednesday eevinin, and so drounded misel of my own ackord bein tier'd of the wurld and fretted out of my life, and as the little that's left of my substance is not much, I hoap there'l be no quarlin about my dispoassin of itt in the followin manner. Ther may be in my britches pokket (ass I put thear aul I cud geat togedder) about somethin less than half a ginny in silver and sixpenses, with some hapence, giv I that to little Dolly Maginnis at Farmer Daly's, the people say'd and so did my wyfe, that I was too fond of her, but that's a lye of her own inventin, and iff I was alive I'd sa it to her fasse, so let nobody go to reflect on her upon my ackount.

Peter Doyle makes me pay too much for my kabbin, and little bit of patatyground belonging to itt, but I makes it anser by chatin the parson and one way or oder, so I leav it too my yongest son Robbin becaze he's a cuter and more goodnathurder lad, and I luv him better nor Corney. As for him and his moder theall provide fa themselves, I had enuff to do to maintain em during my life, and I am sure I'll not troble my head aboutt em now when I'm ded.

My sow and piggs and my crusifix, along wid my bades, my tobacco stopper, my too hens, and my mass book, I lave to fader M'Donogh, for he'as a good soal enuff at the bottom. My oke saplin, my dog Smutt, my woollen nightcap, and my razure, I givv to honest Toby Hooragan for he's the best crathur that ever drew breth, tho' peeple givvs out oderwise, bekase he takes a sup and has turnd his childer out o'doors; my best shurt I giv to the same Toby Hooragan, as for the tuder it's the won I have on a know, and not worth any body's makin, so I lave it to my wife that she may have no rason to complain.

I furgivv aul the wurld exceptin my wyfe, and her I forgivv too, but it's against my will, and only to humour fader Mac Donough.

I bore an indifferent good karackter while I was alive, and wud have nokk'd the biggest man down, that darr'd say a wurd against itt; butt now ime ded thea may say what thea plaze, and to be sure they'll say bad enuff.

I dye in charrity wid every body, and wish well to such as had a regard for mee, as for the rest, may the grass groe before there dore; I doant care three straws where thea berry me, so as they doant let my corpse stop in the water, for I woodn't like to be ett by the fishes, of the too Ide rather the crows had mee, bekaze its more nathural, thea'll have no pretence for anatomizin me, and the rest Ime pretty eazy about.

I didnt think to say half so much, but as its likely to bee the last time I shal set pen to paper, I was willin to take my fill of itt, and as to the makin away wid myself and the like of that, its no more than what every boddy has a right to doe, and as for that matter I noe I shant be mist; for the parson in one of his kros fits toder day tould me I was little good for the negger. As to good nathur indeed, I nevver had much to spare but I aulways tuk care of won, and that was goin by the rule of the gospel, for its sayd some wheare in the ould testyment that charity begins at home.

If I walk after my death Ill haunt my wife to vex her.

I was divvided betwixt hanging and drownding, and sadly trubbled which to chuse, and at last I resolved upon this way that I havv taken, and as I thought it warn't quite so vulgar as toder, fa they hang clippers and coiners and teevea, and murderers, but never drown em, so I departed this life in the forty aiht year of my age without wincing or wining, but like a man at my own free moshan and choyce.

As I have roat this papyer aul with my oane hand and sett my name both at the beginin and end of itt, that my wife and Corney mayn't say that it's a forgery, fo they are cappable of anny thing that's spyteful and contreary, and so no more at present from me.

DENNIS O'TOOL.

SPRING,

After the manner of Ossian.

Welcome to the earth, fair daughter of serenity; Descend in refreshing showers on the silent hill: at thy approach the tempest flies away, and the loud wind ceases to roar among the trees of the wood. The flowers blossom in thy presence, fair daughter of the sun! and the trees of the forest bud before thee.

Love flies behind thee, on his silken wings: and the nightingale sings from the budding thorn. All nature revives, and teems with mild delight! how the voice of melody swells among the groves, and the harmonic choristers revel in the sweets of thy presence.

Hail, young daughter of delight! and chase dreary winter from the land: No more let him howl among the lonely rocks; but shed down thy fair presence on the verdant fields. Hail, mild goddess! the tempest flies before thee, and the gentle shower fertilizes the earth!

C. M.

THE MONKEY-MARTYR.

A FABLE.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turn'd about the cage to get to the door."

STERNE.

'Tis strange what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers,—
But there are many shallow politicians
Who take their bias from bewilder'd journals,
Turn state physicians,
And make themselves foolscaps of the diurnals.

One of this kind—not human, but a *monkey*,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed,
That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,
And man a tyrant over all his breed.

Pug, with these curious notions in his noddle,
Walk'd out one day, and turn'd into the Strand,
To the left hand,
Conning some portions of the previous twaddle,
And striding with a step that seem'd design'd
To represent the mighty march of mind,
Instead of that slow twaddle
Of thought to which our ancestors inclined—
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,
Where CROSS keeps many a kind
Of bird confin'd,
And free-born animal in durance vile—
A thought that stirr'd up all the monkey bile!

Lord! how it made him chafe,
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
To look around upon this Brute Bastile
And see the king of creatures in—a safe!
The desert's denizen in one small den,
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pill—
A bear in bars unbearable. And then
The fretful porcupine, with all its *quills*
Imprison'd in a *pen!*
A tiger limited to four feet ten;
And, still worse lot!
A leopard to *one spot!*
An elephant enlarged,
But not discharged.
(It was before the elephant was shot.)
A doleful wanderow,* that *wander'd* not;
An *Ounce* much disproportion'd to his pound,—
Pug's wrath waxed hot
To gaze upon these captive creatures round,
Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
They found their *durance vile* of *vile endurance.*

He went above—a solitary mounter
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls—
Cranes—vultures—owls—
In fact, it was a sort of *Poultry Compter*,
Where feather'd prisoners were doom'd to droop:
Here sat an eagle forced to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
And there aloof,
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;

* Wanderow—a sort of baboon.

With other samples of the bird creation,
All caged against their powers and their wills:
And cramped in such a space, the longest *bills*
Were plainly *bills* of least *accommodation*—
In truth, it was a very ugly scene
To fall to any liberator's share,
To see those winged fowls that once had been
Free as the *wind*—no freer than *fix'd air*.

His temper little mended,
Pug from this Bird Cage Walk at last descended
Unto the lion and the elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all Nature's *Free List* thus suspended,
And beasts deprived of what she had intended,
They could not even *prey*
In their own way;
A hardship always reckon'd quite prodigious,
Thus he resolved—
And soon resolved
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

That night, there were no country cousins, raw
From Wales, to view the lion & his kin.
The keeper's eyes were fix'd upon a saw,
The saw was fix'd upon a bullock's shin;
Meanwhile, with stealthy paw,
Pug hasten'd to withdraw
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within—
Alas for freedom, and for freedom's hero!
Alas for liberty of life and limb,
For Pug had only half *unbolted* Nero,
When Nero *bolted him!*

T. H.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE MURDERER'S GRAVE.

'Tis near a wood, whose gloomy shade
Speaks dreary solitude;
Beside a stream, whose waves upbraid
Its banks uneven, rude.

One blasted yew there spreads around
Its arms each storm to brave:
'Tis there a barren spot of ground
Points out the Murd'rer's grave.

No feelings kind secure the spot
To veneration's tear;
No mortal mind could dread a lot
More desolate of cheer.

No grass there grows, nor herbage wild,
Nor gentle dews bestow
Their moisture fresh, nor sunbeams mild
In glad'ning brightness glow.

Nor human race, nor gentle beast,
Nor cheerful birds there dwell;
But savage monsters, for their feast
Each other's blood oft spill.

There tempests dwell, and light'nings fire
And thunders vent their rage
In deaf'ning peals:—their mingled ire
No days of calm assuage.

The panther in blood-thirsty mood
Roves on with savage growl;
The leopard fierce, the coward wolf,
Raise one continued howl.

The jackalls hunt with dreadful bay,
The tiger adds his roar;
Not hell's full band, in loudest play,
Could swell the concert more.

Th' hyena brings his impure prey
From consecrated ground,
And flying swift the light of day,
'Mid the fell crew is found.

The vulture's dismal shriek resounds,
Echo the sound conveys:
The cheerless bat, in lowering rounds,
His hideous form displays.

The owl her wings in heavy flight,
Flaps mournful to the air;
The eagle from his dizzy height
Views desolation there.

But stay'd he not, nor on the place
One look unneeded gave;
The off-spring of each generous race
Fly far the Murd'rer's Grave. R. J.

THE MARINER'S WIDOW.

While waters shriek afraid
At the tempest's angry bay,
The Mariner's widow stray'd
On the margin of the sea.

Sad beam'd her eye-balls blue,
Wild was her look, and care
Was hatching on her brow
The frenzy of despair.

She cried, 'I'll make my grave
In the dark womb of the deep,
And slumber in the wave
That rock'd my love asleep.

"He perished in the wreck,
The proud waves drank his breath,
I saw him on the deck,
He beckon'd me to death.

"Upon a coral bed,
His silent corse is laid;
The shroud that wraps his head,
The rude sea-weeds have made.

"And oh! how sweet the rest
Will be that I shall share!
To stretch upon his breast,
And ever slumber there!

"Yes, I will make my grave
In the dark vault of the deep!
Then oh! *one* peaceful wave
Will cradle us in sleep."

She ceased:—the sobbing surge
Receiv'd her in its womb;—
The wild winds sang her dirge—
The tall waves rear'd her tomb.

VULGAN'S HANDBILL.

Pr'ythee gentle people say
Has a damsel pass'd this way,
Whose cheeks a thousand tints disclose,
Far lovelier than the Paphian rose?
Her teeth with orient pearls can vie,
And with what lustre beams her eye!
Her ruby lips and fragrant breath,
Would e'en arrest the dart of death.
Her snowy skin and raven hair,
Add to the beauty of my fair.
If any of ye persons know
To where my lovely queen has flown;
Or if ye can me Venus show,
Cupid's weapons are his own.

VULCAN.

SONNET TO AN EARLY DAISY.

Thou simple flower, the harbinger of spring,
In lowly beauty smiling 'mid the storm,
Thou'rt born too soon: for round thy head shall cling
The howling blast, to sweep away thy form,
Child of misfortune! born in evil day;
The blast will nip, and lay thy beauty low;
And though thou feel some genial, kindly ray,
Yet soon thou must, before the whirlwind bow.
So, some fond *poet* blooms amid the mist
Of poverty, and wretchedness, and woe.
He sues for fame, and in a moment blest,
But soon, too soon, the storms begin to blow:
The solitary gleam of sunshine flies;
He feels misfortune—poverty—and dies!

C. M.

Varieties.

SCOTCH CAUTION.

A Scotch corporal going into battle, put up the following characteristic prayer: O God! (if there be a God) save my soul (if I have a soul.)

EASTERN ANECDOTE.

A Mahometan once assured his neighbours on his word of honour, that he was God Almighty. They replied, that it was but a year ago that a fellow who called himself a prophet was put to death, and asked him whether he did not himself dread a similar fate? He answered, 'Certainly not; but as for the fellow you speak of, he was served perfectly right, I never sent him.'

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be happy to receive Mr. Davy's Treatise on Bathing, which we will take an early opportunity of inserting.

R. J. is heartily thanked for his friendly communication, of which he will observe proper notice has been taken.

We have copied several subjects from the drawings obligingly forwarded to us by R. Thomas, which are in the hands of the engraver. They will be returned on application at Paternoster-row.

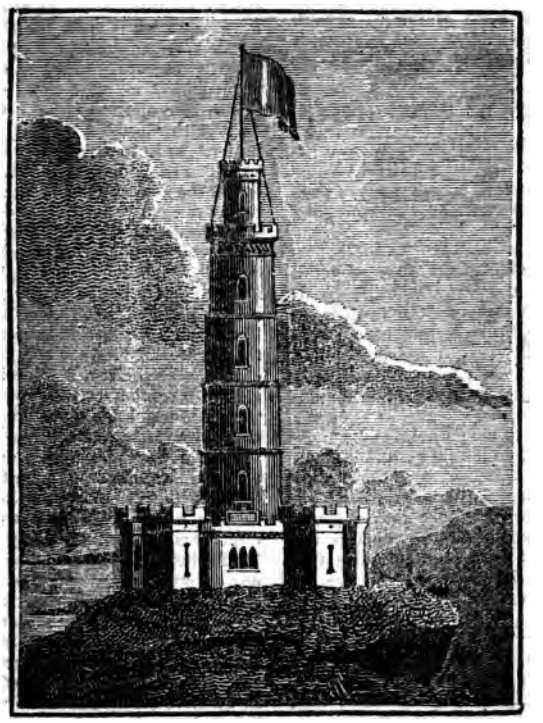
Mr. Ward's further communications are respectfully solicited.

An Old Trader's communication is too personal for our pages.

Printed and Published by Cowie & Strange, 64, Paternoster Row, and 24, Fetter Lane.

The Casket.

No. 24.] SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1827. [PRICE 1d



NELSON'S PILLAR, EDINBURGH.

THIS elegant pillar, erected to commemorate the greatest of naval heroes, is situated on the most commanding point of the Calton hill. It may be seen at a very considerable distance, in approaching the city either by sea or land. It was designed by Mr. R. Burns, who proceeded with its erection till the work was suspended, owing to a want of funds. Mr. Burns dying in the interim, it was resumed and completed by Mr. Dickson, in 1815. Its form is circular, rising from a broad basement, which is flanked by substantial embattled towers, and it is divided within into several apartments, which are at present occupied by the widow of a petty officer in the navy, who is allowed to provide dinners and suppers for strangers. Over the entrance is the Nelson crest, the stern of the San Josef, in bas relief; upon a tablet immediately under which is the following inscription

To the Memory of
Vice Admiral
Horatio, Lord Viscount Nelson,
And of the great Victory of Trafalgar,
Too dearly purchased with his blood,
The grateful citizens of Edinburgh
Have erected this Monument,
Not to express their unavailing sorrow
For his death,
Nor yet to celebrate the matchless glories of
His life.

But, by his noble example,
To teach their sons
To emulate what they admire,
And, like him, when duty requires it,
To die for their country!
A.D.MDCCCV.

The foundation of this pillar is 484 feet above the level of the sea at high water, and the column itself is upwards of 100 feet in height.

Sketches of Character.

(For the Casket.)

No. 10.—THE BUTTERMAN.

"He has a word for all sorts of people, and loses no friend for lack of good converse."

Among the numerous class of retail shopkeepers, there are few more distinguished by the peculiarities of their several callings than the butterman: surrounded on all sides by the commodity whose name custom has bestowed upon him, and constantly occupied in the examining or sorting of eggs, or attending to the wants of his customers, he is almost a fixture in his shop; and it is seldom, except Sundays, and those days when he is necessarily engaged in procuring a new supply of his constantly fluctuating stock, that he obtains the enjoyment of a temporary relaxation from his confinement, and mingles, for a short period with the moving mass of society.

The Butterman's shop should be situated in a street of considerable traffic, where the constant succession of crowded groups inditees a favourable opinion of the extent of trade. Its outside, though it is in one of the dirtiest thoroughfares, displays, during the most unfavourable weather, an exterior of particular cleanliness, but at which the oft repeated sluicings, which early of a morning are conferred upon it by its occupier, forbid us for a moment to wonder: the flitches of bacon which decorate each of the white painted door-posts, serve at once as a sign of his calling, and as a handsome sample of his 'real Wiltshire:' the butter firkins, which, emptied of their former cargo, and by many a hearty scrub rendered of clean and even delicate appearance, are ranged in exact order on the well-washed shelves, and serve the purpose for which they were placed, as well as if the yellow luxury they once contained remained still by them enclosed; the 'double Gloucesters' piled in regular elevation in a corner, with the more substantial and mouldy rinded 'Cheshires' by their side, offer themselves to the notice of the epicure, who is particular in the choice of this article of food. In the window, which is open for the convenience of purchasers, may be seen 'Dutch cheeses,' 'rashers of bacon,' 'fine hams,' all at 'very reasonable' prices, accompanied by a few bladders filled with 'lard,' a variety of 'cheap butter,' and, in the proper season, by 'York' and 'cream' cheeses. At one end of the deal counter is placed a large basket of eggs 'warranted,' during certain seasons, at '24 a shilling.' At the other end is a kind of wooden screen, behind which he 'beats up' his 'fine Dorset;' close beside it are placed the bright polished scales, with a set of brass weights standing in readiness by their side. Behind the counter, on one of the lower shelves, a place is reserved for the reception of the superabundant 'copper,' which his till will not contain. Close by, attired in a white coat and apron, he takes his stand, and readily answers the numerous questions relative to the price of the articles he deals in, which, by his more troublesome customers are so frequently proposed. While there, he is as fond of talking as any old woman, and exercises his tongue with the diligence of a practised gossip; he smiles at the pretty servant maid as she enters his shop, and as with lingering dabs he flattens into a neat-looking form the desired portion of his ware, he chatters till the unbent brow acknowledges his merry-making influence, and the lengthened stay is not thought of, or if it is, only to extort a reluctant 'be as quick as you can sir, please, or my missus 'll wonder what's come o' me.' And before the sharp edge of the patter has formed the checquered ornament on the top of the nice looking 'pound,' a dimple on the cheek of the laughing fair one betokens a pleasing approbation; and as she lightly trips into the street, 'the Butterman' significantly bids her 'good morning,' and between talking and 'serving,' he contrives to get through the day, which he finishes with 'a pipe,' and an examination of the 'yesterday's paper,' borrowed from a neighbouring public house. In the morning, after sweeping the shop, and watering the pavement before the door, he proceeds to 'paper up' the greasy coppers, with

which his 'custom' the preceding day has stored him: he then (if it is summer time) fills the pan under the counter with spring-water, in which the 'lumps' of fresh butter are placed in cool confinement, and after taking his breakfast, is busied in regulating the arrangement and exhibition of his varied stock, and talking it off as the very *beau ideal* of its kind, or in washing the board on which the bacon is displayed, with its streaky white and red peering, in tempting contrast, at the lovers of 'a relish.' At the close of the week, when an extraordinary bustle always prevails among the different public purveyors of food, he can scarcely weigh his commodities sufficiently quick, and the rattling of 'ha'pence,' and the ringing of 'silver,' seem to intimate that he is making a rapid fortune; but alas! 'the butterman' knows that it is not all 'profit,' and the next bill of the cheese or bacon factor puts to flight the dreams of wealth, in which, perhaps, he may too readily have indulged.

The butterman's life is all bustle and talk, and laughter. It is seldom that he meets with losse in his business, as it is for the most part done with ready money; in this point of view he has very little to trouble his mind, and therefore is most frequently in a 'good humour.' His wishes are limited to a 'moderate' profit on what he sells, and to a 'tolerable share' of trade; if these are granted him to any considerable extent, he 'retires from business' to enjoy the earnings of his industry; if not, he contentedly goes on in his usual course, and continues till the day of his death 'The Butterman.'

R. J.

'DE VIPPING MAN.'

It happened one morning whilst Dr. B—— was at his desk, hearing a class, that a stone came suddenly through the window, on which he dispatched two of the larger boys to bring in the culprit, supposing him to be one of his own pupils, a party of whom was then in the play-ground. The boys, however, being little disposed to betray their comrade, laid hands on a meagre looking Frenchman, who happened to be passing by, and brought him in as the offender; when the doctor, without listening to a word he had to say, immediately exclaimed, 'Take him up.' This was as promptly obeyed as ordered, and the Frenchman received a sound flogging. Thinking it in vain to show his resentment to a master, surrounded by his scholars, he indignantly retreated; but at the first coffee-house he came to, sat down to write his enemy a challenge, which he sent by a porter. No sooner had the doctor read the letter than he ordered in the messenger, on whose appearance the usual exclamation followed 'Take him up'—and the ceremony of flogging was repeated in all its vigour. It was now the porter's turn to be wrathful;—he returned to his employer full of oaths and execrations, and protesting that he should make him full amends for the treatment he had exposed him to; but the only redress he could get from the Frenchman was a shrug of the shoulders, with, 'Ah, sare he be de vipping man;—he vip me—vip you—and vip all de vorld'

ANECDOTE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

He was one evening handing a lady of the Buccleugh family into a carriage, when an impudent broad-houldered porter uttered an exclamation not very pleasing to female ears. Sir W. lost none of his urbanity, though he was observed to compress his lips strongly, but politely went through the ceremony he had undertaken, and wished his friends good night; after which our spirited author followed the man, and levelled him to the ground with a blow that left him senseless.

PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE.

A gentleman turned of 50, whose nose was formed in all the prodigality of nature, paid his addresses to a young lady. He enlarged on his own good qualities, his freedom from the levity and inconstancy of youth, but above all on his exemplary patience; which he affirmed, would enable him to bear with the most frivolous and vexatious wife that ever existed. 'Sir,' replied the lady, 'for your good qualities I am perfectly contented to take your own word, That you are free from the levity of youth I am the more willing to believe, as I see that you are devoid of all its other characteristics. And, as for patience, you must indeed be a perfect Job to have endured that intolerable nose of yours for more than 50 years.'

On Bathing.

No. 1.

Bathing is a practice of antiquity; for we find that the Greeks as early as the heroic age, are said to have bathed themselves in the sea, rivers, &c. We even find mention in Homer of hot baths in the Trojan times; but these seem to have been very rare, and only used on extraordinary occasions. Athenæus speaks of hot baths as unusual even in his age. In reality, public baths appear to have been discouraged, and even prohibited by the ancient Greeks, who were contented to wash themselves at home in a sort of bathing tubs. The method of bathing among the ancient Greeks, was by heating water in a large vessel with three feet, and thence pouring it on the head and shoulders of the person seated in a tub for that purpose, who, at coming out, was anointed with oil.

The Romans were also long before they came into the use of baths: the very name of which Thermæ, shews they borrowed it from the Greeks. As the ancient Romans were chiefly employed in agriculture, their custom was every evening, after work, to wash their arms and legs, that they might sit down to supper with more decency; for it is to be observed, the use of linen was then unknown, and the people of that age went with their arms and legs bare, and consequently exposed to dust and filth. But this was not all; for every ninth day, when they repaired to the city, either to the *mudina*, or to attend at the assemblies of the people, they bathed all over in the Tyber, or some other river which happened to be nearest to them. This seems to have been all the bathing known till the time of Pompey, when the custom began of bathing every day.

The Celtic nations were not without the use of bathing. The ancient Germans bathed every day; in winter in warm water, and in summer in cold.

Bathing, among the ancients made a part of diet, and was used as familiarly as eating, or sleep; and cold bathing was in high esteem among their physicians for the cure of diseases, as appears from Strabo, Pliny, Hippocrates, and Oribasius; whence occur frequent exhortations to washing in the sea, and plunging into cold water The first instance of cold bathing, as a medicine, is Melampus's bathing, the daughter of the King of Argos; and the first instance of warm bathing, is the use of it by Medea, who was said to boil people alive, because Pelias, King of Thessaly, died in a warm bath under her hands. The cold bath was successfully used by Antonius Musa, for the recovery of Augustus; but after the death of Marcellus, who was thought to have fallen a sacrifice to the improper use of it, the practice sunk into neglect. It was again revived towards the close of the reign of Nero, by a physician of Marseilles named Charmis; but was afterwards disused during the ignorance of the succeeding ages.

Among the Turks, bathing forms a part of diet and luxury; and in every town and even village, there is a public bath for those who have not the convenience of private baths attached to their own houses. The necessity of cleanliness in the eastern climates, where perspiration is so copious, has rendered baths indispensable: the comfort they produce preserves the use of them; and Mahomet, who knew their utility, has re-enforced the practice of ablution and bathing by express precept.

Russia and Hungary are at present the only countries in this quarter of the world, where it is still the custom to bathe after the manner of the ancients. In Russia particularly, the bath forms so essential a part of the system of living, that it is used by people of every age, and in all circumstances, by infants, by lying-in-women, in almost all sicknesses, before and after a journey, after hard work, &c. The bath is a necessary of life so indispensable to the common people, that they frequent it as often as possible, well or ill, and without any particular occasion, once a week at least. Persons of middle station in good circumstances, and the great usually construct vapour baths after the Russian fashion, in their own houses; though in these classes the practice is declining under the increasing influence of foreign manners. Baths have been common in Russia from time immemorial: they are described by Nestor so long ago as the eleventh century, precisely in their present form. Among the ancients the baths were public buildings, under the immediate cognisance of the government. The invention of this was owing to cleanliness and convenience; but in process of time, all the graces of architecture were lavished upon them, and at length luxury and

voluptuousness so perverted them from their primitive purposes, that they became offensive and shocking to the moralists of antiquity. Alexander was astonished at the magnificence of the baths in Persia. At Rome, under the emperors, there were 870 of these edifices, such, with respect to magnificence and taste, as might pass for masterpieces of art; and in after ages they were demolished by the Goths, or converted by bishops into churches. In our days, however, Hungary is the only country that can still exhibit baths, equal in magnificence to those of the ancient Romans.

Bathing ranks among the most efficacious means by which diseases are prevented or cured. Its effects vary according to the variation of temperature, and according to the qualities of the liquid medium employed; that is, according as the bath consists either of common water, or of water containing salt or other mineral ingredients, or of water impregnated with the virtues of aromatic or other herbs. These last, which go under the name of medicated baths, are seldom used; and when they are, we are inclined to believe that it is to the watery medium, rather than to such impregnations, that their beneficial operation is to be ascribed.

Baths of different degrees of temperature, corresponding to the familiar terms, cold, temperate, and hot, are suited to different and opposite states of the body. The manner of using them is also different; the time of immersion or staying in them, varying according to the difference of temperature, and according to the required quantity of impression or effect, as will be particularly noticed in treating of each.

(To be continued.)

TARN WADLING.

The mind of man is naturally fond of the marvellous, and when unenlightened by education, he places implicit belief in the wonderful traditions which have been familiar to him from infancy, and which, perhaps, were poured into his listening ear by those whom he was accustomed to reverence, and to doubt the truth of whose instructions would be considered as a species of impiety.

Those stupendous remains of antiquity which attest the persevering labour of our warlike ancestors, the utility of which is not perceivable by those who are totally unacquainted with what has happened before their day, are generally attributed to the powers of darkness. The Devil's Ditch, near Newmarket, the boundary and protecting rampart of the kingdom of the East Angles, is confidently stated to have been cut by that personage in the space of one night. The mound at Thetford, in Norfolk, is said to have been formed by his scraping his shovel there, probably when he was engaged in digging the ditch.

But the devil is not the only person to whom such wonderful powers are attributed. The female sex have their share in altering the face of the earth, and causing the destruction of their enemies. The belief in witches was general in the early part of the last century, and even at this day exists in some parts of the kingdom. Somersetshire has lately furnished two instances of this strange delusion. Their power was supposed to be great, and such was their malignity, that to offend them was certain destruction.

At a short distance from the high road, between Carlisle and Penrith, near the village of High Hesket, is a small lake called Tarn Wadling, celebrated only for the delicious cranberries with which its banks abound. In the days of yore, the site of that lake was occupied by a small village, the name of which has not reached these times: the inhabitants were a good, industrious sort of people, and lived very happily together, caring but little for the rest of the world, contented with their station, zealous for the well-being of the community, and most decided enemies to evil spirits of all sorts.

In an unlucky hour, a poor decrepid old woman, bent nearly double with age, and supporting her tottering steps with a rugged staff, was seen entering the village. Her dark weather-beaten skin, like shrivelled parchment, 'the vellum of the pedigree she traced;' her black elfin locks, wrinkled face, toothless mouth, and piercing eyes, attracted the attention of the villagers. They gazed at her with mingled fear and astonishment, and marvelled who she could be. The elders of the village held consultation together, as to what class of beings she most probably belonged to; and it was at last unanimously determined, that she must be a witch.

Immediately on this important disco-

very being announced, a panic seized the whole community; the women and children fled fearfully to their houses, where, owing to the wonderful charm of an old horse-shoe, which was nailed to the lintel of their door, they considered themselves safe from her influence: of the men, some ran for the parson to exorcise her, and others stood carefully aloof muttering their aves and paternosters, and waiting, with anxiety, the arrival of the priest. The old woman in the mean time kept quietly on her way, and occasionally stopped to ask for charity at some of the houses, the doors of which were instantly closed in her face, when she was distinctly heard to mumble curses on the horse-shoe, which prevented her forcing an entrance and wreaking her vengeance on those who had treated her with so much indignity.

At length the parson arrived. Advancing bold up to the enemy, he commenced the ceremony of exorcising, and commanded her to depart instantly to the Red Sea. Every body expected to see the old woman immediately take wing, and do as she was ordered; but she still remained on the same spot, unmoved by all the powerful anathemas which were denounced against her. Irriated by her contumacy, the priest had recourse to that expedient, which never fails in such emergencies. He commanded the multitude to seize the old hag, and duck her in the mill-pond. They laid hands on her accordingly and hurried her away to the scene of her intended punishment, she making no resistance until she arrived at the brink of the pool, when suddenly, by a wonderful effort of strength, shaking off those who held her, and mounting the stick which she carried with her, she sprung like a bird into the air, diffusing around her a strong odour of brimstone, and uttering a wild hysterical laugh at the fear struck multitude, who stood rivetted to the spot by the horror which overcame them. The old lady, however, kept frisking about in the air, going through many equestrian manœuvres on her broomstick, which she managed with great skill, till at length she gradually descended nearly to the surface of the water, and uttered some mystical words. The pool instantly became violently agitated, the waves beating with great force against the banks which seemed unable to resist them, and in a short time fell into the water, which, proud of its victory, seemed disposed to continue its encroachments, and swallow up the whole place, with its inhabitants.

Recovering from their stupor, these unlucky villagers fled to the neighbouring hills, without being able to save any of their property, and from their elevated situation saw their homes gradually engulphed by the increasing water, which in a short time completely covered the whole of their once flourishing and happy village. And so it remains to this day; the tradition of the catastrophe is preserved on the spot, and the truth of it is sufficiently attested, as the dishes and pans, and other domestic utensils may still be seen, when the water is clear, scattered about the bottom.

A story something similar to this, is related of a small lake in Wales, between Crickhowel and Brecon, called Llynsafeddan, and also Llangorse Mere.

A young man of that neighbourhood wished to pay his addresses to the lady of Llynsafeddan, who rejected him on account of his poverty. Being violently enamoured with her, and reflecting on the cause of his disappointment, he determined by some means or other to acquire a property sufficient to enable him to meet the lady on her own terms. With this view he sallied forth, and meeting with the carrier, who had the charge of a great sum of money, he first robbed him, and then to prevent his seeking for justice, murdered him also and carefully buried the body. Being thus possessed of wealth, he again urged his suit, which met with a more favourable reception, but the lady was anxious to learn by what means he had suddenly acquired so large a property. Under a promise of secrecy he made her acquainted with every particular, on which she refused to listen to his suit, unless he first appeased the ghost of his victim. This he readily undertook to do, and on his approaching the grave, a voice was heard to say, 'Is there no vengeance for innocent blood?' To which another answered, 'Not until the ninth generation.' He faithfully reported this to the lady, who satisfied to find the day of vengeance so long postponed, consented to marry him.

In a short time they had a numerous family, and so quickly did it increased that they lived to see even the ninth generation. The time still passed on a

vengeance seemed to sleep; and the threatened denunciation was forgotten. They made a great feast; at which the whole of their family was present; mirth and jollity prevailed; the cup went round; the joke was passed; the time went merrily on; when suddenly, in the midst of their enjoyment, the sky became dark, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the earth shook, the lofty turrets of the castle tottered, and the whole fabric fell. Their lands sunk, and they and the whole of their possessions were whelmed in the waves. Nothing now remains, save the depth of the destructive waters, and the bare tradition of the catastrophe of which they were the awful instrument.—*Palladium.*

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE ROSE.

Once, sitting in a fragrant bower,
I pluck'd a blooming rose;
But as I held the beauteous flower,
It stung with prickly woes.

And such (thought I) is cruel *love*,
Without it we're forlorn!
We pant, to catch the smiling flowers,
It pricks us like the thorn!

C. MACKAY.

AN ANACREONTIC.

(By —— Gurney)

Who dares talk of hours? Seize the bell of that clock!
Seize his hammer, and cut off his hands;
To the bottle, dear bottle, I'll stick like a rock,
And obey only pleasure's commands.

Let him strike the short hours, and hint at a bed,
Waiter, bring us more wine—what a whim,
Say that Time, his old master, for topers was made,
And not jolly topers for him.

FUTURITY.

There is a place of final rest,
Far off it cannot be,
Where meet the wretched and the blest,
The bondman and the free.

And all shall bend as equals there,
Tho' different here their fate,
And find a refuge from despair,
Satiety and hate.

J. S.

"HOW DO I LOVE THEE."

How do I love thee? Ask me not,
For the tongue no language knows
T' express the thoughts that softly still
From warm affection flows.

How do I love thee? More than thoug't
Unaided could conceive:
More than wild fancy could define,
Or aught but love believe.

How do I love thee? Ask the fond
Expressions of my soul;
Ask my long gazing eyeballs, when
In thy sweet smile they roll.

How do I love thee? Ask thy heart,—
If to know Love's power is thine
The trembling hopes that fill *thy* breast,
Will picture those in *mine*.

Why do I love thee? Dost thou think
That Love owns Reason's power?
Oh! if thou dost, thy youthful heart
Ne'er visited his bower.

Why do I love thee? I might bring
Imagination's aid;
And after straining all his force,
No answer true have made.

Why do I love thee? When we hear
Soft music, then we're still:—
And so with Love, we scarce know why,
But yield him up our will.

When do I love thee? 'Mid the noise
And bustle of the world:
When Quiet steers her bark along,
With peaceful sail unfurl'd.

When do I love thee? From the close
Of eve, to rising sun:
From the first streak of morning's dawn,
Till day his journey's done.

When will I love thee? While I share
In mortal's earthly lot:
While fainting senses fall from off
My heart, each thought to blot.

When will I love thee? When old Time
His glass shall cease to turn;
Through long eternity's bright day,
With love to thee I'll burn.

R. J.

ON A BIRD'S NEST.

(*By Hurdis.*)

Mark it well, within, without,
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all,
And yet how neatly finished. What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another. Fondly then
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.

Varieties.

ANECDOTE OF DR. POPE.

Dr. Pope who attended the princess Amelia, had declined for some time past going out professionally in the night. A man once knocked at his door at midnight, and earnestly requested he would go and see his wife, who was taken dangerously ill. "I cannot, friend," said the doctor, "go to Mr. ——." "I have," quoth the man, "he is out;" "Go then to Mr. ——." "He is out too." "Well then, stop a little, and I will e'en dress and go with thee." After taking the worthy doctor about three miles, the villain turned, and presenting a pistol at his breast demanded his money. "Why friend," said the good man, "could'st thou not have told me thy business without taking me so far from home; remove thy pistol, and I will give thee all I have." He then calmly delivered up his purse, and the man left him. After his purse was gone, the doctor recollected himself, and calling him back, gave him some halfpence that he had found in his coat pocket; the profligate wretch with a vehement oath, flung them at the man's head and escaped.

ROOKS SUBJECT TO EPILEPSY.

Some years ago there were several large elm-trees in the College garden, behind the ecclesiastical court, Doctor's Commons, in which a number of rooks had taken up their abode, forming in appearance a sort of convocation of aerial ecclesiastics. A young gentleman who lodged in an attic, and was their close neighbour, frequently entertained himself with thinning this covey of black game by means of a cross-bow. On the opposite side lived a curious old civilian, who, observing from his study that the rooks often dropt senseless from their perch, no sign being made to his vision to account for the phenomenon, set his wits to work to consider the cause. It was probably during a profitless time of peace; and the doctor, having plenty of leisure, weighed the matter over and over, till he was at length fully satisfied that he had made a great ornithological discovery. He actually wrote a treatise stating circumstantially what he himself had seen, and in conclusion, giving it as the settled conviction of his mind, that *rooks* were subject to *epilepsy!*

CURIOUS CALCULATION RELATIVE TO THE WEIGHT OF BANK NOTES.

As two gentlemen, a short time since were settling an account at a coffee-house, one of them drew out of his pocket-book a great number of bank notes, which induced a gentleman in the next box to exclaim that he wished he had as many as he could carry of them. "Then, sir," replied the other, "how many, and to what amount, do you think you could carry, for all mine are 30*l.* notes?" "Why, Sir," said the other in reply, "I think that I could carry more than the Bank of England could supply me with, for I think I could carry in 30*l.* notes more than, or as much as the national debt amounts to;" upon which the other gentleman offered to lay him a wager of twenty guineas, that he and 99 of the strongest men he could select, could not carry the weight of the amount of the national debt, for the distance of half a mile without resting; the wager was immediately accepted, and on a calculation taking place, it appeared that 512 notes weighed exactly 1lb. and that 726 millions, which is computed to be the national debt, in 30*l.* notes weighs 47,265 lbs. which, when divided amongst 100 people, the weight each one would have to carry, would be 472lbs. 6 ounces per man!

R. H. T.

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The Casket.

No. 25. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1827. PRICE 1d.



DANDELION, NEAR MARGATE.

This ancient edifice is situated about one mile and a half south west from Margate. It was formerly the seat of the ancient family of Dent de Lyon, who appear to have flourished here in the time of Edward the First; and who were afterwards called Daundelion, Daundelyon, Daundeleon, &c. After passing through various hands, the estate was purchased by the late Lord Holland, who transferred it to his second son, the late C. J. Fox, Esq. The gate-house, represented above, is yet standing, and in good preservation. It is embattled, and built with alternate courses of flint and bricks, having a small square tower at each angle. Over the great entrance is a shield of the arms of Dandelion, viz. sable, three lions rampant, between two bars, dancette, argent.

The grounds belonging to this ancient seat have been partly converted into a tea garden and place of resort for the numerous visitants to Margate and Ramsgate.

THE WIDOW.

Hence, cruel life! nor more persist
To warm this sad, this broken heart!
When Charles's clay-cold lips I kiss'd,
How welcome Death! had been thy dart!

Speechless, they say, benumb'd I seem'd
While his last precious breath I caught;
No tears to sooth my sorrow stream'd,
And agony suspended thought.

They tell me that my helpless child
I from my arms with fury toss'd;
It might be so—for I was wild—
The mother in the wife was lost.

They tell me, on th' unconscious corse,
At length, bereft of sense, I fell:—
Ah, blessed state! of balm the source!
It clos'd my ears to Charles's knell.

But, happy state, resembling death,
Why is your balmy stupor flown?
Ah, why restore a wretch's breath?
For I can only live to moan.

E'en reason says I justly weep,
And, ah! she says I weep in vain;
My midnight couch with tears I steep,
Then rise at morn to weep again.

When to my heart my child I fold,
He only deepens every sigh;
I think, while I his charms behold,
How he'd have plea's'd his father's eye.

And while I from his lisping tongue
Soft childhood's artless accents hear,
I think, with vain remembrance wrung,
How he'd have charm'd his father's ear.

I think—but O forbear, fond heart;
From vain regrets to duties turn;—
Yes—I will act a parent's part—
I'll tear myself from Charles's urn.

S. D.

THE CONCERT SINGER.

There, perhaps, never has been, in the recollection of the oldest person in existence, so many poor unhappy wights troubled with the chaunting mania, as at the present day. Every tavern, dancing room, public house, private theatre, &c. issues forth weekly to the town its five hundred large bills, headed 'unprecedented novelty!' 'wonderful combination of talent!' with a dozen or two of unmeaning names attached to—if not as unmeaning—yet, at least, well hack'd songs and recitations. 'Music hath charms;' so sang the bard,—and he is indeed a brute who denies the assertion.

The late dreadful distress, which unfortunately has been felt by most classes of society, may have, in some measure, tended to o'erstock the market with these diverting vagabonds, some of whom, when business resumes its wonted animation, may possibly return again to the paths of virtue—at least 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd.' But there are those (ten fathom below mediocrity), whose every sense of life and pleasure appears embodied in this lazy and despicable calling.

Let us be clearly understood, while deprecating this dastardly system of procuring a meal—alike disgraceful to both male and female—that we chastise only those individuals whom nature never designed for greater undertakings than dragging a truck or doing the domestic household offices.

A regular Concert Singer, both in appearance and circumstances, is the most unhappy fellow in the world. His meagre and hungry phiz—his 'well-sav'd hose' and threadbare coat tell to the eye of the reasoning man the difficulties and shufflings he must be obliged to submit himself to;—'the proud man's contumely,' and the insults he must pocket, as he sneaks through life. The Concert Singer, like the owl, shuns the blessed day. He is incarcerated in some wretched attic till night arrives, when he sallies forth to his 'professional duties' with as much pride, and infinitely more impudence than the statesman on his way to the senate-house. Should he be met in his journey by some frequenter of the Room where he exhibits, his mode of salutation is particularly warm, something after this style:—"Well, my dear boy, how are you?" which he quickly follows up with "you'll stand a drop of something to-night." Should he come in contact with some bonnet or mantua maker, 'tis then he shines:—'tis then he ventures to become a critic, and talks of Braham, Sapio, and Paton, with all the familiarity of an equal. He darts into the Assembly Room—but not before he has done ample justice to his laundress, by displaying to the best ad-

vantage his well-starched shirt collar, nodding to each smiling face he encounters, while making towards that platform,

'The source of all his bliss and all his woe,
That found him poor, and still will keep him so.'

JAQUES.

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

No. II.—BALLAD SINGERS.

'Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough."

A distinguishing feature in the noise that disturbs the streets in the environs of the metropolis, is the plaintive ditty of the ballad singer; which enlivens the otherwise monotonous proceedings of a city scene, and draws the cook-maids from their errands to the listening crowd; and their less fortunate fellows, who are confined within doors, to that convenient opening, the chamber window: in "the olden time," when they used to chaunt pretty airs to popular tunes, there was in the appearance of these sons and daughters of music, something picturesque and pleasing; but now! now, that they sell songs by the yard, their ambition seems to rest solely in hurrying as quick as possible to the end of the long list, and squalling, with unmusical discord through the most tuneless rhime it contains. Reader! does not your frame shudder, and "all that is within you" seem ready to leave you senseless, at the recollection of two or three opposition-ists in this profession passing the window of your study, and disturbing you from your learned lucubrations by their rival performances? Have you not frequently been roused from a most profound cogitation, by the sound of

"Come buy my primroses,
Cried Helen the fair."

squalled by one of these aspirants to "the tuneful lyre?" or, if not, have you not sometimes been awakened from your afternoon's nap, at the very moment when sleep seemed most refreshing, and you feel least disposed to be roused from slumber, by the more composing couplet—

'Oh rest thee babe, rest thee babe,
'*Sleep* while you may;'

and, wishing the noisy nurses who drove sleep from *your* eye-lids, at some most immeasurable distance, raised yourself from the sofa to vegetate through a listless afternoon, with feelings composed of fatigue, indigestion, and ennui?—Reader, if thou hast not a perfect horror chill through thy veins, at the remembrance of these things, then certainly thou dost not possess an 'harmonious ear;' and therefore, as thou art most likely to be an admirer of 'ballad singers,' we will introduce thee to one or two specimens of the caste.

The first of these is a tall, good-looking African, without the least defect of his pronunciation of the English language, and has a tolerably good voice, and when surrounded by the crowd of gaping admirers which usually encloses him, seems at the very zenith of his glory: he is the only one of his numerous fraternity that appears a favourite of the god of song

The next is a short, plump looking woman, drest in a blue and white gown, with shoes down at heel, and innumerable holes in her stockings; on her head she wears an old black bonnet, and across her shoulders a faded cotton shawl, which she keeps constantly pinned at her waist, in a complete wind opposing style; when she 'sings' all the parrots and dogs in the neighbourhood become, as if by common consent, dull and silent; indeed, the noise she makes, is calculated to frighten all reasonless creatures into darkness and quiet; her voice is always *fortissimo*, and seems scarcely divested of its effect by the rattling of carriages, or the rumbling of heavy laden waggons. It has none of the pathos, which at times renders tolerable the notes of her black competitor; but jumbles through bacchanalian glees, and love lorn sonnets, in the same discordant strain! driving far from the sphere of its extension, all ideas of learning, reflection, or repose.

Another is a hump-backed youth with lungs of stentorian power, who with his hand to his mouth, roars through the sea song of 'the sailor boy,' stunning sensitive ears, disturbing the quiet of the sick, and drowning in its din the less offensive noises with which the streets of a great city always abound.

The number of minor professors would be almost incredible, if it was not attested by daily experience; but those mentioned are the principal luminaries of the sphere they move in; they are the Brahams and Catalinis of the populace, and by their several attractions always succeed in drawing around them the staring multitude: but to the mind that is fond of its own company, and which loves to retire from noise and bustle to the pleasures of calm contemplation, they are nuisances of no inconsideeable extent: early or late, winter or summer, fine weather or rainy, "the Ballad Singers" still continue their vocal operations, to the discomfort of those to whom their performances are any thing but welcome, and by whom they are regarded with no very favourable eye.

R. J.

RAISING THE WIND.

A farmer in Cumberland made his will, and in coming home he lost it at the door of a very rich old gentleman, whose whole thoughts were running upon money. The old fellow found it at his gate, and began to read it. He there found the farmer was giving 500l. to this person, and 1000l. to another, and a farm in a distant county to a third. The old man went in and said, 'Aye, aye, I always thought this fellow knew how to look about him.' In a few days the farmer came to tell him he was about to set up a manufactory, and to ask him for a loan of 500l.: the old fellow, who had the will in his head, complied without hesitation. In a few days after the fellow broke, and the old man on enquiry, found that the will was an entire fabrication, and had been dropped at his gate on purpose.

ANECDOTE OF MR. BETTY.

At a first rehearsal the Edinburgh manager expressed his fears that young Betty's voice would not fill the house. 'My dear sir,' replied the little hero of buckskin, 'I beg you would be under no apprehension upon that score, for if my voice does not fill the house, probably my playing will.'

A DROPSICAL HEN.

The dropsy is a disease by which many of the human race suffer severely; its ravages are not, however, confined to them alone, but extend even to the feathered creation. A hen, the property of Mr. D——, of Bethnal-green, was lately observed to become uncommonly large, of which notice was taken, except by a casual remark on its extreme fatness; it was soon discovered that the fowl no longer deposited her usual offering in the nest, and not being considered as worthy of being indulged in a profitless existence, her neck was wring for the purpose of roasting her; previous to this, however, it was necessary that a certain operation called 'drawing' should be performed, when, to the surprise of the cook, about a quart of water was discharged; and 'the fine fat fowl' was discovered to be entirely useless.

A clergyman and a barber quarrelling, the former said, 'you have lived like a knave, and you will die like a knave.' 'Then,' said the barber, 'you will bury me like a knave.'

One of the towns in Barbadoes is called Bridge Town, and it is of that magnitude, that Lord Seaforth, upon first visiting it, turned round to his aides de camp, and said, 'Gentlemen, keep close! or I shall be out of the town before you are in it.'

A man sent a note to a rich neighbour he was on friendly terms with, to borrow an ox for a few hours. The worthy old man was no scholar, and happened to have a guest sitting with him at the time, that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note, and pretending to read it, after reflecting a moment, turning to the servant, 'Very good,' says he, 'tell your master I'll come myself presently.'

As the late king was passing some new rows of houses at Hammersmith, which were decorated with fanciful Etruscan vases, very much indeed resembling tureens, his Majesty cast a hasty look at them, and said in his quick way,—'soup shops, soup shops.'

A noble Lord, who was aide de camp to the Duke of Wellington, visited the Duke early on the morning of the battle of Salamanca, and perceiving him lying on a very small camp bedstead, observed that his Grace 'had not room to turn himself.' The Duke immediately replied, 'when you have lived as long as I have, you will know that when a man thinks of turning in his bed, it is time he should turn out of it.'

THE WITTY NEGRO,

OR, FAITH CALLED INTO ACTION.

One Peter Mungo, and one James Washee,
Were both the servants of a man so kind,
That though he scrupled for to set them free,
He did his utmost to improve each mind.

For in his house a reverend priest he kept,
Whose business 'twas the pagans' hearts to turn
From the dull ignorance in which they slept,
And with love to the cross to make them burn.

The holy father filled with pious zeal,
In terms he thought must sure their conscience touch,
Exhorts them often to their future weal
To look, and not of life to think so much.

Poor Mungo, frightened at the tales he heard,
Of what poor unbelievers were to feel,
When, after death, their bodies once more stirr'd;
His wounded conscience now resolv'd to heal.

Soon Father Paulo is for pardon sued,
Who absolution grants him in a trice;
And Peter Mungo now's a Christian good
As can be found—I mean at such a price.

But Washee (what a difference!) laugh'd to scorn
All the good priest could say 'bout death and hell,
Which caused poor Mungo (who his friend was sworn)
Whene'er they chanc'd to meet, to rate him well.

It happ'd one day the worthy priest's discourse
Concerning 'faith,' was scarcely understood,
So to his argument to give more force,
He cried, 'faith mountains moves,' loud as he could.

And when the natives all began to stare,
Assured them it was Scripture, every word;
And Mungo thought 'twas made out very clear,
As clear, at least, as he had ever heard.

So homeward hasten'd, and upon the road
O'ertook the wicked Washee with his mule,
Quite wearied, trudging with a heavy load,
And quick began at him, as was his rule:

'Why, Washee, you no to de meeting come,
And learn to read de Bible, and to pray,
And hear good Massa Paulo say de song?
But no! you naughty; you will stop away.'

Quoth Washee, 'Mungo, when me used to go,
Me no tell what de Massa white man mean.'
'Because with faith you Washee be so slow;
Now me got *faith* my sins be all wash clean.'

'Faith! what be dat?' cries Washee, 'me no tell;
Me never hear at all 'bout dat before.'
'Oh! *faith*,' quoth Mungo, 'be so great, so well,
It *move de mountains*—aye, and great deal more!'

(Now Washee's road lay o'er a hill, so high
And steep, to climb it were a task severe;
And so, before the route he deign'd to try,
He grinn'd, and answer'd—as you'll find it here.)

'*Move mountains*! do it? dat be strange indeed,
And I be wishing for to get home still;
So pray, good Mungo, be a friend in need,
As you got *faith*, you say, *you move dat hill*.'

R. J.

STARCHING.

The art of starching, according to How's 'Stow,' was first publicly taught in London, about the year 1564, by a Flemish woman, called 'Mistress Dinghen Wan-den Plasse,' her price being usually 'four or five pound,' and an extra 20 shillings for shewing how to 'seeth the starch.'

On Bathing.

No. 2.

(*Continued.*)

COLD BATHS.

Cold Baths are those of a temperature varying from the 33rd to the 36th degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The general properties of the Cold Bath consist in its power of slightly contracting the animal fibres, while it abstracts the caloric, or matter of heat, that exists between their insterstices, and thus effects an approximation of the particles. That such is the natural influence of cold even on the living fabric cannot be doubted; and hence this species of bath, by its powerful action on the whole system, is occasionally an important remedy, presented as it were by the hand, and supplied from the bosom, of nature.

Even in the most remote times, cold bathing was resorted to with comfort, and with some advantage, by nervous and debilitated persons; but in the dark or middle ages, this genuine source of health was totally neglected, till the good sense of Europeans again adopted it as a general restorative, when the prevailing diseases leaving, after their removal, relaxation and antony, rendered the use of such an auxiliary inestimable.

The principal advantage derived from the constant use of the cold bath, is to lessen very considerably the morbid sensibility to changes of weather, to accustom the body gradually to every species of temperature, and to procure in this respect, for the rich, the benefits of an active and laborious life, without an abandonment of the pleasures of luxury. On this principle it is, that they who bathe during the autumn are less liable to rheumatism and catarrhal affections during the following winter. It should not, however, be resorted to—1. In a full state of body, or what is called general plethora, on account of the frequent febrile disposition attending such individuals. 2. In hemorrhages, open wounds, or ulcers, or any kind of inflammation, whether external or internal. 3. In obstructions of the intestines, or habitual costiveness. 4. In affections of the breast and lungs, such as difficult respiration, short and dry coughs, &c. 5. In gouty and rheumatic paroxysms. It has of late, however, been repeatedly recommended as a tonical application, though seldom, we believe, as a general application; yet sir J. Floyer asserts, that 'Podagrics sometimes have kept their fits off with it.' 6. During pregnancy. And 7. In a distorted or deformed state of the body, except in particular cases, to be ascertained by professional men.

In using the cold bath, it is worthy of observation, that there is no truth in the vulgar opinion that it is safer to enter the water when the body is cool, and that persons heated by exercise, and beginning to perspire, should wait till they are perfectly cooled. By plunging into it in this state, an alarming and dangerous chillness is frequently felt, and the injury sustained is frequently ascribed to plunging into the bath too warm, while it doubtless arises from the opposite extreme. Dr. Currie has clearly proved, that all the inconveniences adduced to show the bad effects of immersion in cold water, after the body has been heated by violent exercise, depends not on the preceding heat, but on the debility and exhaustion of the bather at the time. In such cases, the salutary re-action and glow that ought always to succeed the bathe cannot be produced, owing to the loss of that vigour and energy, which should arouse it. The most favourable moment, indeed, for the use of the cold bath is during the greatest heat produced by moderate exercise, and when the body is yet in its full strength. Immediately after running, or other gymnastic exercises, by which the Roman youth were inured to the fatigues of war, they darted from the Campus Martius into the Tiber, and swam across it once or twice. We cannot, in fact, too strongly urge on bathers the propriety of taking exercise before cold affusion or immersion.

Another consequence of this theory, is not to undress until the moment of immersion, or when undressed it is proper to throw over the body a flannel gown, which may be laid on one side at the time of going into the water, and resumed immediately on coming out. Immersion in the water during the whole time of bathing is far preferable to the persons coming out and plunging in again at intervals, which last practice is apt to produce debility, and prevent the glow from following. The prevalent fashion of dipping the head first in water is also reprehensible as unnatural and hurtful, often occasioning headaches, and in one case related by Mr.

Odier, water in the head followed the plunging head foremost into the water.

While the father is in the water, he should not remain inactive, but apply brisk general friction, and move his arms or legs to promote the circulation of the fluids from the heart to the extremities. It would, therefore, be extremely imprudent to continue in the water till a second chillness attacks the body; a circumstance which would not only defeat the whole purpose intended, but might at the same time be productive of the most injurious effects.

Immediately on coming out of the bath, it is proper for the person to dress himself quickly, and it is of the greatest advantage for him to wrap himself up in a flannel gown destined for the purpose.

(To be continued.)

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Playing on his flute in a sad and pensive strain, the ears of Walden were suddenly struck by the mournful cries of a child, and the complaining voice of a distressed woman. 'Oh! merciful God!' exclaimed the poor creature, 'bear with compassion the moans of my unhappy babe!' Walden ceased to play; and looking over the hedge, he surveyed the child with compassion, while the woman lay on the grass to rest herself. He asked, in a soft voice, why the poor infant cried. 'He is hungry,' replied the woman, weeping bitterly; 'we have not had any thing to eat since yesterday morning.' 'Gracious God! since yesterday morning! wait here a few minutes, and I will return.' He flew away with incredible swiftness, re-appeared in a short time with a bowl of milk and a small loaf, towards which the child stretched out its arms, and the woman to whom he delivered them, began to feed it.

'Sit down, my good woman, and eat of it yourself,' said Walden, 'I will take care of your infant.' Placing himself on the grass beside it, he dipped a bit of the loaf in the milk and patiently assisted his little famished charge. The child looked up in his face and smiled. Walden, pleased and affected at this intuitive mark of gratitude, kissed his little forehead. 'What is your occupation?' he asked the woman, who was eating with avidity; 'you are, I suppose, the mother of this creature? Where do you live?' 'No, it is not my own,' replied she 'and I did not know his parents. I am the wife of a poor soldier, my worthy sir, and I have travelled beyond Berlin, a great way: my husband had been away from me three years, and I wanted to see him again—for I loved him dearly. My own two children I left with their grandmother, and I sold every thing I did not absolutely want at home that I might carry him a trifle of money. Accordingly I set out and got to the end of my journey, just as my husband had marched with his troops, to drive a party of Austrians from some little villiage: so when it was all over, and they had done what had been ordered, I ran to the place to meet him; (here the poor woman burst into tears:) and when I got there, he was dying with wounds, yet he knew me and stretched out his hand saying, 'Oh! Annette!—our children!' These were his last words: I thought I should have died too; but God willed for the sake of our little ones, and this babe, that I should live. In the same house where my poor husband expired, was the wife of an Austrian soldier, who died two days afterwards, and left the babe which nobody on earth seemed to take care about: almost all the villege had been burnt down, and all the inhabitants had run away; so that when our soldiers marched I begged them to take the poor child with them: but then they said to me, 'What could we do with it?' 'And that was very true; but to let the child stay and dye with hunger, was impossible; so I resolved to take it, let what would happen: and I set out to return to my own home, with the young thing in my arms. In my way I was weary enough; but never met with any body that took compassion on me, or my burden, so I walked on; but I fell sick, as you may see by my looks, and spent the little money I had left, and then I sold my clothes, and every thing I could spare: all went except these poor rags; yet, still I thought if I could but get home I should do very well. I am used to hard work, and I could even do for this little creature, who has nobody in the world but me, to put a morsel of bread into its poor mouth; so I cannot bear to let it starve.' As she said this she pressed the child to her bosom and her tears dropped upon it whilst she repeated, 'If I was but able to work; or, could I but get enough to keep it, till I reach my home!' 'Poor babe?' said Walden, 'poor, yet happy creature;

who in losing her who gave thee birth, found a second mother!—Eyes that drop tears of pity on thy lot, and a heart that loves thee!—No; thou shalt not, from hard necessity, be deserted!' Walden then wrote upon a leaf of his pocket book the name of the woman, and that of the village, where she informed him she lived with her family; and giving her a small sum of money, promised that he would remit the same to her every year.' The woman on holding it in her hand, (which had not contained so much before,) exclaimed, 'Oh; this is too much, worthy Sir;' and being desired to keep it, she added, 'We shall now be rich indeed!—my little ones, and this one, and their grandmother—we shall all be rich!' 'Good creature!' exclaimed Walden, with emotion, 'you are rich indeed, in a heart to which all other riches are dross, your humanity to this orphan will be better rewarded; but if this were my last crown, you should have it!—Hasten away, or I may be tempted to take the child, to have the pleasure of bringing it up, that it may love me as it do you.' On hearing this the woman hastily pressed the infant to her bosom, and giving Walden a farewell benediction, pursued her journey with alacrity.

THE TYTHE PIG.

An opulent gentleman, member of parliament for a borough in the West of England, some time since, on the evening previous to the marriage of his nephew, (a clergyman) sent him, by his servant, a parcel accompanied by a note, in which he informed him, 'that it was with concern he reflected, that the living he had lately presented him to, could not be immediately productive; he had taken care, however, to preserve *one tythe pig*, which he hoped he would not refuse, as it, together with the stuffing, might furnish a dish for the wedding dinner.' On unpacking the parcel, behold a most beautiful *silver pig* of exquisite workmanship, presented itself to view, and after examining it for some time, a little door was discovered, which on opening, the inside was literally found to be *stuffed* full of bank notes; all were delighted with the pleasantry, taste, and generosity of the donor; and the young clergyman has from thence been taught to consider a tythe pig as no bad thing.

CONJUGAL HAPPINESS.

A Brussels paper contains, in an article on the state of morals in Belgium, the following table. The editor assures the readers that it is the result of authentic researches, and that they may rely upon its fidelity:—

Wives who have abandoned their husbands to follow lovers	3,021
Husbands who have fled to avoid their wives	4,192
Voluntary separations	2,033
Couples living at war with each other under the same roof	5,112
Couples who hate each other cordially, but who think it necessary to keep up a certain reputation before the world	6,112
Persons living together, with the most marked indifference to the habits and pursuits of each other	4,012
Persons who are reported happy to the world, but who are really not so	1,210
Persons who are happy in comparison with those who are more wretched	1,022
Really faithful and happy couples	3

The above 'nicely' calculated table, the 'result of authentic researches,' and upon the 'fidelity of which we may rely,' was copied from a paragraph contained in a weekly paper some time ago.

E. B. P.

A schoolmaster, who had resigned the ferula for a halbert, in his new capacity of serjeant addressed his audience in the following arithmetical harangue: 'Come my bra'e fellows, every man that I shall have the honour of numerating in the service, shall have an addition to his pay; no subtraction, with a multiplication of other favours; division shall be observed in the golden rule; and as the French practise no religion, damme but we'll beat them to fractions.'

A worthy Cambrian at the recent Eisteddfod, or Welsh Musical Festival, after staying a short time at the concert, walked off, shaking his head, exclaiming, 'I like singing and drinking by turns—here it is all sing and no drink—that will never do.'

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The Casket.

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CROYDON.

Croydon is a market town in Surrey, on the edge of Bamstead downs, nine miles and a half south of London. It consists of two parts, the old and new towns; the old town is situated in a low plain, where springs arise, forming the source of the river Wandle: in it is the ancient archiepiscopal palace of the province of Canterbury. The new town called the High Street, was no more than a bridle way over the fields, but in consequence of its being higher ground and in a more direct course than the old road, it became the principal road to Brighton and the southern coast. The parish is very extensive, being thirty-six miles in circumference, and includes several hamlets; its population in 1811, amounted to about 7,900 persons. The old palace was sold to the late sir A. Pitcher of Streatham, and the site, including the grounds, belong at present to persons engaged in bleaching and printing linens. The church, which is one of the finest buildings in the county, is dedicated to St. John the Baptist; the remains of many of the archbishops are interred here. Within the church is a handsome monument to archbishop Grindall, and a still more beautiful one to archbishop Whitgift; the recumbent figure of the last was executed about 1683, by Joseph Latham, an English mason and citizen of London. The last mentioned prelate erected an hospital in this town for twenty-eight poor men, either of the parish of Croydon, or o the contiguous one of Lambeth. The expense of this building was 2,700*l*. The assizes are sometimes held in this town.

On Bathing.

No. 8.

(Cold Baths Continued.)

After this a short walk may be recommended, keeping within that exertion which would not produce perspiration or fatigue. If the heat be slow in returning, a bowl of warm soup or a weak infusion of orange peel, ginger, or mace, may be taken, or if fasting it will be well to take food. It is a bad custom to go to bed after the bath, unless the sensation of cold amounts to shivering, and be accompanied with great weakness, in which case the person may be put to bed, and a bladder filled with warm air applied to the stomach.

The duration of cold bathing, as applied to the whole body, ought however to be short, and must be determined by the bodily constitution, and the sensation of the individual, for healthy persons may continue much longer in it than valetudinarians, and both will be influenced by the temperature of the air, so that in summer they may enjoy it for an hour, when in spring or autumn, one or two minutes may be sufficient. Under similar circumstances cold water acts on aged and lean persons with more violence than on the young and corpulent; hence the former, even in the hottest days of summer, can seldom with safety remain in the water longer than a quarter of an hour; while the latter are generally able to sustain its impressions for double that time.

The best place for cold bathing is in the invigorating water of the sea, or a clear river; according to Kirwan, the mean temperature of the former on the English coast in the month of August is 648 Fahrenheit's thermometer, whilst the sea water never descends below 59º. Yet notwithstanding this small difference the sea water feels considerably colder than the atmosphere, owing to the diversity of media. On immersion, a shock, or a strong sensation of cold is felt; on coming out of the water, the cold is greater even than when in the bath, and which may be attributed to evaporation. This, however, is soon followed by a feeling of pleasing warmth, learnedly called by Buchan the *re-action of the vital principle*. The same rule applies here as in the use of the cold bath, namely, to suspend its use if the genial glow above mentioned does not soon come on.

It is an opinion very generally diffused, that the period best adapted to sea bathing is before dinner, or early in the morning, when the stomach is empty, since it has been found that persons who bathe after dinner, experience flatulencies and eructations, a sense of heaviness at the stomach, and other symptoms of indigestion. It is very proper to rise early in the morning, as the longer sleep is prolonged beyond its natural and necessary duration, the more is the body debilitated and rendered torpid. But persons of a delicate constitution are commonly too much disordered by the morning cold, and diminished temperature of the water, at such an hour, for re-action is to be effected as it ought, and for producing the glow of warmth on coming out of the sea; and without this, the cold bath is always injurious. Such persons ought to begin by taking a walk in the open air before breakfast, without, however, prolonging the exercise so far as to produce fatigue, and not to use the bath until some time after having taken food, and then repeat a short walk before bathing, so as not to enter the water with the slightest sense of coldness.

The strong and robust who bathe for pleasure, may choose their own time, but to the infirm we must hold a different language. These ought to wait for that season in which the water is warmest, which in England is in the month of August. The medium temperature of the water of the English coast is at this time 61º Fah. though sometimes it is elevated to 70º but on the approach of rain and stormy weather, is much diminished. The best time for bathing is at high tide, when this happens from noon to one o'clock. It was once the custom to bathe in the evening, and this is the period still chosen by those, especially the youthful, who do it simply for pleasure. A bath in the evening usually procures tranquil sleep, a property well known to the Romans. But the selection of this time is only fitted for those who are accustomed to eat temperately at an early hour, who are not weakened by the fatigues of the day, and who perspire with difficulty. It would therefore be the height of imprudence for those to bathe in the evening who are

fatigued and exhausted by the exertions of the day,* who dine late and banquet sumptuously and who are prone to perspire when asleep; since the bath generally augments such a disposition, and under these circumstances, cannot but be pernicious.

(*To be continued.*)

* On the 1st of September, 1778, two students of medicine at Edinburgh set out on foot on a journey, a considerable part of which lay along one of the rivers of Scotland. They started by sunrise, and proceeded with alacrity in the cool of the morning. At the end of eight miles they breakfasted, rested for an hour, and then resumed their journey. The day grew warm as it advanced, and after a march of eight miles more, they arrived heated, but not fatigued, on the banks of the Tweed, about eleven in the forenoon. Urged by the fervour of the day, and tempted by the beauty of the stream, they stripped instantly, and threw themselves into the river. The utmost refreshment followed, and when they retired to the neighbouring inn, this was succeeded by a disposition to sleep, which they indulged. In the afternoon they proceeded, and travelling sixteen miles further at a single stretch, arrived at the inn where they were to sleep, a little after sunset. The afternoon had been warm, and they perspired profusely; but the evening was temperate and rather cool. They had travelled for some miles slowly, and arrived at the end of their journey, stiffened and wearied with their exercise. The refreshment which they had experienced in the morning from bathing, induced, however, one of them to repeat the experiment, and he went perfectly cool into the same river, expecting to relax his limbs in the water, and afterwards to enjoy a profound sleep. The consequences were different. The Tweed, which was so refreshing in the morning, now felt extremely cold, and he left the water hastily. No genial glow succeeded, but a feverish chill remained for some time, with a small frequent pulse, and flying pains over the body. Warm liquids and frictions at length brought on considerable heat, and towards morning perspiration and sleep followed. Next day about noon they proceeded on foot; but the traveller who had bathed was extremely feeble; and though they had to perform a journey of a single stage only, as some part of it was difficult and mountainous, he was obliged to take the assistance of a carriage which overtook them on the road. It was several days before he recovered his usual vigour.

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

THE ANGLER.—No. XII.

'A stick and a string, a worm at one end and a fool at the other.'

Such is the description which that great humourist Swift has given of this class of sportsmen; that it was dictated rather by a spirit of universal ridicule, than by sound judgment, is the opinion of many; and certainly, if it be applied to particular instances, we shall find it neither charitable nor correct. Isaac Walton was no fool, although he frequently held a worm (and a fish too, by the bye) at the end of his line, and spent a considerable part of his life at his favourite amusement. At all events, it is certain that there can be no greater folly in the practice of angling, than in that of hunting, shooting, or a thousand other things, by which men wile away their leisure hours, and renovate at once the body and the mind.

Anglers of the present day are divided into three classes, each of which is easily distinguishable from the others, and when by the side of a river from the rest of the world: the first we shall treat of is the young amateur of about the age of twelve.

This juvenile lover of the pastime may be seen, during summer evenings, in any of the green lanes which are yet remaining within four miles of St. Paul's, with a long willow switch over his shoulder, and an earthen jar, with a string handle, in his hand, he is hastening to the usual spot. With what quick steps does he turn the corner round which it is situated! how joyfully he whistles as it meets his view! and with what pleasurable sensations does he place on the ground the box of unfortunate gentles, who are doomed most unwillingly to seduce to their ruin the finny tribe.

Take a walk by the side of the New River at Islington, and you will see its banks lined with these aspirants to piscatorial fame; there you may behold the glee with which the twopenny line is unwound, and fastened securely at the

end of the 'rod,' lest some 'large fish' should pull it off; and view the malicious grins of the urchins as they fix on their hooks the writhing gentles, whose unlucky fates have consigned them to the torturing death. Every time that some concealed weed stops the progress of 'the float,' the cry of 'a bite' is resounded 'from shore to shore,' and when one of the more fortunate or more skilful among them has the honour to secure some hungry minnow, with what joy is it taken from the hook, and placed in the vessel brought for its reception! Darkness begins to overshadow them, and they reluctantly return to their home; and those who have no fish, tell of the number of 'nibbles' they have had, and hope for better luck 'next time.'

There is another sort of 'angler,' who has an abundance of all kinds of 'tackle,' and whose knowledge of the art has been increased by the experience of years; it is the gentlemen of quiet disposition, who loves to pass away his time in this his favourite amusement: he belongs to some famous 'subscription water,' which is generally the scene of his fishing exploits; he 'trolls for jack,' with amazing perseverance, and considers himself as well paid for his patience by the capture of one in a season. At times he makes a journey up the Thames, and carries destruction into the families of its scaly inhabitants; after his day's pastime, he returns to his habitation, and with feelings of pride exhibits the trophies of his prowess; or should he be disappointed in his expectations, and the wily objects of his search refuse every seducing bait, he purchases some smelts at a fishmonger's shop, and as he pulls them out of his basket, talks of the 'fine sport' he met with, that he may escape the ridicule always attendant upon ill success. He angles merely to kill time, and to pass away a part of his half occupied days.

But not so the real lover of the sport, who devotes to it every hour he can call his own. Every succeeding Sunday does the metropolis send forth its hundreds of these aquatic connoisseurs, who, laden with basket and ground-bait, fishing-rod and worm-bag, to say nothing of divers lines and floats, and bread and cheese sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger, seem to be starting on some perilous enterprize, or proceeding on some distant journey; but the Lea river is their destination, and to take fish their intent: arrived at the desired spot, they scatter along its banks, and seat themselves in readiness for action. Who can tell the anxiety with which they watch each lingering nibble, or the patience with which they wait each enlivening bite? None but those who have in like manner watched and waited, or who have waited to watch them in their morning's walk. Each one keeps in solitary silence within ten yards of his neighbour, and breaks not by his discourse the stillness, which is only disturbed by the struggles of some fated captive, who has been lured into jeopardy by the arts, and whose life is in imminent danger from the strong tackle of 'the angler.' The half-secured prisoner, by sudden endeavour, snaps the line which would have dragged him from his native element, and the disappointed captor loses not only his prize, but also that which he considers of nearly as much consequence, the hook which held it. Discontented, but no ways enraged, he ties on another, and continues at his voluntary employment till evening warns him to retire, or an unceremonious shower drives him from his station. He packs up his 'traps,' and enters the nearest public-house, where he drinks his customary pint of porter, and again greases his thick boots, that they may withstand the soaking which is threatened by the lowering clouds. Cold and tired he returns to his dwelling, and reaps the fruit of his toil; for he has his fish cooked for his supper, and then retires to bed to dream of roach and dace, and the unlucky accidents which the past day has brought.

Such is 'the angler,' and such the manner in which angling is prosecuted: it is a recreation which must have its charms, or there would not be so many ranked among its admirers. If there is nothing very elevated in the employment in watching the descent of a float, there is, at the same time, nothing calculated to infringe, in the slightest degree, on the happiness of any human being. 'The angler' may contribute little towards the benefit of mankind; but let those who are most disposed to censure, reflect whether they have stopped there, or whether they have not at times contributed to the sum of human misery.

R. J.

THE PRIVATE PLAYER.

What a singular compound of every thing droll, stupid, intellectual, pedantic, and mysterious, is the private actor. Reader, has it ever been your lot to come under this head? Hast thou ever been tragedy mad? If not, I pity you. If thou hast never dubb'd up thy fifteen shillings for a first rate part, thou art irrevocably damn'd. Do not headlong pronounce me an infatuist; I most respectfully insinuate I am none; for 'since these arms had seven years pith,' I have, 'man and boy,' made it my particular study; I know it to be the most bustling and important profession in nature, consequently the one best adapted for the cultivation of the human mind.

Rigid schoolmen* may preach of its evil tendency, and with glowing colours paint a scene to the unsophisticated, capable of harrowing up the most frightful ideas; they may adduce arguments and give positive proof of how a respectable man's son left a situation of some two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and how he strolled through the country, hungry and barefoot, with a nest of mendicants—how he married a frail Belvidera, who after giving him half a dozen pledges of affection, left him to become the mistress of some gentleman of fashion, and how at last himself and little ones perished in the parish workhouse. All this is tragical enough, and instances equally lamentable cannot be denied. But what does this prove? What analogy has this to the private actor? the man who not neglecting a respectable calling, not dreaming of making the stage his living chuses (and pays for so chusing), to amuse himself and friends by studying and personating a range of favourite characters in the drama. Is it inevitable that this man must be viciously disposed?

That there are in this, as in all other movements in life, those who are not only a disgrace to it, but to their families and friends, is allowed; and it is one evil much to be lamented, that managers of private establishments are not more choice in their selection. To behold a company, not one possessing a particle of talent, in the most deliberate manner ill-treating the remains of some of England's dearest bards, curdles my heart's blood:—

Oh that a whip were plac'd in every
honest hand
To lash the rascals naked through the
world.'

The private player is the happiest dog in the world—with a continual round of amusement before his eyes, he seldom pines at his fate; he feels happiness while imparting it to those around him; and when no excess is indulged in, is a being much to be envied.

JAQUES.

* Some would-be saint has in the most wanton and illiberal manner dealt out a threat to the whole race of private theatricals, at once vilifying in the most splenetic terms, a body of persons, who by virtue of the liberties of Englishmen, have no right to be thus stabbed in the dark. He states (in the shape of correspondence with the Morning Advertiser of Friday, July the 27th,) that he is determined to pursue a certain party with whom he seems acquainted, to infamy and disgrace, should they not abandon the stage. We do not know this modern Cantwell, but it is apparent he is utterly ignorant of the profession, and likewise impetuous and little minded. 'The police should interrupt this amusement'—so writes this worthy sage. If the police are to divest a man of brains and liberty, to what a wretched state are we dwindling! His attack on the females deserves the warmest reprobation—it is dastardly in the extreme. He says 'to a female it is certain destruction!' Mark that, ye fathers of families; if your daughter once enters a private theatre, she is no longer virtuous. 'It glads me to the heart to think that I can tell him to his teeth,' 'tis false! Many young ladies, now at the head of the profession, have left the private boards spotless as when in the nurse's arms. I could tell to the world the names of many lovely girls, with feelings of respect I speak it, whom I have had the honour of enacting with in a private dramatic institution, worthy to be held up as models of chastity. Would to heaven my pen could do justice to the merits of one or two of them in particular. Some have proved changling, but shall the million sufer for the indiscretion of a few?

'I tell thee, churlish priest
A ministering angel shall my fav'rite be
When thou lyest howling.'

Poetry.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

MEMORY.

When the soft tear steals silently down from the eye,
Take no note of its course, nor detest the slow sigh:
From some spring of soft sorrow its origin flows,
Some tender remembrance that weeps as it goes.

Ah! it is not to say what will bring to the mind
The joys that are fled, and the friends left behind;
A tune, or a song, or the time of the year,
Strikes the key of reflection, and moans on the ear.

Thro' the gay scenes of youth the remembrancer strays,
'Till Memory steps back on past pleasures of gaze;
Fleeting shades they now seem, that glide silent away,
The remains of past hours, and the ghost of each day.

Let the tear then drop silent, nor mark the full eye:
The soul's secret off'ring no mortal should spy,
Few souls are prepar'd for a rite so divine;
When the feelings alone sacrifice to the shrine.

S. D.

TO A LADY, WHO CALLED THE AUTHOR A BUTTERFLY.

You say, miss, that I,
Like a pert butterfly,
Am lighting on every flower;
And oft I greet, each one that is sweet,
But never touch one that is sour.
What if in my flight,
I may sometimes delight,
To resemble that poor harmless thing;
Yet you, like the bee,
Do act towards me,
Your sweetness is mixed with a sting.
Flies may put their noses,
'Mongst lillies and roses;
And steal their sweet honey 'tis true;
And as I'm a fly, I shall not pass you by,
But sip some sweet honey from you.
If ever I may, into Love's garden stray,
Believe me 'tis not a mere jest;
That rose on your cheek is the first I shall seek,
Because 'tis the rose I love best.
Then others might scour,
From flour to flour,
And curl the wild ones for their posies;
Contented at home,
No more would I roam,
Well pleased with my full blown roses.

A. R.

THE PILGRIMS.

A warrior knelt at the holy shrine,
He wept, and he kissed the earth divine
And he sighed and pray'd for the peaceful mind;
But he thought of the home he had left behind.

He thought of his love, and he blamed the oath
That called him far from her gentle truth;
And, 'Oh!' he exclaimed from his inmost heart,
'Light of my bosom, why did we part.'

A maiden knelt at the sacred tomb,
Her dark hair shrouded her cheeks of bloom,
And she look'd on the knight with a wild amaze;
But he turn'd aside from a stranger's gaze.

Her love lay calm on her breast of woe,
Like moonbeams on the driven snow,
And the mild tear shone in her eyes of light,
Like the first star of a summer night.

The warrior knelt at the shrine again,
His faith had dispelled his heart's keen pain,
And he pray'd aloud that no pagan hand
Should again defile the Holy Land;

But a thought of nature gently fell
To mould a prayer for his Ifabel,
'Oh, keep from all but love's alarms.'
He rose—and his maid was in his arms.

W. F. G.

LINES ON AUGUST.

August, I hail thee next! Scorpio thy sign—
Or haply oyster; for on morning five,
Or fifth, of tubs appear a tempting line,
Well stock'd with oysters; and no wight may thrive

Be money fed that poor who does not treat
Himself that day with this delicious meat.

Now little boys, when darkness spreads her pall,
With shells of oysters build in every street,
What they call grottoes, lit with taper small,
And tease for pence each traveller they meet.

F. H. C.

TURKISH GALLANTRY.

Lady Fanny P—.

I can't abide you Turkish folk,
Who take your wives by twenty;
In England *one* is thought no joke,
And numbers find it *plenty*.

Turkish Ambassador.

In England, true, this plan may do,
And be as good as any;
But all the charms we see in you,
We only find in many.

J. T. D.

MY SWEET LITTLE MARY.

When my love is not present my spirits grow sad,
And the world seems a wilderness dreary;
But when she approaches, how joyful and glad
I fly to my sweet little Mary.

Her presence imparts inexpressible bliss,
She's such a bewitching young fairy;
But, oh! what I feel if I win but a kiss
From the lips of my sweet little Mary.

And when in the dance I behold with delight
Her motions so graceful and airy;
I feel my heart flutter, and pant for a flight
To the arms of my sweet little Mary.

To obtain one request the whole world I'd forego,
'Tis a gem in my bosom to carry;
But the gem which I ask none but she can bestow,
'Tis the heart of my sweet little Mary.

ALPHUS.

Varieties.

CURIOUS SIMILITUDE BETWEEN BELLS AND BELLES.

A writer in the Grand Magazine, for 1760, page 79, in describing the various and numerous uses to which bells have been applied at different periods, makes the following curious, and perhaps in some cases, *just* comparison. He says,

'At Cremona, in 1101, the armies had large bells on carriages placed near the general's tent, at the sound of which the soldiers repaired to their proper places, and received their commands. I cannot find that we have any bells of that sort in our armies, but we have *belles* of another sort, that follow our troops, between which, and those of antiquity, there is a wonderful similitude: the ancient bells disturbed the soldiers from their meals; the modern *belles* frequently leave them nothing to eat; the ancient bells were not confined to the use of one in particular, but were *common* to the whole camp: the modern *belles* are the same. The ancient bells were famous for their clappers, the modern *belles* are infamous on the same account: the ancient bells were hung up for the good of the army, and it must be confessed, that it would greatly contribute to the good of our armies, if modern *belles* were served so too.'

ANECDOTE.

A slang baby from Fleet Market being examined in the court of Common Pleas, and not answering the counsel in a proper

manner, was asked a few HOME questions by the chief justice, which galled him exceedingly; thinking his examination was terminated, he was getting down, and growled in a manner loud enough to be heard—'D—n me, I did not think I came here to be *queered* by you, old one.' The chief justice, whose ears were as sharp as his eyes, heard him, and called out, "Set that witness up again. Fellow," said he, "what you say is true enough, I am an old one, but sometimes I am a rum one, but I'll *queer* you and send you to *quod*," and immediately committed him.

ANECDOTES OF COUNT DE BUFFON, THE CELEBRATED NATURALIST.

George Lewis Le Clerc, Count de Buffon, the subject of this memoir, was born on the 7th of September, 1707, at Montbard, in Burgundy. His father was councillor to the parliament, and intended, if possible, that his son should succeed in the same office. But his mind was captivated at a very early age, by a desire for knowledge; his sole ambition was to resign himself to his favourite pursuit without restraint.

From his infancy, he possessed an almost incredible ardour, both for business and pleasure. Such was his, I might almost say, natural love for geometry and the learned sciences, that while he was a boy at school, he invariably carried a copy of Euclid's Elements in his pocket, and when playing at any game with his school fellows, used to steal away for a moment to search his book for a solution of a problem on which he was then intent.

On coming of age, he came into the possession of his mother's fortune, which amounted to upwards of 300,000 livres; and his example fully demonstrates, that if fortune lulls to sleep moderate talents, it creates a fresh animation in the mind of a man ardent with a love for glory. Although he had an almost passionate love for pleasures, he studied with considerable ardour for nearly fifteen hours every day; and a domestic, who had the charge of waking him in the morning (for which services he regularly received a sum of half a crown per diem) had orders to take him forcibly out of bed whenever he should offer any resistance; and he was frequently heard to say, that to his servant Tom, for his industry in making him get up, he owed half the works he had written.

He was very much attached to a retreat he had built in his father's garden at Montbard, where he could study undisturbed, which he generally commenced at five in the morning; it was in this retreat, that the illustrious citizen of Geneva fell on his knees, and kissed with transport the threshold of the door.

It was only at the dinner table (where he sat a long time) that his friends could enjoy his company and conversation, which was simple, interesting, seldom animated, but always cheerful.

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The Casket.

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THE LATE LAMENTED MR. CANNING.

Cold is the tongue that warmed the world before,
And those soul-darting eyes will roll no more.

George Canning (an untitled name, which not the highest honours in the gift of Kings could more illustrate than its own simple grandeur), is no more. He died at Chiswick, where another great Statesman, eloquent, patriotic, popular, and full of human kindness, like himself, also died, (we believe in the same room); and, as if Providence determined to signalize such a loss, by that singular concurrence of dates which have always characterised the greatest men—the Cæsars, the Cromwells, and the Napoleons—he died on the sixth anniversary after the day when the late Queen Caroline—persecuted by a powerful faction, and defended by his single manly voice among the ministry, died of a broken heart. It is with the deepest grief that we record the astounding

intelligence—against the probability of which, we and others, like men avoiding some fearful and approaching fascination, closed our ears and eyes, and which we would readily disbelieve now, so great is the social gap caused by the demise, and so strong the anticipation of evil connected with it.

Mr. Canning himself was the last to know the danger of his situation. He found himself indisposed on Sunday week, but on Monday he went to Windsor to attend the King: on the Tuesday and Wednesday he was in town transacting public business, still getting worse, and his strength sinking; but nothing appeared which inspired either himself or his family with alarm. On Thursday a medical friend called upon him at Chiswick, upon a matter of business, and he was so struck with what he perceived in his manner and general appearance, that he insisted upon immediately having professional assistance. This was assented to; and on Thursday evening a consultation was held, and the opinion of the physicians then present was, that his case was one of great danger.

The disease continued to make rapid progress, in spite of all that the first medical skill could do to baffle it, watching every turn it took, and applying, on the instant, every remedy likely to subdue its virulence, and mitigate his sufferings.

The mortification which thus prematurely terminated the existence of the most distinguished statesman of the present day, was, throughout its progress, more than usually rapid; in scarcely twenty hours from its commencement the illustrious sufferer ceased to breathe. So speedy a termination was not anticipated by the physicians; and consequently some of those distinguished individuals who would otherwise have been present at the closing scene were not there. The Right Hon. Gentleman's son-in-law, the marquis of Clanricarde, and Mr. Stapelton, who has for many years been his private secretary, were the only individuals, except the medical attendants, who were present at that distressing moment. The Right Honourable Sufferer, shortly after midnight, sunk rapidly from exhaustion, and as stated in the bulletin, a few minutes before four o'clock on Wednesday morning, without a sigh, and apparently without a pain, he gently breathed his last.

The physicians, whose duty it has often been to witness similar scenes of distress, declare that they never witnessed more resignation and composure, or more apparent freedom from either bodily or mental suffering in their lives. Thus, then, has the sun of this distinguished statesman, at the very moment he had arrived at meridian splendour, been suddenly eclipsed, and all his achievements in a few short days become only matter of history.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

A writer, whose deep insight into the human character was never surpassed, has divided the means of acquiring eminence or distinction into three branches. 'Some men,' he says, 'are born great, others achieve greatness, and some have it thrust upon them.' If we were to point out to what class the subject of our memoir belongs, we should unhesitatingly say the second, since the distinguished offices he has held were neither hereditary nor thrust upon him, but solely achieved by his talents. If, however, Mr. Canning was neither indebted to his ancestors' title or fortune, he is the heir to hereditary talent. His father, George Canning, esq. was descended from a respectable family in Ireland. Having displeased his parents by an early marriage with a young lady without fortune, but beautiful and accomplished, he left his native country for London, where he lived on an allowance by his father of not more than 150*l.* a year. Mr. Canning thus circumstanced, entered himself in the society of the Middle Temple, but died a short time after he had been called to the bar, and before he had any opportunity of distinguishing himself, which there was no doubt he would have done, as he was a gentleman of considerable literary attainments. 'He was,' says one of his biographers, 'the author of several excellent tracts in favour of public liberty,' but he is better known as a poet than a politician. It was the father of the present distinguished senator and statesman that wrote the verses supposed by a poetical licence, to have been written by lord William Russell to lord William Cavendish, on the night preceding his execution.

Mr. Canning also wrote several other fugitive pieces of considerable merit, and died on the 11th of April, 1771, soon after the birth of his son, the subject of the present memoir. Mr. Canning was interred in Mary-le-bone new burying ground, and on his tomb is the following inscription by his widow:—

'Thy virtue and my woe no words can tell!
Therefore a little while, my George, farewell!
For faith and love like ours, Heaven has in store
Its last, best gift—to meet and part no more.'

The care of young Canning's education devolved on an uncle, a respectable merchant in London, by whom he was sent to Eton. Here his progress was so rapid as to obtain him a distinguished rank among his contemporaries; and at the age of 15, we find him one of the senior scholars. This period, which may justly be considered as the Augustan age of Eton, was distinguished by one very remarkable circumstance, that of publishing a literary periodical work, supported almost exclusively by the talents of the scholars: this was the Microcosm; the first number of which appeared on the 6th of November, 1786; and it continued to be published in weekly numbers until the 30th of July, 1787. The second number was written by Mr. Canning, then only fifteen years of age; he wrote twelve papers in all, principally of a humourous or satirical cast.

From Eton Mr. Canning proceeded to Oxford, and was entered of Christ Church College, whither his fame for talents had preceded him; during his residence in this eminent college he was distinguished for his attention to his studies, and for the classic elegance and vigour of his Latin productions. Mr. Canning was not of a disposition to indulge in academic repose, would his income have permitted it; his talents had already pointed him out as a senator, and on repairing to London he entered one of the inns of court, and was a member of an institution in Bond-street, formed for the purpose of acquiring a facility of public speaking by discussion; nor did he neglect to mingle with the world while thus cultivating the graces of oratory: he renewed his acquaintance with the young men with whom he had studied at Eton and Oxford, and became acquainted with Sheridan and Fox at the table of his uncle, who was one of the most strenuous friends of Mr. Wilkes.

In 1793 Mr. Canning entered on a new field worthy of his talents and exertions; it was in this year that he entered parliament, Sir Richard Wolsey having vacated his seat for Newport, in the Isle of Wight, for the purpose of making room for him. No sooner had he taken his seat in the House of Commons than it was expected that he should take part in the debate. Mr. Sheridan had made known his precocious talents, or rather stated them to the House, for they were no secret either within or without its walls; and no opportunity was neglected in order to draw him forth: it was not, however, until the 31st of January, 1794, that Mr. Canning made his maiden speech. The subject of discussion was the treaty between his Britannic majesty and the king of Sardinia. In this speech he boldly vindicated the war in which the country was then engaged, and concluded with declaring, that considering the treaty as an essential part of an extensive system for bringing the war to a fortunate conclusion, it should have his support.

From this period Mr. Canning took a part in almost every debate of any importance, and the administration of that day was much indebted to him for his support. On the third reading of the Bill for vesting new powers in the government on the 17th of May, 1794, Mr. Canning entered the list against Mr. (now earl) Grey, who found him a powerful opponent.

Mr. Canning had by this time been one of the joint secretaries of state, under lord Grenville: and on the dissolution of Parliament he was returned for Wendover. He continued to support the administration of Pitt, and distinguished himself by his hostility to the slave trade. On the discussion of that subject, on the 1st of March, 1797, Mr. Canning combatted the horrid traffic with all the zeal and talents of his powerful mind. After dissecting with great acuteness the arguments of the members who were in favour of the slave trade, and shewing their fallacy, he thus described the base traffic:—

'What is the case with the Slave Trade? Was it in its onset only that it

had any thing of violence, of injustice, or of oppression? Were the wounds which Africa felt in the first conflict healed, or were they fresh and green as at the moment when the first slave ship began its ravages upon the coast? Were the oppressors and the oppressed so reconciled to each other that no trace of enmity remained? Or was it in reason, or of common sense, to claim a prescriptive right, not to the fruits of an ancient and forgotten crime, committed long ago, and traceable only in its consequences, but to a series of new violences to a chain of fresh enormities, to cruelties not continued but repeated, and of which every individual instance inflicted a fresh calamity, and constituted a fresh, a separate, and substantive crime.'

Mr. Canning was now considered an able debater, and there was, perhaps, no member of the house, Mr. Pitt excepted, who so often came in collision with the powerful opposition of that period. On the resignation of Mr. Pitt, and the dissolution of his administration, Mr. Canning retired from office; but, although he disapproved of the treaty of Amiens, he neither spoke nor voted on its discussion. At a future period, however, he assailed Addington's administration with great force, and by a succession of spirited attacks, he threw such odium on it as mainly contributed to its overthrow. It was in such bold terms as these that he arraigned the minister and his adherents:—

'Away with the cant of measures, not men! the idle supposition that it is the harness, and not the horses, that draw the chariot along. No, Sir; if the comparison must be made, if the distinction must be taken, men are every thing; measures, comparatively nothing. I speak of times of difficulty and danger, when systems are shaken, when precedents and general rules of conduct fail. Then it is that not to that or this measure, however prudently devised, however blameless in execution, but to the energy and character of individuals a state must be indebted for its salvation. Then it is that kingdoms rise or fall, in proportion as they are upheld, not by well meant endeavours, laudable though they may be, but by commanding, overawing talents by able men.

* * * *

'I do think that this is the time when the administration of the government ought to be in the ablest and fittest hands. I do not think that the hands in which it is now placed answers to that description. I do not pretend to conceal in what quarter I think that fitness most eminently resides.

An honourable baronet having remarked that 'those only wished to displace the ministers who look for power, or emoluments, or honours, from their removal.' Mr. Canning, in a happy vein of irony, retorted the imputation on the baronet, and gravely admonished him in the words of Virgil:

'Litus ama; alium alii tenant.'

'Keep thou close to the shore, let others venture on the deep.'

On the resignation of Mr. Addington, Mr. Pitt re-assumed the reins of government, and Mr. Canning succeeded Mr. Tierney as treasurer of the navy, and was at the same time honoured with a seat at the council-board. Mr. Pitt found him a powerful ally; and, during his absence from power, was much indebted to the friendship of Mr. Canning for writing a song for the anniversary of the ex-premier's birth-day on the 28th of May, 1802; 'The Pilot that weathers the storm,' which became exceedingly popular. A statesman of Mr. Canning's talents could not long be confined to the drudgery of an under secretaryship, and he was appointed principal secretary of state for foreign affairs.

It was while in this situation, and when the late marquis of Londonderry (then lord Castlereagh) held the office of secretary of state in the colony and war department, that a disagreement took place between them, which terminated in a duel. The challenge was given by his lordship, and accepted by Mr. Canning; and at six o'clock on the morning of the 21st of September, 1809, the parties met near the telegraph, Putney-heath. Lord Castlereagh was attended by the present marquis of Hertford, and Mr. Canning by Mr. Ellis. After taking their ground, they fired by signal, and missed; but no explanation taking place, they fired a second time, when Mr. Canning received his adversary's ball in his thigh; he did not fall from the wound, nor was it known by the seconds that he was wounded; and both parties stood ready to give or receive further satisfaction; when Mr. Ellis perceiving blood on Mr. Canning's leg, the seconds inter-

fered. Mr. Canning was conveyed to his house, Gloucester Lodge, at Brompton, where he was for some time confined; but as the bone of his thigh was not fractured, he recovered sufficiently to attend the levee on the 11th of October, and resign his seals of office, as did lord Castlereagh also; and it is said that his late majesty expressed his strong disapprobation of ministers settling cabinet disputes by the pistol. Much difference of opinion prevailed on this dispute, and the friends of both parties put forth a statement of the circumstances, without ever clearing up the subject; and it is difficult to believe that both were not in some degree to blame.

Mr. Canning was afterwards appointed ambassador to Lisbon; and he has since been president of the India Board, a situation in which he displayed so intimate an acquaintance with the affairs of Hindostan, and the nature of our power there, as led to his appointment to the governor-generalship of India. This was on the 16th of March, 1822; and he was just on the point of quitting England to assume his important trust, when a vacancy occurred in the British cabinet by the death of the Marquis of Londonderry. Public opinion at once fixed on Mr. Canning as his successor; but whether he hesitated in taking the appointment, or some negotiations were entered into for a more extended change in the administration, or the measures of government, seems doubtful; however, on the 17th of September, 1822, he took the oaths and received the seals of office, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which office he filled with much honour to himself, and advantage to his country.

As a statesman, Mr. Canning displayed views at once liberal and profound. As an orator, his speeches were always distinguished for their purity of language and bursts of extemporaneous energy; while his vast command of metaphor, which he never used inappropriately, or without effect, frequently mingled all parties in one common admiration. Lord Byron, whose opposite politics prevented all suspicion of an undue bias in favour of Mr. Canning, has in more than one of his works paid the highest compliment to him. 'Canning,' said he, 'is a genius, almost an universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, and a statesman.' And in one of his lordship's latest poems, speaking of the British administration, he thus notices the subject of this memoir:—

'Yet something may remain perchance to chime
With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme;
Even this thy genius, Canning, may permit,
Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit;
And never, even in that dull house, couldst tame
To unleavened prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only orator,
Even I can praise thee.'

'As an author,' says a recent writer, 'Mr. Canning will not probably reap his full measure of fame in his life-time; for, with the exception of juvenile efforts in the 'Microcosm,' and his political satires in the 'Anti-jacobin,' he has furnished few opportunities of identifying him. The satires of Mr. Canning are now considered as brilliant effusions of wit and humour; but when they first appeared, they possessed considerable political importance; and while they rendered a few grave politicians extremely ridiculous, they combatted with great force a more formidable enemy—French jacobinism.

Mr. Canning married a daughter of the late general Scott, by whom he had several children. The memory of his youngest son, a promising youth, who died about seven years ago, is embalmed in a beautiful epitaph, written by the distinguished subject of this memoir himself. In all the relations of domestic life, Mr. Canning is allowed to have been the most amiable of men. In person he was tall and well made, his step quick and firm, his voice harmonious, his utterance quick but distinct, his emphasis strong without effort; and, as a cotemporary writer has well observed, 'he had a set of features, every one of which performed its part, in telling what was passing in his mind; his habits of sobriety gave him vigour, and his whole appearance was well calculated to impress the beholder with an idea that he was destined for long life. Alas! alas! how fallacious are all human hopes! the same thunder-blast which bows the lowly shrub to the earth, ofttimes uproots the sturdiest of the forest's glories.'

On Bathing.

No. 4.

COLD BATHS.

Continued.

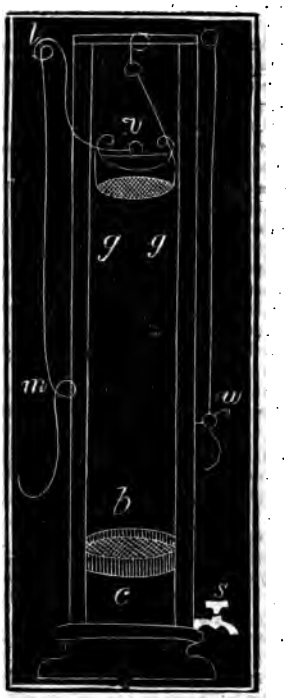
The pain of the head occasionally supervening on sea bathing, is of two kinds. The first, and most dangerous, proceeds from a congestion or fullness of the blood-vessels, and is manifested by a sense of heaviness in the head, accompanied with a flushed face and red and sparkling eyes, and is most apt to occur in persons of a sanguine temperament and robust habit. In such cases, the bathing ought to be preceded by cupping; and, if this be useless, it ought to be discontinued. The other kind is of a very different description; it is announced by an external pain, accompanied by a sensation of cold in the back part of the head, and is analagous to what is felt in intermittent fevers and hysterics. This is obviated by covering the head after bathing with a woollen cap, or by taking some cordial or tincture of iron. To prevent both kinds of pains, it is necessary always to dip or wet the head as well as the rest of the body. Cullen and Buchan both relate cases of a violent pain in the head after bathing, owing to the persons covering the head with a cap, and carefully avoiding to wet this part.

Though we may not prohibit the pleasures of the table, or dancing, to those whose situation does not contra-indicate these indulgencies; yet we are bound to observe that nothing is more dangerous than bathing in cold water in the morning, after having eaten or drunk too much the preceding evening, or danced too long in a room in which the temperature was above that of the atmosphere; or finally, when still under the feeling of fatigue from walking, or other exercises on the preceding day. Instances are on record of the most alarming consequences from a neglect of these precautions.

In cases where the cold sea bath cannot be borne, or where it is of doubtful efficacy at first, it is better to substitute water of a rather more elevated temperature, or sponging the surface for several times prior to the use of immersion.

Where neither the sea water nor a clear river can be conveniently resorted to, we recommend the shower bath. The effects of this are more powerful than the common bath, since, though it covers the surface of the body less uniformly, yet the intermediate parts, which the water has not touched, receive an impression in a degree similar to those brought into actual contact. As every drop of water from the shower bath, moreover, operates as a partial cold-bath, its shock, to robust individuals, is more extensive and beneficial than that from any other method of bathing.

Mr. Murray has contrived a very neat and elegant portable shower bath. Its construction may be best examined by reference to the following sketch:—



The above figure exhibits a cistern (*c*) to be filled with water for the purpose of supplying the machine, together with a stop-cock (*s*) to let that water occasionally run off. Over this is placed a shallow basin (*b*) serving as a complete cover for the cistern, and having a slip, or false perforated bottom, through which the falling water percolates, and

forms at the same time the platform on which the patient stands.

Towards the summit is a vase *v*, with a perforated bottom, (there may be reserve ones with apertures of varying diameter, to screw and unscrew at pleasure, so as to modify the shower and shock for specific purposes), and to this vase above is attached a lever *t*, which by means of a spring shuts an aperture somewhat in the manner of a flute-key; the lever is managed by means of a cord *m*, at its extremity.

The vase, when it is to be supplied with water, is lowered into the cistern by means of a small winch *w*: this winch has a recoil spring to prevent its descent, when raised to the required elevation, and to preserve its movement uniform and steady, the vase travels in a grove *g*, *g*, on both sides. When the moveable basin *b*, which receives the descending shower, is removed, and the vase lowered into the cistern, the lever is raised to allow the ingress of the water, and then suffered to recover its spring, when it is elevated by the winch. The perforated slip-bottom of the moveable basin should be of wood, which will be more comfortable for the patient, while the vase and cistern may be made of tinned sheet-iron.

(*To be continued.*)

Varieties.

ORIGIN OF PAWNBROKER'S THREE GILT BALLS.

In the reign of Edward the third, who was a wise and enlightened prince, the Lombards in Italy were the most industrious, ingenious, and commercial people in Europe. Edward had long wished to turn the attention of his subjects to trade and the arts, unless they were engaged in wars with France. When they subsisted by rapine, they dispersed themselves among the forests and wilds of the kingdom, living by the chase, and robbing each other. Edward invited the Lombards over, under the promise of certain benefits, which made them readily abandon their country. A company of them, amounting to about a hundred, had a portion of London assigned them for a residence; this they called Lombard-street, and it still retains the name.

From thence, some of them moved westward to Exeter 'Change; at first they sold their silks, velvets, and cutlery ware, for money, but that being a scarce commodity, they took in exchange such manufactures as the country afforded. In due time they became adepts in all the trades of the English, and outvied them in every thing; and at last became so rich, that the very articles they sold they received back again, advancing money upon them at an exorbitant interest. Several English merchants opposed them in this traffic, and to distinguish themselves, assumed as signs the arms of their different countries. The Lombards put up the three balls over their doors, which are the arms of that kingdom, to this day. For 150 years they were confined to Lombard-street and Exeter 'Change, but on payment of a sum of money to James the First, they had permission to open warehouses in any part of London and Westminster, only keeping 100 perches from Court. When Charles the First was contending with the Parliament, the pawnbrokers of London advanced him, by way of loan, a sum equal to 25,000l.; and when his son, Charles the Second was restored, knowing his want of ready cash, they made up a purse of 26,000l., and privately lent it to his uses. Presuming upon this that they were entitled to some favour, they presented a petition, praying to be made a body corporate, and excluding all others from exercising the profession. This Charles refused, and told them he would repay his own debt when convenient, and with that of his father he had not any thing to do. This certainly was ungrateful and unjust; they had no securities, and it never became convenient for Charles to pay them. Query: Were there any Jews among the pawnbrokers at that period?

INGENIOUS MODE OF GETTING A WIFE.

An attachment was some time back formed between the daughter of a rich gentleman in the country, and the footman. The greatest secrecy was kept on both sides, and their attachment was not perceived. Growing tired of this mode of living, they resolved to try some expedient. Thomas, (the footman) walking out with his master one morning, thought this a favourable

opportunity to ask a favour; accordingly, he thus accosted him:—

Thomas—Sir, I have an important piece of business to bring before you, which requires some advice, for which I shall always feel grateful if you will oblige me.

Gentleman.—Any thing that I can do for you, Thomas, I will do it with pleasure.

Thomas—Well then, sir, I love a young lady, and she loves me. I do not like to steal her on account of disgracing her family, or I should have done it long ago. Your advice in these peculiar circumstances, I shall deem as a great favour.

Gentleman—The next time, Thomas, the lady rides out, help her to mount the horse, and immediately she is seated, get up behind her and ride away; she will then be running away with you, and not you with her.

Thomas thanked him, and a favourable opportunity occurring soon after, he prepared every thing necessary. The gentleman was going to ride out with his daughter, when the footman accomplished his object. He helped his intended bride to mount her steed, and immediately she was seated, sprang up behind her, and gallopped off, to the great astonishment of the gentleman, who exclaimed, 'Ah Tom, you have duped me at last;' and turning to one of his servants bade him ride after and bring them back. Thomas's happiness was complete, he was possessed of her hand; and although he had no money, the gentleman said he was clever, and he forgave him.

SINGULAR WHIM.

Some years since, a Mr. Powyss, of Moreham, near Preston Lancashire, advertised a reward, of an annuity of 80*l*. a year for life, to any man who would undertake to live seven years under ground, without seeing any human being; and to let his toe and finger nails grow, with his hair and beard, during the whole time. Apartments were prepared under ground, with a cold bath, &c. and as many books, &c. as the occupier pleased, and provisions were provided for and given to him by means of a trap door, from Mr. Powiss's own table; whenever the recluse wanted any thing, he was to ring a bell, and it was furnished him. Singular as this residence may appear, a man not only offered himself, but absolutely accomplished it; he had a large family, all of whom were supported by Mr. P. during this man's probation.

AN ANECDOTE.

When the bust of Garrick was first made, one of them was sent as a present to Foote: Foote placed it on his bureau, and was counting some money before it, when Garrick entered the room. 'So, Foote,' said Garrick, 'you are afraid of my head forming designs against your money?', 'No, Davy,' answered Foote, 'for your head has neither brains nor hands, or it would stand a poor chance.'

Lord Carteret retained by memory the whole of the New Testament, from the first word in Matthew, to the last in Revelations. It was an astonishing thing to hear him repeat whole chapters at a time, in the same accurate method as if he were reading it.

Dr. Berkely, Bishop of Cloyne, retained the famous Pasquifino in his palace, to teach his children music. The bishop suggested to him the propriety and success which would attend a concert at Cork, were he to give one, which he at length determined to do; and the bishop two or three days after, told him he had succeeded in disposing of a great number of tickets among his opulent friends; to which the musician bowed, saying, 'May God pickle your lordship, I pray him!' The company laughed immoderately, and the poor Italian, all in confusion, replied, 'Vell! in the grammar that my lord give me to teach me English, it is printed, pickle, to preserve, to keep from decay.'

When Ramsay one day complimented sir Isaac Newton on his great discoveries in philosophy, he replied, 'Alas! I am only like a child, picking up pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of truth.

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The Casket.

No. 28.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1827. [Price 1*d*.



PORCHESTER CASTLE, HAMPSHIRE.

At the head of the narrow channel, or branch of the sea which separates Portsea isle from the main land, is the strong fortress called Porchester Castle. The precise origin of this structure is unknown; but this spot was certainly occupied by a fortress that was successively possessed by the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, and the Normans; and the modes of building, practised by the three latter, are yet discoverable in the walls and towers of the present castle. By the Britons it was denominated Caer Peris; which appellation was altered by the Romans to that of Portus Magnus, from the Roman name of the harbour; its modern name of Port Chester is evidently Saxon.

Porchester Castle is situated on a neck of land, jutting out considerably towards the middle of the harbour. It is a noble pile, of a quadrangular form, surrounding an area of between four and five acres, and is still in sufficient preservation to have been used as a place of confinement for French and other prisoners captured during the late war; from 3000 to 5000 having been secured here at one time. The walls are from eight to twelve feet thick, and about eighteen high, having in many places a passage round them covered with a parapet; it has eighteen towers of various shapes and magnitudes, including those of the keep; and is defended on the north west and south sides by a ditch varying in breadth, and fifteen feet deep and fourteen wide under a square tower: on the inside, over the gate, are two projecting figures, somewhat re-

sembling Egyptian sphynxes. In the east wall, nearly opposite this gate, is another of like dimensions: there are, likewise, two sally-ports.

The keep encompasses a parallelogram of 65 by 115 feet. It has four towers, three of them standing on the outside wall. One of these, which is much larger than the rest, forms the north west angle of the square; the fourth tower stands at the south east corner of this building. Here are many rooms, several very large, and some arched with stone; among them is one which appears to have been a chapel: the entrance is through a gate on the south side, only eight feet wide. Several of these towers, as well as part of the walls, are now in ruins. It is still, however, used as a depot for government stores.

The above correct view of this ancient edifice is taken from a painting by Mr. Thomas Paxton, of Fetter lane.

On Bathing.

No. 5.

WARM BATHS.

Warm Baths are such as have a temperature above the 76th, and not exceeding the 96th or 98th degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer. There are various springs in Britain, which we shall hereafter notice, to which nature has given this temperature, the most beneficial to the human body. But whether the tepid bath of this description be natural or artificial, it is equally conducive to the restoration of energy, though its effects have, till lately, been little understood. Physicians, as well as patients, have hitherto been too generally accustomed to consider a warm bath as weakening the body, and useful only for the removal of cutaneous diseases. Experience, however, has amply proved that there can be no safer and more efficacious auxiliary in a variety of chronic or inveterate complaints than the warm bath, if properly used, and continued for a sufficient length of time. Dr. Marcard has satisfactorily demonstrated, that the warm bath, in many cases of debility, attended with spasms, pain, anxiety, &c. is generally of considerable service, and that it may be ranked amongst the means of prolonging life, if not of restoring health. Instead of permanently heating the human body, as has erroneously been asserted, the warm bath has a cooling effect, inasmuch as it often abates the quickness of the pulse, and reduces the pulsations in a remarkable degree, according to the length of time the patient continues in the water. After the body has been over-heated by fatigue from travelling or other violent exercises, and likewise after great exertion or perturbation of mind, a tepid bath is excellently calculated to invigorate the whole system, while it allays those tempestuous and irregular motions, which otherwise prey upon, and at length reduce the constitution to a sick bed.

The warm bath is of great utility to such individuals as are troubled with a parched and rough skin; it has likewise been found to afford relief in many paralytic, hypochondriacal, and even insane cases, as well as to assist the cure of various eruptions, when strict attention had been paid to the diet and regimen. In palsy, modern observers assert that warm bathing is occasionally an effectual remedy, though the late Dr. Mead expressly maintained, that it is prejudicial to all paralytics. Dr. Charleton, of Bath, was the first who refuted this assertion; because he had seen in the hospital of that city, numerous and manifest proofs of its efficacy in paralytic cases. This judicious physician remarks, that he was induced to turn his attention to this subject by the prevalence and increase of nervous diseases, but particularly on account of the palsy, which formerly used to be an attendant upon the aged alone, but has now become the too frequent and miserable companion of youth. He still observes, that of 996 paralytics, most of whom had resisted the powers of medicine, 813 were benefitted by the proper application of the warm bath.

(*To be continued.*)

VAUXHALL IN 1742.

The following description of Vauxhall in 1742, is extracted from a 'Survey of London, by a Citizen,' published in that year.—E. P.

'We came next to Vaux Hall, a place noted for its garden, a great resort for young people of pleasure in the summer season, and made very famous lately by a new kind of entertainment introduced there, after the Italian manner, which is an evening diversion in the open air.'

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

No. XIII.

'Crying, Sweep! Sweep! Sweep!'

Saw you that diminutive little fellow pass your window, with a large bag at his back, and a worn out brush in his hand; whose clothes were tattered, and covered with a black looking dust; whose face and hands appeared so begrimed with dirt, that you might have supposed the use of water to be forbidden him; and whose appearance altogether seemed to betoken as much misery as is compatible with existence in civilized society?—It was a young chimney sweeper, who has just commenced his profession, and who is seeking employment in the public streets: he is but little more than eight years of age, and the sores he received during his first essays at climbing, have but lately been healed. Shivering in the morning breeze he has just knocked at a door, and been ushered into an apartment, the chimney of which he is to cleanse: he has already pulled off his shoes, and placed on the crown of his head the large night cap which accompanies him in his dark ascents: the forks are driven into each side of the fire place, and he stands with one corner of the large black cloth in his hand, pondering upon the expected horrors of the coming scene:—but a knock at the door announces the arrival of his master, and he quickly mounts upon the stove; and dropping the dark looking curtain is shrouded from observation.

When a mere child, the operations of the young 'sweep' appeared to me full of the most intense interest; the first time I saw him terror was among the most predominant of my sensations; but this gradually wore off, and I at length used to contrive to rise early enough, on the mornings of his monthly operations on the kitchen chimney, to be a spectator of his (to me) mysterious proceedings; when he pulled out of the bag the cap which was to protect his eyes from the soot, there was a something in his looks and in the exhibition of his white teeth, which brought to my youthful fancy ideas of half conceived import, connecting him with the evil spirits of fairy tales, in the performance of their unhallowed rites; but when at last he drew it over his face, and, as it were, vanished from the apartment, my very heart used to throb with increased violence, and my thoughts be suspended in awful wonder. I can, at this day, almost feel the shudder, which I experienced when the 'master sweep' used to draw back the covering which was placed over the stove, and not the least sign was displayed of the existence of the little climber; how I used to watch for the falling of the soot in his descent, and how did my heart seem eased when I again beheld him, and heard his feeble voice replying to the gruff inquiries of his master as to whether he had 'cleaned the pot out!'

Reader! this may seem to you trifling and childish; but childish and trifling as it is, I would not lose the recollection of such thoughts and feelings, for any of the more expansive ideas which have since crossed my mind: the remembrances of childhood convey lessons to the heart—lessons, which the proudest philosopher might study to advantage.

But to return. The 'master chimney sweeper' is a very small man, dressed in a short velveteen jacket and corderoy breeches, with strings tied at the knees, reaching half way to his ancles, and a pair of high shoes tightly fastened on his feet; he carries in his hand a black-haired brush, which he displays as the insignia of his calling; he cries 'sweep' in a tone of voice which must be heard at every part of the neighbourhood where he is, and fails not to inquire, at every open door, if the chimney 'wants sweeping.' He sends round by his 'boys,' tickets pasted on thin paper, and *ornamented* with barbarous wood cuts, in which he describes himself as 'chimney-sweeper and nightman,' and offers his services 'on the most moderate terms;' he takes care to look after empty houses, and is glad to sweep the chimnies 'for the soot;' he is a singular mixture of impudence and civility—civil where he hopes to profit, and the contrary where he fears no loss. His acquaintance lies among dustmen and cinder-sifters, and he wastes every spare hour among them in noisy mirth, in the tap room of some low public-house.

But a far different being is the boy, whose unfortunate lot it is to be the instrument of his gains. No mirth, not even that of youthful sportiveness, is to be traced on his emaciated countenance; instead of being indulged in intemperance, his growth is stinted by scanty nourishment; companions he has none, but his own unfortunate fellows; and the scene of his rest is the soot cellar: here he passes the few hours allotted him for repose, and, before the break of day, has to rise, and collect the few implements he is to use, and to sally forth on his most cheerless duty; with the fear of broken limbs ever before his eyes, he obeys his master's directions, and seems not to a superficial observer discontented with his situation: but to an attentive scrutineer of nature's workings, the downcast melancholy of his soul is visible through the forced gaiety, which on some few occasions may hover on his lips. Time smooths the roughest paths, and when he has passed some years in the rugged road marked out for him, he becomes in some degree inured to its hardships: you may then see him laughing as he perambulates the streets, and when his work is done he indulges in a game at buttons with his sable acquaintances; but even then, he at the best presents but a gloomy spectacle;—a fellow-creature with his intellects expanded, and all his best feelings blunted—one who vegetates on earth, and thinks not, nor is capable of thinking, of benefitting or improving his generation.

Let none imagine that this state of things arises from necessity, or tell us that without sweepers chimnies would become foul and take fire. The exertions of humane individuals have introduced a substitute for the climbing boy, which, if it does not answer the purpose quite as well, has other recommendations which should induce its more frequent use; it is calculated to put an end to the practice of condemning feeble infants to the endurance of horrors, which none but 'the chimney sweeper' knows:—those who pity his condition should use 'the scandiscope.'

R. J.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. CANNING.

Long before one o'clock yesterday (Thursday)—the hour at which the funeral of Mr. Canning was to take place—Downing-street was crowded with anxious spectators.

It was apparent that the mourning coaches, and carriages which were to compose the procession, could not enter and turn round Downing-street with convenience, or perhaps with safety to the spectators, if the street were to continue crowded in this way. Mr. Lee, the active high-constable of Westminster, thought it most prudent, therefore, to clear the street to its extremity at Whitehall. This measure he effected in a very short time by the aid of the Bow-street officers who were in attendance.

A few minutes before one o'clock the hearse and nine mourning coaches entered Downing-street. Just at this moment an elderly lady, dressed in deep mourning, who had made her way through the crowd and evaded the vigilance of the Bow-street officers, came up to the door of the late Mr. Canning's residence, and requested permission to be allowed to stand near it. Her request was granted. She declared that she had no other motive for attempting to perform an act of respect to Mr. Canning's remains than one of gratitude, for he had given her son a place. The moment the coffin was brought out, this poor woman reverently approached, and laid her hand upon it. 'Now,' said she, 'I am satisfied!' Perhaps in this place it would be seasonable to mention a circumstance of a very affecting nature, which exhibits the warmth of personal regard felt occasionally for Mr. Canning:—On the night when his remains were removed from Chiswick to Downing-street, a gentleman of very venerable appearance came to the door and enquired for Mr. Packhouse. Mr. Packhouse, however, was gone to bed. The old gentleman said he understood that Mr. Canning's remains had been brought there that night—he was an old personal friend of his—and he wished merely to touch the coffin before those remains were placed for ever out of view. The servant instantly admitted him. The old man entered the apart-

ment—approached the coffin*—touched it—and wildly turning away, leaned his head upon a table, and remained for some minutes in an agony of grief. The servant rendered him every assistance, and he ultimately left the room, evidently overpowered with sorrow. At six minutes past one o'clock, the coffin was placed in the hearse, which then proceeded, forming the head of the procession. Immediately next the hearse the private carriage of his royal highness the duke of Sussex. This carriage received their royal highnesses the dukes of Clarence and Sussex, who had been waiting at the late Mr. Canning's residence during the morning. Next in succession followed nine mourning coaches. These respectively took up the several noblemen and gentlemen who had been assembled at the late Mr. Canning's residence, and proceeded in the following order :—

First mourning coach — Containing the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Duke of Portland, Master Charles Canning, Lord Garvagh, and Captain Hume.

Second mourning coach—Containing the Dean of Hereford, the Rev. Mr. Canning, Lord G. Bentinck, Mr. Denison, jun. M. P., and Mr. Stapleton.

Third mourning coach—Containing Mr. Planta, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord W. Harvey, and Mr. Barnett.

Fourth mourning coach—Containing the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Carlisle, Viscount Goderich, and the Marquis of Lansdown.

Fifth mourning coach—Containing the marquis of Anglesea, Viscount Dudley and Ward, Lord Bexley, and Lord Palmerston.

Sixth mourning coach —Containing the Duke of Devonshire (who wore the garter), the Marquis of Conyngham, Mr. Sturges Bourne, and Sir W. Knighton.

Eighth mourning coach— Containing Earl Morley, Lord Seaford, Lord Binning, and the Speaker of the House of Commons.

Ninth mourning coach—Containing Sir M. Tierney, Dr. Holland, Dr. Farre, and Mr. Hunter.

Lord Garvagh, who appeared as one of the mourners on this occasion, is the first cousin of the late Mr. Canning. He was created an Irish baron in 1818, and was married twice. His first wife was a sister of the present Marquis of Londonderry. Next followed the private carriage of the Marquis of Clanricarde, with Sir G. Cockburn in it.

Then came the empty carriages of the noblemen and gentlemen before enumerated; the coachmen and footmen severally wore crape hat bands.

The whole line of procession entered Downing-street, turned, and passing by the door of the late Mr. Canning's residence, advanced slowly to the Abbey. At a few minutes past one the procession began to move, and it struck two precisely when the last carriage arrived at the door of the Abbey.

THE ABBEY.

Those persons who had obtained tickets of admission to the Abbey—in number about six hundred—began to assemble soon after twelve o'clock; and as they arrived at the cloister gate, in the Dean's yard, the Foreign Ambassadors and their Secretaries were shown into the Dean's private parlour—the noblemen and gentlemen claiming to be the personal friends of Mr. Canning, into the Jerusalem chamber; and those not immediately claiming such distinction, were passed on at once into the nave of the cathedral. The doors of the great western entrance were kept close shut, and guarded without by a

* Mr. Canning's coffin is covered with crimson velvet, and very handsomely studded and decorated with wrought brass ornaments, highly burnished and lackered. The following is a copy of the inscription :—

DEPOSITUM.

The Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING,
One of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council,
First Lord Commissioner of his Majesty's Treasury,
Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain and Ireland,
And a Governor of the Charter House, &c &c.
Born 11th of April, 1770.
Died 8th of August, 1827.

The grave of Mr. Canning closely adjoins that in which the remains of Mr. Pitt are deposited. On the suggestion of Mr. Jarvis, the undertaker, matting was laid on the floor of the Abbey, in order that the attendants might not be subjected to those serious consequences which ensued at the funeral of the late Duke of York.

strong body of police, until the arrival of the funeral procession.

About one o'clock, the Foreign Ambassadors and their suites were led in a body from the Dean's parlour across the nave of the Cathedral, through the iron gates at the end of the north aisle, into the north transept, where the grave had been prepared.

Shortly after, the personal friends of Mr. Canning, who had remained in the Jerusalem chamber, entered the nave, and arranged themselves promiscuously along the north aisle.

These arrangements having been made, more than a quarter of an hour was passed in profound silence—or disturbed only by the footsteps of some half dozen bustling attendants, and the tolling of the Abbey bell; until at length the doors of the great western entrance were suddenly thrown open—the tolling of the bell ceased—and the funeral procession advanced slowly up the middle of the nave in the following order:—

One of the almsmen of the Abbey in his purple gown, holding a funeral staff.

Two mutes, with staves and scarfs.

Mr. Jarvis (the Undertaker) with six other mutes, arranged on each side. Another mute, bearing on his head a board of sable plumes.

Dr. Ireland, the Dean of Westminster, reading the exordium—"I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The BODY—covered with a black velvet pall, and borne on the shoulders of eight men, but without either pall bearers or supporters.

Master Charles Canning and the Marquis of Clanricarde, in long black robes, as chief mourners,—supported by their royal highnesses the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex,—the Duke of Clarence on the right, and the Duke of Sussex on the left.

The Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Conyngham followed, and immediately behind them came, two and two, the noblemen and gentlemen above mentioned.

As the procession passed into the transept, it was followed by the select assemblage of noblemen, members of parliament, &c. waiting in the north aisle; and these were followed by the crowd from the other side of the nave, and thus the whole entered the transept and surrounded the grave, the Foreign Ambassadors arranging themselves at the head of it, the chief mourners and the Royal Dukes on the left, and the Dean taking his station on the right.

The ordinary burial service was then read by the Dean, the body was lowered into the grave, and in less than seven minutes from the procession entering the transept, the whole ceremony was concluded. After which, the Dukes of Sussex and Clarence shook hands in silence with Master Canning and the Marquis of Clanricarde, and their royal highnesses led the way from the mournful scene, followed irregularly by the rest of the assembly, as their respective carriages drove up to receive them.

Original Poetry.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING.

Ah! who is she, with looks of grief and woe,
Who waves her tresses to the midnight wind;
Down her pale cheeks the tears of sorrow flow,
And her loud wailings, speak her troubled mind?

'Tis the great genius of Britannia's isle,
Revers'd the pendant of her naval fame:
'Ah! cease, (she cries) ye sons of mirth to smile,
And shed a tear, to patriot Canning's name.

For low in death lies my beloved son!
Oh! Albion mourn him with a grief sincere;
Alas! too soon his glorious race is run!
Then to his memory drop th' approving tear.

'Tis but a day since Canning shone so bright,
In the meridian lustre of his fame!
Where is he now? his eyes are closed in night,
And still the tongue which cherish'd freedom's name!

Canning, a name that proud oppression fear'd!
Canning, a name that patriot honour own'd!
O! may thy virtues to mankind endear'd
Sit on the pinnacle of fame enthron'd.
And may not slander, with his poisonous breath
Presume to taint thee, now thou'rt in the tomb;
May all thy faults and follies sleep in death,
And may thy patriot virtues ever bloom.

C. M'KAY.

LINES TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. CANNING.

Peace to thy shade! oh, thou lost hope of Britain,
Long will thy name be revered by the brave,
Who toil for fair freedom, as dimly she's flitting,
Half hidden from view, in a blood-tinted wave.

Long will her sons, as the banner they're raising,
Which proudly proclaims they will conquer or die.
(While gratitude's light in each bosom is blazing,
Breathe to thy manes that rich off'ring a sigh.

Long will the tears of thy country bewail thee;
Long will the moan of thy nation resound,
Long will each plan thou hadst laid seem to miss thee,
Dimly, without thee, hope glimmers around.

Bright was the morn when thy sun, cheerly rising,
Clear'd from dark clouds the horizon of state;
The mists of dull ignorance nobly dispelling,
Pointing as 'twere to the progress of fate.

Peace to thy ashes! thou proof of the frailty
To which man is doom'd, while he lingers below;
From far higher spheres the bright spirits now hail thee,
And bid thy great genius unfetter'd there glow.

Glad were the hopes, which on thee we were building;
Hopes, which seem'd almost too brilliant to last:—
Alas! for the hour which tarnished their gilding,
And on their bright lustre a dim shadow cast!

Great was thy talent! the verse spelling muses
Loved to surround thee, and smile in thy lays;
Sweet poesy's garland one gay flower loses
In thee, whose real worth is beyond our praise.

Free flow'd thy pen, as it satirised folly,
Pointing forth guilt, though surrounded with gold;
Eloquence hoarded her best treasures for thee,
Keen was thy wit, and thy metaphor bold.

Thine 'twas to rouse to exertion the weary;
Thine 'twas to fire the patriot's breast,
Thine to discern, amid scenes the most dreary,
Some bright little spot, with a clear sunshine blest.

The weal of mankind was by tyranny threaten'd,
The strength of thy mind has averted the blow,
Nor counted the foes that weak cowardice reckon'd;
For this, shall soft sympathy after thee flow.

In Liberty's legions, thy arm was upholding
The standard, engraved with the rights of mankind;
Tho' thou art away, to her heart she's enfolding
The bright cheering hopes thou hast left her behind.

Rest in thy grave! while embalm'd in the bosom
Of each one, whose heart has a sigh for thy fate,
Thy actions remain the best proof of thy wisdom,
Remain to secure thee a fame 'mong the great.

Thy name, tho' untitled, has thrill'd on the hearing
Of those who inhabit each far distant shore;
But few, who from diadems proudly are peering,
Of history's praises than thou shall boast more.

Brilliant thy ray on the dark world was shining,
Gay as the sunbeam that smiles in the storm;
Fate, in her palace, thy destiny twining,
Forbade thy refulgence each cold heart to warm.

Thou hast dropp'd from thy path like a star in its roaming,
Which brighter yet gleams as it sinks from the sight;
The lustre drawn track of thy way is bemoaning
The close of thy splendour, the end of thy light.

Peace to thy memory! long will the feeling,
The good and the wise, the humane and the brave,
Bless thy name, as the tear of remembrance is stealing,
The warm drop of sorrow, to moisten thy grave. R. J.

Varieties.

MATHEWS AT CARLTON PALACE.

Previous to Mathews leaving this country for America, he exhibited a selection of his popular entertainments by command of his majesty at Carlton Palace. A select party of six or eight distinguished persons were present. During the entertainment (with which his majesty appeared highly delighted) Mathews introduced his various imitations of performers of the British stage, and was proceeding with John Kemble, in the *Stranger*, when he was interrupted by the king, who in the most affable manner observed, that Mr. M.'s general imitations were excellent, and such as no one who had ever seen the characters, could fail to recognize; but he (the king) thought the comedian's portrait of John Kemble was somewhat too boisterous; 'he is an old friend, and I might add, tutor of mine,' observed his majesty. 'When I was prince of Wales, he often favoured me with his company. I will give you an imitation of him,' said the good humoured monarch. The lords of the bedchamber eyed each other with surprise; Mathews was electrified. The king rose, and prefaced his imitations by observing, 'I once requested Kemble to take a pinch of snuff with me; for this purpose I placed my box on the table before him, saying, 'Kemble, oblige (obleege) me by taking a pinch of snuff with me.' He then took a pinch of snuff, and addressed me thus: 'I thank your highness for your snuff, but in future do extend your *royal jaws* a little wider, and say *obl'ge*!"

The anecdote was given with the most powerful similitude to the actor's voice and manner, and had an astonishing effect on the party present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We had not time in our last to apologize to various correspondents for the omission of their usual favours; the death of Mr. Canning occurring, as it did on Wednesday, rendered it imperative on us to supply, as early as possible, some account of that event, which has plunged the nation into the deepest affliction. To accomplish this object arrangements were promptly made, and a bust (by the way, an admirable likeness) of Mr. Canning put into the hands of our engraver so late as nine o'clock on Wednesday evening. We regret to add, that owing to the hurry (our Number having been published early on Thursday morning) the likeness was not so well preserved as we could have wished.

Many works have been obligingly forwarded to us. We will take an early opportunity of noticing their contents.

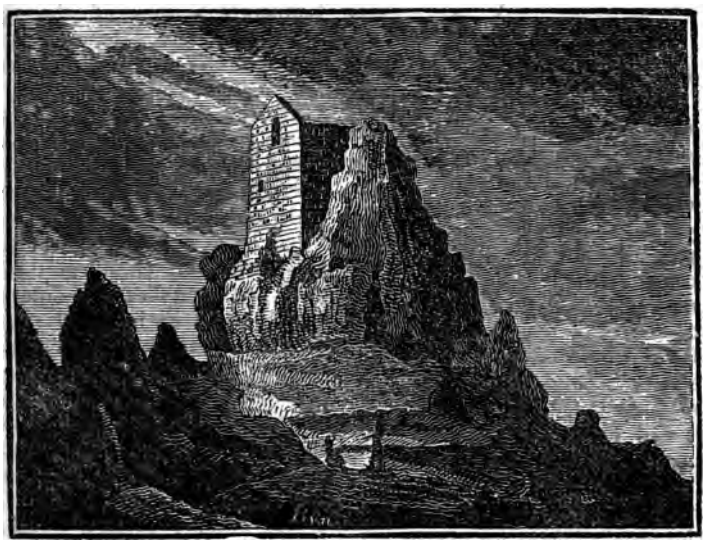
Mr. Ward's communication has been received, and shall appear very soon.

Nos. 1 and 4 have been reprinted, and are ready for delivery.

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The Casket.

No. 29. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1827. Price 1d.



ROACH ROCKS AND CHAPEL,

CORNWALL.

In the village of Roach, Cornwall, is a singular mass of rocks, and the remains of an hermitage or chapel, occupying the highest part of them. These rocks consist of three immense piles of craggy ponderous stones, which seem to start out of a flat heathy plain. The chapel consists of two rooms, one above the other; the side and end walls remain, but the floor and roof are destroyed. The walls were plastered on the inside; the lower room measured about nine feet by twelve, and the whole height of the rock and building may be estimated at about one hundred and twenty feet from the level ground. These rocks, Dr. Maton observes, 'consist of a white sparry quartz, mixed with schoerl, which appears in innumerable needle-like crystals.' The whole has a very wild and sublime appearance.

ROBIN HOOD.

The true name of Robin Hood was Ro Fitzooth. The additition of Fitz, common to many Norman names, was afterwards often omitted, or dropped The two last letters, th, being turned into d, he was called by the common people Ood, or Hood. This famous outlaw, and deer-stealer, who robbed the rich and spared the poor, was a man of quality, grandson to Ralph Fitzooth, earl of Kyme, a Norman, whose name is in a roll of Battel Abbey, amongst the Normans there. He came into England with William Rufus. Robin Hood's maternal grandfather was Gilbert de Gaunt, earl of Lincoln; his grandmother was the lady Roisia de Vere, sister to the Earl of Oxford, and Countess of Essex, from whom the tower of Royston, where she was buried, takes its name.

On Bathing.

No. 6.

Continued.

HOT BATHS.

Hot baths are those which have a temperature above 98 or 100 degrees of Fahrenheit, and are occasionally increased to 110 or 120 degrees and upwards, according to the particular nature of the case and the constitution of the patient. As no prudent person, we trust, will have recourse to a hot bath without medical advice, we shall briefly enumerate a few particulars relative to its use, as well as its effects. These should not be had recourse to indiscriminately; and it will be convenient to bear in mind the following observations;

1. Hot bathing, whether natural or artificial, is supposed to be the most general advent of all the humours of the body. 2. It consequently is the most probable means of removing obstructions of every kind. 3. Previous evacuations are necessary, for which purpose repeated emetics are sometimes safe and useful. 4. Attenuating and aperient medicines are proper to render, it is said, the humours more fluid, and promote the discharge of noxious particles, and whatever caused the obstructions. 5. Too great a degree of heat, or too long a continuance in the bath; too heating a bed after it; profuse perspiration; exposure to cold air on bathing days; eating high-seasoned dishes, or drinking spirituous liquors, during a course of bathing, are always improper, often dangerous, and sometimes fatal. 5. The head should in no case be dipt, till the bather is rising out of the water. 7. A course of bathing should be long but regulated by intervals, according to the various effects received by the bather. 8. The temperate seasons of the year are most proper, safe, and beneficial, both for drinking and bathing.

On the whole there can be no stated rules laid down, and every thing depends upon the peculiar circumstances of each patient; and hence Dr. Oliver asserts 'that by the prudent use of the hot-bath, most chronical disorders, and gouty cases in particular, not in an inflamed state, may be relieved and sometimes cured: while persons in high health may be greatly injured by wantonly sporting with so powerful an alternative of the animal machine, either from sickness to health, or from health to sickness.

Hot bathing gives a softness and flexibility to the skin and muscles, and from some rarefraction of the blood, or from its determination to the surface, increases the bulk. It seems to increase all the secretions, as it certainly does those of the skin; nor after the sweat excited by bathing, is the perspiration diminished, though the increase of any evacuation, in general, occasions a temporary suppression afterwards: the pulse becomes fuller and quicker: the face flushed; the respiration laborious. A moderate stay in the bath increases the spirits as well as the activity, and improves the general health; continuing in it too long induces languor and debility.

The experiments by Dr. Parr, on this subject are interesting. He tried the effects at 96°, 98°, 100°, 102°, 104°, and 106° of Fah.

At 96° the general effects above-mentioned were observed; the pulse, if at first slightly quickened, was soon natural; the respiration, in the earliest period a little more rapid, soon became free and easy, and but little change was produced in the heat of the body.

At 98° the pulse was slightly increased in quickness, and did not subside; but the heat appeared to remain stationary. There was no sweat, though a free copious respiration, the urine was not increased, and, after some time, the pulse became slower than before the bathing. The cuticle was observed to be slightly corrugated.

At 100° the pulse was increased from 60° to 72°; the respiration much affected, the face red and swollen, and a copious sweat broke out; the cuticle appeared more corrugated. The heat was raised two degrees; and, after about ten minutes, faintness came on. The perspiration was free and copious; and, after a short time, every disagreeable symptom vanished; the pulse sinking a little below its natural standard.

At 102° the pulse was soon raised from 68° to 100°, and in ten minutes, the sweat on the face was copious, the vessels turgid, the skin not corrugated, and the heat of the body raised from 98° to 102°. A beating noise was heard in the head, and, in half an hour, giddiness came on. When laid between blankets, the sweat was copious and free, the pulse soon became natural, and the quantity of urine was not increased.

At 104° all these appearances were still more striking and more rapid; a vertigo, coming on, at the end of about twenty minutes, put a stop to the experiment.

At 106° the effects came on still more quickly and more violent. The faintness and sickness supervened more early; the sweat was more copious, but the frequency of the pulse did not subside even after twenty-five minutes. From these experiments, seemingly made with care and attention, we perceive that little is to be dreaded from the stimulant effects of the hot-bath under about 102°. Above 102° the bath determines powerfully to all the extreme vessels, particularly to the head and breast; and at this temperature it must be used with caution when the contents of either are disordered.

(*To be continued*)

APOTHECARIES' BOYS.

'It is indeed an excellent child; one that physics the subject.'

That the peculiar habits and pursuits of individuals produce corresponding peculiarities of character, manner, and appearance, is so trite a remark, that I am almost ashamed to repeat it. It is matter of the commonest observation. We can generally detect a lawyer, a doctor, or a bailiff at first sight; nor is a black coat always necessary to the developement of a parson, nor a red one to that of a soldier (unless he belong to the local militia,) nor (least of all) a blue one to that of a sailor. A skilful operator can always detach the man from his dress. You may cut a tailor out of his new black suit, as easily as he cut it out of the broad cloth; shake a barber out of his own brutus; or smoke a seller of hams at any distance,

under his recent layer of pepper and salt.

A better illustration of this position is not to be found than in the subject of this article. Has any one of my readers ever considered with attention that variety of the Esculapian species called apothecaries' boys? If he has, he must confess that no animal exists more worthy of the attention of the naturalist, or more strikingly illustrative of the powerful and rapid effect of habit in modelling the human system.

The first thing to be observed about an apothecary's boy is his peculiar look. He is never young, i. e. morally; and this sort of age in the expression of his countenance contrasts oddly enough with the physical attributes of youth about him. There is a staid gravity in his manner far beyond his years; he seems perpetually impressed with the consciousness of his high destiny. Regard him well; you are looking on no ordinary being. You behold the embryo pharmacopolist, the germ of druggery, the future dispenser of disease, the arbiter of health and sickness, the page of the presence in the palace of death! his complexion marks him as not of this world; it is of a murky paleness; he looks as if he fed on asafetida, and as though his drink was the decoction of stuffed alligators. When I am at all unwell, I see an apothecary's boy with a horror I can't dissemble. He seems to me the herald of the grave; his touch is a diaphoretic, the glance of his eye is a calomel pill, his talk is bitterer than aloes, his smile is a dose of ipecacuhana,—

Salts are in all his steps, manna in his eye,
In every gesture colocynth and rhubarb.

His dialect is no less remarkable than his appearance. It too smells of the shop. It is an extract of the Pharmacopœcia, the concentrated essence of the Materia Medica. He does not express himself with great facility; his eloquence is a species of flirtation assisted by mechanical force, the result of gentle pressure gradually increased. In its other qualities it resembles the off-cast resulting from the process of despumation; his flowers of rhetoric smell of the flower of sulphor, his wit is a sort of muriatic acid, his sarcasms the nitrate of silver, and his ordinary prose like the residuum of distilled vinegar. In one respect he is like Shakspeare, he has 'small Latin and less Greek;' but then he compensates for the scantiness of his stock by the frequent use he makes of it. The weakness of each individual blow is atoned for by the constancy of its iteration. He is perpetually humiliating and consoling his hearers by 'humanum est errare,' throwing us into despair by 'ars longa vita brevis,' knocking us down at every corner with 'venienti occurrite morbe,' and outraging our sympathies by 'experimentum fiat in corpore vili!' To hear him speak you would suppose him the most cautious personage alive. He tells you, with a profound shake of the head, and with true pharmacentical pomp of enunciation, of the rashness of some practitioners; for his part, 'he always likes to feel his way.' He condemns Cooper for the indiscreet use of the knife, and Abernethy for the indiscriminate

administration of the blue pill; at the same time he slily insinuates that when 'a certain person' gets into full practice, things will be managed better.

But alas, give him an opportunity of trying his skill, and see how he will fling discretion to the winds of heaven! Let an unlucky patient of the poorer sort enter the shop during his master's absence. Mark how he feels his pulse, makes him thrust out his tongue, and minutely describe all his symptoms. Observe the avidity with which he seizes the pestle, the spatula, or the lancet; the undissembled ecstasy with which he prepares to extract a sound tooth, or bleed an emaciated patient. The success of this last operation refutes the old adage, and proves by analogy the possibility of getting blood out of a turnip. Look at the glee with which he spreads the scarifying blister, thickly sprinkled with unrelenting cantharides; the eagerness with which he mingles the desperate draught, destined to work wild havoc in the intestinal region. Gods! with what demoniac joy he bends over the Circean cauldron and sees 'the hell-broth boil and bubble.'

The character of an apothecary's boy is so legibly imprinted on his front, that all his efforts to conceal it are fruitless. 'The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots.' Some of this tribe affect to be dandies, and men of the town; but it won't do. Their awkward dandyism, formal gaiety, and methodistical style of dissipation, are sure to betray them. In spite of the gilt spurs, and ominous bunches of seals, we soon find out that 'all is not gold that glisters.' An apothecary's boy laces his stays as if he were fixing a tourniquet, and puts on his cravat as if he were applying a cataplasm. He drinks a glass of wine as though it were hippo, and swallows a bon-bon as he would a bolus. He enters into amusement with an air of apprehension, touches a lady's hand as if he were afraid of catching a typhus, and promenades in the saloon with the same air with which he walks the hospitals. You see him in the streets with his pockets stuffed out with packets redolent of nausea. His skin bids defiance to the cosmetic powers, and the perfumes of Araby cannot sweeten him.

In fine, an apothecary's boy is a nuisance, 'a bore, a charlatan,' a sort of 'noli me tangere,' a perpetual 'mememto mori,' a scion of the nether world, an offset of the grave, a basilisk whose eye fascinates you to destruction, a torpedo whose touch benumbs into a palsy. You have a feeling of unhealthiness in his presence; you dare not say your life is your own! you fancy yourself inhaling the atmosphere of the Upas, or the steams of a charnel-house He is a walking abstraction, a living epitome of all morbid phenomena, a virtual representative of 'all the natural shocks that flesh is heir to.'

Poetry.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell, our friendship is over.
Henceforth let all intercourse end:
He that is false as a lover,
Can never be true as a friend.
Away, in thy boyhood I sought thee,
Sincerity beam'd on thy brow;
O then I could never have thought thee
The wretch you have proved yourself now

Had the hands of adversity shaken
Each flower that bloom'd in your view,
Or had you by her been forsaken
Who now is deserted by you;
Had the storms of misfortune assail'd thee,
If in virtue had left you the same,
Then proudly I would have hail'd thee,
Nor blush to acknowledge the claim.

Be sure it was cruel so early
To blight in her opening years,
And leave one, that lov'd you sincerely,
A prey to repentance and tears.
The world with its frowns and its terrors
May punish a fault as it will,
But you were the cause of her error,
And you should have protected her still.

A. M. P.

INCONSTANCY.

Go, write thy hopes upon the sea,
Mark out thy destiny on sand:
Survey the leaves beneath a tree
And watch the shadows o'er the land.

To-morrow, sand and sea will stray
Far in the visions of the wind;
And not a leaf or shadow, stay
To teach thee constancy of mind.

Such is a fickle lover's taste,
From eye to eye, it changing flies;
When beauty fades and moments waste,
True love will live, but false love dies

MARIA.

TO A PRIMROSE.

Simplest yellow flower,
Gilded pledge of spring,
Charm of magic power
Pleasing hopes to bring:
Thy bud of palest hue,
Decking the frozen ground,
In winter's chilling dew,
'Mid the white snow is found.

Herald of brighter days,
Humblest drooping gem,
The hoar frost ling'ring stays
Around thy lowly stem.
Thy cup is fairies hold
To hide them from the blast,
That whistles, as the cold
Drives their warm shelter past.

Harbinger of hours,
By warmer sunshine blest,
Soonest of early flowers,
By nature simply drest;
Tulips in gay attire,
With varied tints may shine;
Still will I most admire
That neater garb of thine.

Emblem of wishes bright
That glad the wintry gloom;
Which, spite of reason's light,
In the fickle heart finds room.
Deck'd with a simple hue,
Thy beauty shines around;
Thou com'st when flowers are few,
Thus doubly welcome found.

R. J.

THE YOUNG COTTAGER.
A SONG.

My cottage, with woodbines is cover'd all round,
And the roses grow over my door;
Within are no troubles, nor tears to be found,
Though allotted to toil for my store.

Like a lark in the morning, I rise with the ray,
And go forth to my duties abroad;
In peace I begin, and I finish the day
With a song of contentment to God.

In the world there are charms, but I covet them not;
In the world there are dangers I shun,
And Annette, would she come to be queen of my cot,
Oh! how sweetly my welfare would run;

CHARADES.

I.

My first is by my second caught,
When in the woodlands fiercely sought;
But then my whole must persevere,
If it would stop my first's career.

II.

Could you live without my first?
My second is in shops suspended;
Children display my pretty whole,
When by choice gifts they are befriended.

A RIDDLE.

I'm never in a church,
Yet with every one that's there;
Either people, priest, or clerk,
In all I take a share.

To T. M. S.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

1.

O thou, to whom is given the power
To sooth the furrow'd brow of care;
Whose smiles can cheer the gloomiest hour,
And light the dungeon of despair.

2.

Thy arm can soften slavery's chain,
The lucid tear of rapture start;
Give the rude tenant of the desert plain
The noblest transport of a feeling heart.

3.

E'en love's 'rapt votary owns thy sway,
Tho' blest with him her soul ador'd,
Sigh for the social hour and converse gay,
Where thou presidest at the board.

4.

Oh! if by thee such magic is possess'd,
Hasten and sooth the sorrows of this breast;
Thy generous kindness well demands these lays,
And gratefully my heart the tribute pays.

S. D.

THE KISS.

What honied nectar mortals sip,
From woman's heav'nly woman's lip;
How the heart of man doth burn
When his kisses meet return!
Beauty's form hath power to move,
Beauty chains the soul to love;
The bee that roves thro' yonder bow'r
And tastes the sweets of ev'ry flow'r,
Enjoys not half the extatic bliss
Which man derives from woman's kiss.

J. T. D.

AN ADDRESS TO PEACE.

How long, blest peace, how long shall war,
Prevent thy wished-for reign?
How long shall reign the blood-stained car,
In triumph o'er the plain?

How long shall commerce droop her head
And piteous griefs arise?
How long the poor call out for bread
With shrieks that rend the skies?

The lover's shrieks, the widow's cry,
Alternate fill the air,
'For yonder doth my husband lie!'
'And ah! my lover here!'

Bellona reigns with dreadful sway
The fields with blood o'erflow,
And curst ambition shows the way
To horrid scenes of woe.

Peace, from thy blest abode descend
And haste that glorious day
When Plenty's voice the air shall rend,
With Concord's joyful lay.

R. H. T.

A DREAM ADDRESSED TO FANNY G.

One morn, dear Fan, believe me true,
As oft's the case, I dreamt of you;
Methought I saw that happy time,
When you consented to be mine.
The persons now were getting ready,
The parson, clerk, and every body;
Fanny alone, I thought appear'd not,
(By-the-bye, a fact before I feared not,)
Angry I was, you may suppose;
Enough to have pulled you by the nose;
At last, however, to amend it,
I sent for you to come and end it;
Your answer was, let him be quiet,
I'm now engaged to Mr. Hiat,
Go tell him this—that's all, no more,
I'll come when married, not before.
This answer stung me to the soul,
For this indifference spoil the whole;
Waking, I found it but a dream,
Then turned my head and slept again.

R. H. T.

Varieties.

The most singular spit in the world is that of the count de Castel Maria; one of the most opulent lords of Treviso. This spit turns 130 different roasts at once, and plays 24 tunes, and whenever it plays, corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton *a l' Anglaise*, will be excellent at the 12th air; a fowl *a la Flamande*,

will be juicy at the 18th, and so on. It would be difficult, perhaps, to carry further the love of music and gourmandizing.

ORIGIN OF THE STOCKING-LOOM.

In a pamphlet by Aaren Hill, published in the year 1715, is the following narrative:—

It is not out of some men's remembrance, that a young gentleman of no fortune, a student of Oxford, fell in love with an inn-keeper's daughter of that town, whose circumstances were also very narrow. He had philosophy enough to despise superfluous wealth, and judgment to foresee the necessity of a competence; but love was headstrong, and too hard for reason; so that, after a year or two's ineffectual delay, they bade defiance to their stars and had courage enough to marry! the scholar gained a wife, and lost a fellowship, the only small subsistence he before depended on.

Our innkeeper often upbraided the bridegroom with the barren effects of his learning, and thought it very strange, as he well might, that while every body told him his son-in-law was a great scholar, his whole stock of knowledge could not help him to one penny of his own getting.

Six or seven months after this marriage, the father-in-law died, miserably poor,—and the credit which his industry maintained in his lifetime dying with him, the goods he left behind were seized on by his creditors, and the student and his young wife turned out of doors, to eat the bread of fortune where they could find it.

The wife had a relation in town, unable to contribute any great assistance. She took them, however, into a garret of her house, whore the man could only waste his hours between books and sighs, while the partner of his sorrows made hard shift to pick up a support by knitting stockings, at a certain common price for every air.

At last, by a very natural coincidence, the cares of the lady became more *weighty*, and the patience of both less fortified. The only subject of their conversation now was the dread of what would become of the poor infant who was to be born a beggar: but sitting constantly together from morning till night, the scholar often fixed his eyes, with stedfast attention, on the motion of his wife's fingers, in the dextrous management of the needles; he took it into his imagination that it was not impossible to contrive a little loom, which might do the work with much more expedition.

The thought he communicated to his wife; and joining his head to her hands, the endeavour succeeded to their wishes. Thus the ingenious stocking loom, which is so common now, was first invented, by which the inventor did not only make himself and his family happy, but has left his nation indebted to him for a benefit which enables us to export silk stockings in great quantities, and to a vast advantage, to those very countries from whence before we used to bring them at considerable loss in the balance of our traffic.

COURAGEOUS INDIFFERENCE.

At the battle of Fontenoy, an officer of the name of Honeyward was endeavouring to cleave down a French soldier, but his hanger sticking fast in the shoulder, the fellow gained strength sufficient to thrust Honeywood through the side with his bayonet, while another struck him on the head and face with a sabre, so that he immediately fell. Next day lord Robert Manners, looking at the waggons that were carrying off the wounded, beheld Honeywood on one of them, with half a dozen soldiers laying on the top of him. 'Poor fellow!' said his lordship, 'thou art now done for, sure enough!' But what was his surprise, when, on arriving at Hannau, he received a message, with 'Mr. Honeywood's compliments,' desiring him to go and see his wounds dressed. He went directly. 'And now, Bob,' said the gallant creature, 'look sharp, and thou shalt see my brains; and Middleton, the surgeon here, shall testify that I have some.'

BOOKS

A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Russia leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch tree, never moulders; and merchants suffer large bales of this article to lie in the London-docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp.

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EXECUTION IN PARIS.

As an Englishman travels for information, in order not to be unnational, I went the other day to the Place de Greve, to witness the execution of a man condemned to death for the murder of his daughter. The execution was to take place at four o'clock in the afternoon; but such was the anxiety of the Parisians to be present, that before two o'clock several thousands had assembled In England, the crowd at an execution is composed of the lowest class of the people. Here, however, it is very different; well dressed persons of both sexes form the majority on such occasions, and a *jour de fete* could not be more joyously passed than the day of an execution. In the instance in question, there was certainly nothing to excite sympathy; the criminal having merited his punishment on every principle of society. But I could scarcely have credited, notwithstanding my long experience of the French character, that so much levity would have been exhibited on so solemn an occasion. In one part of the crowd were females, apparently of what is considered the respectable class, jesting and laughing at the idea of punishment which awaited the criminal, and scrutinizing every part of that terrible engine of destruction, on which the blood of many of their own relations had in the time of terror, perhaps, been spilled. In another place, a group of young men, who appeared to be students, were playing tricks with a poor old woman, who had entered the crowd with a basket of cakes. One took a cake from one side of the basket, and as the poor

creature turned round to recover it, another stole from the opposite side, whilst the crowd uttered shouts of approbation. The gens d'armes, who were there in considerable numbers, interposed no obstacles to the mirth and enjoyment of the Parisians, although nothing could be more strict than the mode with which they maintained order, so far as it regarded the keeping clear a circle before the guillotine, in order that all might have a fair sight. When any person attempted to violate the cordon, he was struck by a gend'arme with the flat part of his sword; whilst, by a dexterous movement, the long tail of the horse was turned with rapidity upon his face. Nothing, however, could exceed the toleration displayed by the armed force in every other respect. I really think that if the mob had chosen to form themselves into quadrille parties, no interference would have been exercised.

When the criminal appeared, there was a general cry, as at a theatre, of '*a bas les chapeaux*,' and in less than a minute every head was uncovered, so that the view might be as little intercepted as possible. The poor wretch had his arms pinioned, and his coat slightly thrown over his shoulders. He was lame, and almost helpless; confinement and grief had added to the appearance of his real age (which was 59) so much, that he resembled a feeble man of 80. When he quitted the cart, and was lifted on the guillotine. for he was unable to walk, there was much laughing, but no exclamations of horror. One scoundrel said, 'Is not this a pretty *youth* to violate a young lady?' The crime was an attempt to violate his daughter, and subsequent assassination. The joke was liked, and an inhuman shout drowned the words of the catholic priest who attended, and was addressing the criminal. Without pretending to possess any fine feelings, I must say that I was shocked with this conduct, and was unable to lift up my eyes to the guillotine, after the already insensible criminal had been placed in the proper place by the executioner. In a moment, however, I heard the knife fall. The sound recalled me, and I again raised my eyes. The body was still on the guillotine. The head had fallen into a box, which was under the machine; the 'purple stream' rushed with force from the trunk, and another wit compared it to the flowing of wine from a barrel, when tapped by a gimlet. In less than two minutes the body was stripped and placed into a shell. Men with sponges, and many pails of water washed away the blood, and the ceremony ended. The time occupied from the arrival of the criminal to the severing of the head from the body, was only two minutes. It will readily be allowed, therefore, that there is no unnecessary delay in this mode of punishment; but the *appareil* is so terrible, that the man who retains his mental, or even bodily faculties to the last moment, must possess nerves of no ordinary energy. I am convinced that the guillotine would not be tolerated by any English crowd; for every spectator, except a Parisian, must be shocked at this bloody mode of execution.

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

MATCH SELLERS.

No. 14.

"Sir, there are many to be seen—the town is full of them."

Match-vending used to be confined to very aged women and infirm old men, who used to have their regular rounds; beyond which no one ever thought of extending his perambulations, and within which no one would suffer an intruder. But this state of things has long since 'gone to the tomb of all the Capulets,' and competition has found its way even into this small trade, and the dealers in matches now openly oppose, and endeavour to undersell one another. The motley tribe now established in the business is composed of persons of all ages and descriptions—infirm women and hearty men, aged parents and young children, blind persons and those who have the use of their sight, those of tidy and those of miserable appearance, may now be seen in all places and at almost all hours, vieing with each other both in the quantity and in the quality of their respective '*hap'orths*.' One of the principal causes of this extraordinary increase of their numbers, is probably the Act which two or three years since passed through parliament for the suppression and punishment of vagrancy. This law, which makes it an offence to *beg*, has driven numbers to *match-vending*, more as a disguise to their real pursuits, than as a means of obtaining a

livelihood; their wish and intention are to receive alms; but on the first appearance of the beadle, or any other suspicious-looking personage, they are busily employed in offering for sale their 'good brimstone matches.'

A match-woman, such as was common in the days of our fathers, (that is, some thirty or forty years back), is habited in tattered garments, with a bonnet completely worn out upon her head, a dirty red cloak, affording her a scanty shelter from the variations of the weather; shoes, properly so called, she has none; a pair of slippers, which had been thrown into the street as entirely worthless, just suffice to cover her toes, while the numerous leakages in their under parts admit alike the water and the cold, and the damages their upper works have received, proclaim the ruin which awaits on all sublunary things; an old broom-stick serves to support her tottering frame, as she moves from before one window to another, calling in a quivering voice to the inmates of each house she passes, to 'be so kind as to lay out a ha'penny.' Some few of these are still to be found, but the great majority live only in our recollections.

The modern mode of match-selling is widely different. Walk out on a Saturday evening towards any of the London markets, and you will see several groups each consisting of a man, woman, and five or six children, all of them joining their voices in the singing of some doleful ditty, the melody of which, as it is performed by the whole, has an effect very different to harmonious; a quantity of matches are spread, in fan-like fashion in every hand which the assemblage can command, not excepting even those of the infant whom the woman carries in her arms; at each pause in their concert—'Please Ma'am, five bunches a ha'penny' or —'I'll give you another bunch,' resounds from some half dozen voices, in as many different keys; but the good housewife, whose basket is already nearly filled, declines to purchase of the wan-looking pleaders, and hastens away to her more important avocations.

Then there is a blind man, led by an old woman, who sells matches of her own manufacture, and chaunts their *matchless* excellence in a rhyme of his own composing, beginning

I cry my matches all thro' the street
I sell my matches to all that I meet,'

but he is an 'old stager,' and is known to every body. Then we have pretended sailors, and 'poor fellows out of work,' who were never willingly in it; 'broken down tradesmen,' who never dealt in any thing else; and respectable looking men who carry them in a basket, and knock at all the doors they pass with amazing effrontery; all having matches for their employment, matches for their excuse, and who from matches derive their subsistence.

There is also the wholesale dealer, who 'supplies the trade:' whose shop is in some narrow dirty street, down which strange footsteps seldom ramble; there are a few pieces of wood in the window, and withinside may be seen the made up stock, amounting at times to two or three large bundles: the manufacturer himself is seated on a low bench, splitting with a knife the strait-grained wood into the required thickness and form, and grumbling all the while at its unyielding texture, which so strongly resists the power of his well-sharpened knife.

Match-sellers are for the most part impostors, people who prefer that lazy vagabond sort of life to one of labor or toil; but there may be some among them whose whole portion is distress, and whose only faults are ignorance and poverty. To the discovery and relief of these the time and money of the charitable may well be devoted, while, to bestow either on the former, would be to reward deceit and vice, and to encourage idleness, imposture, and hypocrisy.

R. J.

On Bathing.

No. 7.

Continued.

VAPOUR BATHS.

Vapour Baths are those, when the patient is not plunged into what is prepared for the bath, but only receives its steam upon those parts of his body which require it; as in some distempers of the fundament and womb, where the patient sits and receives the fumes of some proper fermentation, &c. To these may be added the bagnio, where people are made to sweat by the heat of a room, and pouring on of hot water; after which they generally go into a hot bath or bagnio.

A peculiar sort of vapour bath was much used by the ancient Mexicans, and is still in use among the present Indians their descendants. According to the Abbe Clavigero, these baths are built of raw bricks, and their form is similar to that of ovens for baking bread; but with this difference, that the pavement of the bath is a little convex, and lower than the surface of the earth; whereas, that of most ovens is plain, and a little elevated for the accommodation of the baker. The greatest diameter of a bath is about eight feet, and its greatest height six. The entrance, like the mouth of an oven, is wide enough to allow a man to creep easily in. In the place opposite to the entrance there is a furnace of stone or raw bricks, with its mouth outwards to receive the fire, and a hole above it to carry off the smoke. The part which unites the furnace to the bath, and which is about two feet and a half square, is shut with a certain dry stone of a porous texture. In the upper part of the vault there is an air-hole, like that to the furnace. This is the usual structure of the temazcalli; but there are others that are without vault or furnace, mere little square chambers, yet well covered and defended from the air. When any person goes to bathe, he first lays a mat within the temazcalli, a pitcher of water, and a bunch of herbs, or leaves of maize. He then causes a fire to be made in the furnace, which is kept burning until the stones which join the bath and furnace are quite hot. The person who is to use the bath enters commonly naked, and generally accompanied, for the sake of convenience, or on account of infirmity, by one of his domestics. As soon as he enters, he shuts the entrance close, but leaves the air-hole at top for a little time open, to let out any smoke which may have been introduced through the chinks of the stone; when it is all out he likewise stops up the air-hole. He then throws water upon the hot stones, from which immediately arises a thick steam to the top of the *temazcalli*. While the sick person lies upon the mat, the domestic drives the vapour downwards, and gently beats the sick person, particularly on the ailing part, with the bunch of herbs, which are dipped for a few seconds in the water of the pitcher, which has then become a little warm. The sick person falls immediately into a soft and copious sweat, which is increased or diminished at pleasure, according as the case requires. When the evacuation desired is obtained, the vapour is let off, the entrance is cleared, and the sick person clothes himself, or is transported on the mat to his chamber, as the entrance to the bath is usually within some chamber. This sort of bath, called *temazcalli* by the natives, has been regularly used in several disorders, particularly in fevers occasioned by costiveness. The Indian women use it commonly after childbirth, and also those persons who have been stung or wounded by any poisonous animal. It is undoubtedly a powerful remedy for all those who have occasion to carry off gross humours. When a very copious sweat is desired, the sick person is raised up and held in the vapour; as he sweats the more, the nearer he is to it. The temascalli is so common, that in every place inhabited by the Indians, there are many of them.

The common Russians, in general use but few medicines, supplying their places in all cases by the vapour bath, a practice universal among them, and which has a decided influence on the whole physical state of the people. The use of the bath, that venerable relic of the manners of the ancient world, as an ingenious writer denominates it, is now almost confined to the oriental nations, where it ministers both to health and luxury, and is perpetuated by religion. In Europe it has been gradually declining for several centuries, though it was here also in some sort interwoven with religion, the holy water of the Roman Catholic church being a slight remnant of it.

(*To be continued.*)

THE THREE BEGGARS OF COMPEIGNE.

Three blind beggars were on their way for Compeigne, to seek alms in the neighbourhood. They kept the high road to Senlis, and walked at a great pace, each holding a cap and stick in their hand. A young ecclesiastic, well mounted, who was riding towards Compeigne and attended by a valet on horseback, was struck at a distance with their steady and rapid strides. 'Those fellows,' said he, 'for men who appear blind, make very firm steps; I'll endeavour to find them out, and see if they are not impostors.' Accordingly, as he came near them, and as the beggars

hearing the trampling of horses feet, had ranged themselves in a line, to ask for charity, he called to them, and pretending to give them some money, but in reality giving them nothing, said, 'There is a bezant; it is intended for you all three; and you will divide it between you.' 'Yes, your reverence, and may God bless you in return for it.' Although no one of them received the money, yet each was confident his comrade had got it. Thus, after many thanks and good wishes to the horseman, they resumed their march, full of spirits; but at the same time slackening their pace. The churchman feigned also to proceed on his journey, but at the same time went but a small distance and alighted, and giving his horse to the care of the valet, directed him to wait his arrival at the gates of Compeigne; then gently approached the beggars, and followed them to watch the issue of the adventure. When they no longer heard the noise of horses the leader of them halted. 'Comrades,' said he, 'we have made a good day's work; and I think we had best return, and spend the money this good Christian has given us. It is a long time since we had a carousal, and now we have enough to enjoy ourselves, let us think of nothing but pleasure.' On their arrival in town, they heard a cry of 'Good wine! wine of Soisons! wine of Auxerre! fish and good fare! walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in.' They went no further, but entered the first house; and having cautioned the people not to judge of their means by their appearance (like men who derive confidence from the weight of their purse) they desired that they might be served quickly and well. Nicholas, the landlord, being used sometimes to see persons of this sort spend more than such as appear to be in more affluent circumstances, shewed them into his best dining room, begged they would be seated, and order what they liked best, assuring them there was nothing in Compeigne but what he could set before them, and in a style that would give them satisfaction. They desired that plenty of good things might be got ready, and instantly master, waiter, maid, and all in the house set about it. A neighbour was even sent for to assist. At length by virtue of several hands and good speed, they served up a dinner of five dishes, and the beggars sat down to it, laughing, singing, drinking to each other, diverting themselves with clumsy jokes on the simple traveller who was at the expense of the feast. He had followed them with his valet to the inn, and was within hearing of their merriment. He was resolved, that he might not lose any part of it, to dine and sup with the landlord; the beggars all this time occupied the best room, and were waited on like noblemen. Their mirth was prolonged till the night was pretty far advanced, when to make a suitable close to so jovial a day, they each called for a bed and went to rest. The next morning the landlord who wanted to get rid of them, sent his servant to call them up. When they were come down stairs, he made out their bill, which amounted to 10*d*. That was the moment the mischievous churchman so impatiently expected. To enjoy the affair more at his ease, he came and posted himself in a corner of the room, but without shewing himself, lest his presence might be a restraint on the guests.

'Master,' said the blind man to the landlord, 'we have a bezant; take your account, and give us our change.' He holds out his hand to receive it; and as no one now offers it him, he asks them again, when each said, 'it is not I.' The landlord then gets in a passion, 'So, gentlemen vagrants, you think I am to serve here as a butt for your diversion. Be so good as to end all this mockery, and pay me my 10*d*. otherwise I'll give you all three a drubbing.' They then began to enquire of each other for the piece of money, to suspect each other's honesty—to call names—to quarrel; till at length such an uproar ensued, that the landlord, after giving each of them a box on the ear, called his servants to come down with two good sticks. The ecclesiastic all this while, kept laughing in his hiding place, till he was ready to fall. But when he found the affair was becoming serious, and heard them talk of sticks, he came forward, and with an air of surprize asked the cause of the quarrel.

'Sir, here are 3 knaves who came yesterday to consume my provisions and now I ask them for my due—they have the insolence to mock me; but by all that's sacred they shall not get off in that manner, and before they go out—.' 'Softly, softly, master Nicholas, (said the churchman); these poor men have not wherewith to pay you; and in that case

they deserve rather your pity than your resentment. How much does this bill amount to?' 'Tenpence.' 'What! is it for so paltry a sum that you raise all this disturbance? Come, make yourself easy; I'll take it on myself: and, for my part, what have I to pay you?' 'Fivepence, sir.' 'That's enough— I shall pay you 15d.; now let these poor fellows go; and know that, to harass the poor is a sin of the first magnitude.' The blind men, who were terrified at the bastinado, made their escape with all possible haste; while Nicholas, who had reckoned on losing his tenpence (being delighted on finding a person to pay it), launched out into the most flattering encomiums on the churchman. 'What a good man! (cried he)—that is the kind of priest we should have, and then they would be respected; but unfortunately, there are but few such. Be assured, sir, so handsome an action will not go unrewarded. You will prosper in the world, take my word for it; and will find the good effects of your generosity.' All that the crafty traveller had been saying to his host was but a fresh piece of roguery on his part; for, in luring the innkeeper with such generosity, he only meant to trick him as he had done the beggars. Just at that moment the parish bell was ringing to prayers. He asked who was to perform the service; they told him it was their parson. 'As he is your pastor, master Nicholas, (he further said,) you are most probably acquainted with him?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And if he would engage to pay the 15d. that I owe you, would you not acknowledge us quit?' 'Undoubtedly, if it were 36, and you desired it.' 'Well, then, come along with me to the church, and we will speak to him.' They went out together; but, first, the ecclesiastic directed his valet to saddle the horses, and to keep them in readiness. The priest, as they entered the church, was just going to read prayers. 'This will keep us very long, (said the traveller to his host): I have not time to wait, and must proceed on my journey. It will satisfy you, I presume, to have the parson's word for it?' Nicholas having nodded assent, the other went up to the parson, and dexterously slipping into his hand twelve deniers, said—'Sir, you will pardon my coming so near the pulpit to speak to you, but much ceremony need not be observed between persons of the same condition. I am travelling through your town, and lodged last night at one of your parishioners, whom in all probability you know, and whom you see hard by. He is a well-meaning man, honest and entirely exempt from vice; but, unfortunately, his head is not so sound as his heart; his brain is somewhat cracked: last night one of his fits of madness prevented us all from sleeping. He is a good deal better, thank God, this morning; nevertheless, as his head is still affected, and full of religion, he begged we would conduct him to church, that he might hear you say a prayer, that the Lord may, in his goodness, restore him to health.' 'Most cheerfully,' answered the parson. He then turned to Nicholas, and said to him, 'Friend, wait till I have done the service, when I'll take care you shall have what you want.' Nicholas, who thought this ample assurance of what he went for, said no more, but attended the traveller back to the inn, wished him a good journey, and then returned to the church, to receive his payment from the parson. The latter, as soon as he had performed the service, came with his stole and book towards the inn-keeper. 'Friend,' said he, 'go down upon your knees.' The other, surprised at this preamble, observed that there was no occasion for such ceremony in receiving 15d. 'Truly, they are not mistaken,' said the parson to himself, 'this man cannot be in his right senses.' Then assuming a tone of insinuation, 'Come, friend,' said he, 'place your trust in God; he will have pity on your condition.' At the same time he puts the Bible on the other's head, and begins his prayer. Nicholas, in anger, pushes away the book; declares he cannot stay to be trifled with, guests being waiting for him at his house; that he wants his 15d. and has no occasion for prayers. The priest, irritated at this, calls to his congregation, as they were going out of church, and desires them to seize the man, who was raving. 'No, no! I am not mad, and by Saint Corneille, you shall not trick me in this manner. You engaged to pay me, and I will not leave this place till I get my money.' 'Seize him, seize him!' cried the priest. They accordingly fastened on the poor devil; one taking hold of his arms, another of his legs, a third clasping him by the middle, while a fourth exhorted him to be composed.—He makes a violent effort to get out of

their clutches, swears and foams with rage, like one possessed—but all in vain, for the parson puts his stole round his neck, and reads his prayer from beginning to end, without excusing him a single word. After which he sprinkles him copiously with holy water, bestows on him a few benedictions, and then lets him loose. The unlucky wight saw clearly that he had been made a dupe; he went home, overwhelmed with shame and vexation at the loss of his 15d.; but then he had, in lieu of it, got a prayer and benediction. G. F. B.

Poetry.

Pause, pause, thou libertine, and lay
Thy hand upon thy bounding heart,
And ask thy soul if to betray
A virgin, is a manly part?

Alas! it's here the error lies;
'Tis gallantry to rob the maid
Of her fair fame, and tyrannize
O'er the fond heart by love betray'd.

Mistaken man! the honor'd prize
Of woman nor of peace destroy;
'Tis her meek smile that best supplies
The sweetest zest of social joy.

Reject th' allurements of desire
Ye lovely maids with prudent mind,
Nor yield to that destructive fire
That leaves a ruin'd fame behind.

ANN.

IMMORTALITY.

Child of mortality, why droops thy head,
Oh! why a complaint or a sigh?
Remember'st thou not the spirit ere fled
Will rise with new charms from the realms of the dead,
And dwell with the blessed on high?

The rose I have seen in the space of an hour
Its fragrant leaves cast to the ground;
I returned soon after the sweet freshing shower,
Had its bounty cast forth to every flow'r,
And with resuscitation was crown'd.

The glorious sun in the west I've beheld,
By darkness and gloom overspread;
His beams in the morn had that darkness dispell'd,
With splendour, and brightness, and glory upheld,
As he rose his majestical head.

The insect of pride's been witnessed by me,
Consign'd to its own silken tomb,
(What an emblem of life and eternity,)
When it bursts from its prison and sets itself free,
Sallying forth with new vigour and bloom.

Each object in nature indeed brings a proof:
Why then so dejected and low?
Though cut by the spoiler is beauty and youth,
Rejoice! he'll be conquer'd by virtue and truth,
Where rivers of bliss ever flow.

W. A. JUN.

A FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

Farewell to thee, Summer! thy beauty has flown,
And the rich scenting moss-rose along with thee's gone;
Thy youth and thy beauty we have seen to decay,
And thy bright beaming lustre has faded away.

Oh! sweet were thy mornings so calm and serene,
And sweet at its close was each soft sinking e'en;
Luxuriant and rich was the glow of thy noon!
Ah! why didst thou vanish and leave us so soon?

Farewell to thee, Summer! thy charms have all fled,
And Autumn approaches his garland bound head;
The full cluster'd grapes that encircle his brow,
Tell that he is the spoiler—the husbandman thou!

No longer, alas! by thy sunny breeze blown,
The trees lose their verdure and murmur their moan
To the storm-bearing winds that around their heads play,
Whilst thou, charming Summer, art far, far away.

At the equinox circle thou always art found,
Tho' often thou spreadest thy glances around;

We live in thy smile, and rejoice till the close
Of thy slumbering eye-lids proclaims thy repose.

Then fare thee well, Summer! thou wilt not remain
For e'er in thy sleep, but wilt rouse thee again;
Oh! quickly awake, thee, and gladden each scene,
That, chill'd by thy absence, so gloomy has been.

R. J.

EPIGRAM.

A duke, upon trying his breeches, observed,
(Which were made for her ladyship's dance,)
That for shape and for make they put him in mind
Of two towns he had met with in France.

The knight of the thimble, with looks of surprise,
(But of arguing knew 'twere no use,)
Begged of him the meaning—he quickly replied
That they were too long (Toulon) and too loose (Thoulouse).

W. A. Jun.

AN ACROSTIC ON A YOUNG LADY WITH A DECAYED ROSE.

M ark! thou young and beauteous one
A t that flower in thy hand;
R ich it was with beauty dress'd,
Y oung and tender leaves possess'd.

S o, like it, thy charms shall fade;
(H eed it not, thou beauteous maid,)
A s there waits a blest retreat,
W here they again will tenfold meet.

W. A. Jun.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—The following account of a fire which happened in Thames-street in 1760, may not be uninteresting to your readers, particularly from the circumstance of its having broken out in the same spot as the late destructive fire on the night of the 31st of July.

'Friday, April 18, 1760, between nine and ten o'clock in ye morning,* terrible fire broke out at ye house of Messrs. Barlow and Reynolds, oilmen,† adjoining to ye St. Magnus church, which intirely consumed that house and six more in ye front of Thames-street, and all ye warehouses at Fresh Wharf; particularly St. Magnus church was a great sufferer by ye fire, great part of ye roof at ye east end was destroyed, together with ye altar, ye pews, and organ were damaged so much by taking them away to prevent their being burnt, that they are rendered useless. Ye damage is computed to be at or about 20001.'

W. Fox.

The above is a literal copy of a manuscript note by Mr. Fox, annexed to Vol. II. of Maitland's London, ed. 1756, in the writer's possession.

In the Royal Magazine for 1760, it is stated that this fire consumed upwards of one thousand hogsheads of sugar and a large quantity of wine, rice, and oil; and two men were killed by the explosion of some gunpowder, which was on the premises.

Cox's quay was also destroyed by this fire, and considerable damage done to the shipping. It is said that this unfortunate event was occasioned by a servant, who was drawing off some oil, and leaving the candle too near it whilst he went out to see lord Ferrers pass by from the Tower, on his way to Tyburn, at which place he was executed for the murder of his steward, Mr. Johnson, in a fit of passion.—See Royal Mag. 1760.

N. B.—Mr. Fox was the writer of several valuable papers in the Daily Gazetteer, chiefly on antiquarian subjects relative to the city of London, and most of which are alluded to in his valuable notes annexed to various passages in the copy of Maitland's London above referred to, and which formerly belonged to him.

* The late fire broke out between 9 and 10 o'clock at night.

† Now M'Andrews, orange merchant.

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The Casket.

No. XXXI.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 18[illegible] [Price 2d.



BURNING OF NEWGATE IN 1780.

(From No. 37 of Allen's History of London.)

In the year 1778, it having become the opinion of liberal minded men, that the laws against papists were much too rigorous to be enforced in an enlightened age, an act of parliament had been passed, for 'relieving his majesty's subjects, professing the Romish religion, from certain penalties and disabilities imposed upon them in the eleventh and twelfth years of the reign of king William the Third.' This act, at the time, did not appear to excite any great alarm among persons of any class; nor would it, perhaps, have ever given birth to such extraordinary results, had not the Catholics acted very indiscreetly, in taking more liberties in the public exercise of their religion than what they had been previously accustomed to, and in proceeding to the yet greater length of proposing to open public schools for the education of youth in the Romish faith.

The sensation produced by these occurrences, led many of the lower class of rigid protestants to express great apprehensions of the increase of popery, and to exclaim against the late act, by which they thought it was countenanced and supported. These persons, who for the most part were methodists and bigotted calvinists, formed themselves into a body in London, under the title of the 'Protestant Association,' and chose for their president lord Geo. Gordon, younger brother to the

duke of Gordon, and at that time member of parliament for Ludgershall. This young man had been educated in the rigid doctrines of Presbyterianism; and from imbibing a sort of hereditary repulsion to popery, was a fit head for such a community. Under his direction a petition was framed for a repeal of the obnoxious act; and so much industry was employed to procure signatures, that the names of upwards of 120,000 persons were affixed to it; among them, however, were those of many women and children.

The petition being thus prepared, a general meeting of the Association was held on the evening of May 29th, 1780, at Coachmakers' Hall, Noble-street; when Lord George, after stating his opinion, 'that the indulgence given to popery by the repeal of the act of William the Third, was inconsistent with the principles of the revolution, dangerous to the Hanoverian succession, and destructive to the civil and religious liberties of the country;' and stated his conviction, that 'the only way to stop it was by going in a firm, manly, and resolute manner to the house of commons, and shewing their representatives that they were determined to preserve their religious freedom with their lives;' that, 'for his part, he would run all hazards with the people; and if the people were too lukewarm to run all hazards with him, when their conscience and their country called them forth, they may get another president; for he would tell them candidly, that he was not a lukewarm man himself, and that if they meant to spend their time in mock debate and idle opposition, they might get another leader.' This speech was received with the loudest applause, and his lordship then moved the following resolution—'That the whole body of the Protestant Association do attend in St. George's Fields on Friday next, at ten of the clock in the morning, to accompany his lordship to the House of Commons, on the delivery of the Protestant petition.' This was carried unanimously. His lordship then said, that 'if less than twenty thousand of his fellow-citizens attended him on that day, he would not present their petition;' and for the better observance of order, he moved 'that they should arrange themselves into four divisions; the Protestants of the city of London on the right, those of the city of Westminster on the left, the borough of Southwark third, and the people of Scotland resident in London and its environs to form the last division;' and, 'that they might know their friends from their enemies,' he added, that 'every real Protestant and friend of the petition should come with a blue cockade in his hat.'

Accordingly, on Friday, June the 2nd, the day appointed, about ten o'clock in the morning, a vast concourse of people from all parts of the city and suburbs assembled in St. George's Fields, near the Obelisk, where they awaited the arrival of their president, who came about eleven; and having, in a short speech, strongly recommended the necessity of a peaceable deportment, he marshalled them into ranks, and gave directions for the conduct of the different divisions. His lordship then left them, proceeding in his carriage to the House of Commons over Westminster-bridge; and the committee of the association, with many other members,

went the same way: but the main body, amounting to, at least, 50,000, took their route over London-bridge, marching in tolerable order, six or eight in a rank, through Cornhill, Fleet-street, and the Strand. Each division was preceded by its respective banner, having the words 'No Popery' written on it, with other sentiments expressive of the business of the day; the petition itself, with the skins of parchment containing its numerous signatures, and which had been tacked together by a tailor in St. George's Fields, was carried at the head of the procession. At Charing-cross the multitude was increased by additional numbers on foot, on horseback, and in carriages; so that, by the time the different parties had met together, all the avenues to both houses of parliament were entirely filled with the crowd.

Till this period, every thing had been conducted with proper decorum; but a most lamentable change took place, as soon as the members of parliament began to assemble. Among such an immense concourse of people, it could not be imagined that every one would be equally peaceable; yet the scenes of confusion and riot which ensued, went far beyond all possible calculation, and most forcibly impressed the reflecting mind with the never-to-be-forgotten lesson of the imminent danger that attends the expression of the *vox populi* from a congregated multitude. The Protestant Association appeared to recede from its avowed purpose, and to assume all the properties of a seditious mob. Both peers and commons were insulted in their progress to the house, and it was with great difficulty that some of them escaped with their lives.

The Archbishop of York was the first attacked; the bishop of Litchfield had his gown torn; the wheels were taken off the bishop of Lincoln's carriage, and his lordship narrowly escaped with life; the lord president of the council (Lord Bathurst) was treated very roughly; the windows and pannels of lord Mansfield's coach were broken to pieces; the duke of Northumberland's pocket was picked of his watch; the lords Townshend and Hillsborough came together, and were grossly insulted; lord Stormont's coach was broken to pieces, and himself in the hands of the mob for nearly half an hour; lords Ashburnham and Boston were treated with the utmost indignity, particularly the latter, who was so long in their power, that it was proposed to the house to go in a body, and endeavour, by their presence, to extricate him; but in the interim, his lordship escaped without any material hurt. Many others of the peers were personally ill-treated, and Wellbore Ellis, esq. was obliged to take refuge in the Guildhall of Westminster, whither he was pursued, the windows broken, the doors forced, and justice Addington, with all the constables, expelled. Mr. Ellis escaped with the greatest hazard.

Further outrage to the parliament itself was prevented by the arrival of the guards; and the house of commons, on the motion of lord George, seconded by Mr. Alderman Bull, one of the city representatives, agreed to the bringing up of the petition, and that it should be debated on the Tuesday following. These decisions were not satisfactory to the

mob; yet, as the presence of the military restrained them from violence on the spot, they separated into parties, and commenced the work of destruction by partly demolishing the Romish chapels in Duke Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and Warwick-street, Golden-square; and all the furniture, ornaments, and altars of both chapels were committed to the flames. This was effected before the guards could arrive, when thirteen of the rioters were taken up. No further outrage of importance was committed that night.

On the next day (Saturday), the tumult appeared to have subsided, and the rage of bigotry and lawless violence was thought to be allayed; but this expectation proved eminently fallacious. On Sunday afternoon, a mob of many thousands assembled in Moorfields; and with the cry of 'No Papists!' 'Root out Popery!' &c. they attacked the Popish chapel in Ropemaker's-alley; and having demolished the inside, they carried the altars, pulpits, pictures, seats, &c. into the street, and committed them to the flames. More mischief was prevented by the arrival of a party of the guards, when the rioters immediately began to disperse. Early on the following morning, however, they assembled again on the same spot, and demolished the school, and three dwelling houses belonging to the priests in Ropemakers'-alley, together with a valuable library. They now divided into parties; and threatening destruction to all who should oppose them, they proceeded to different quarters of the town. One party went to Virginia-street Wapping, and another to Nightingale-lane, East Smithfield, where they severally destroyed the Catholic chapels, and committed many other outrages.

To be continued.

Sketches of Character.

For the Casket.

No. XV.---THE SAILOR.

'Here I am, poor Jack,
Just come home from sea,
With shiners in my sack,
Pray what d'ye think of me?'

WHAT do we think of you?—why that you're a careless, rattle-brained, inconsiderate, profligate, good-natured being; fonder of grog than of salt water, and of your own Polly than the one you sail in. We could wish that you possessed a little more thought, and that you disposed of your 'pay' and 'prize money' in a somewhat more reasonable manner. If you would keep nearer the 'lee-shore' of prudence, and not be so easily induced to go on 't'other tack,' we should (to tell you the truth) think a little better of you than we do at present.

A sailor, when on shore, is one of the happiest fellows in existence — he fares sumptuously, though nothing is more grateful to his palate than salt beef or pork. He rides inside a stage coach, although, if no one could see him, he would much rather sit outside, or even trudge along on foot. He visits exhibitions, though he has no taste to enjoy what he sees; and all this, that he may not appear 'stingy,' and that he may have opportunities of 'sporting' his 'shiners,' as if he considered them as mere trash. No sooner does he set his foot on terra firma, than he seeks out

shops where he may completely re-clothe himself: he purchases a dashing hat, dancing-pumps, and a good *looking*, though not always good *going* watch. He struts about in spruce looking 'nankeens,' while his hands are entombed in the pockets of his never deserted round jacket. He would no sooner change this part of his dress for a coat, than a dancing-master would his fiddle-stick for a sword, or a Waterlooman his medal for a five-shilling piece; it is his constant companion, whether at sea or on shore, whether he is 'put to the push' for money, or in possession of more than he knows what to do with. As soon as he is 'rigged out' to his liking, he 'weighs anchor,' and proceeds on 'a cruise' of pleasure; he soon meets one of his favorite Wapping lasses, and in order that he may have a 'consort' with him on his expedition, he speedily 'equips her for sailing,' and 'takes her in tow' as 'a tidy frigate.' (Be ready all ye Jew-pedlars, bargain sellers, and vagrant impostors, Jack's pockets are well lined, and your 'gold brooches,' 'silk handkerchiefs,' and tales of distress, will meet with a ready market.) He soon 'falls in' with several relations and friends, among whom, he distributes his last collection of 'foreign curiosities,' and to one of whom he delivers (according to promise) a monkey, whom he has instructed in various erudite grimaces, and sundry mischievous tricks. His cash soon begins to run short, but this does not prevent him from squandering it away in a still more profligate manner; he gives a shilling to every beggar that prays a half-penny, and seems to endeavour, by every means in his power, to empty his already lightened purse; his watch and every other unnecessary purchase he had made, are parted with, some hundreds per cent. below prime cost; the money thus procured is made away with in a similar round of extravagance; and at length, pennyless and friendless, (for upon the first 'leakage' his accompanying frigate 'sheers off') he returns to his old profession, at which he contentedly remains till the 'rhino' has accumulated, and he is at liberty to 'go ashore,' that he may spend it as foolishly as heretofore, and again return, impoverished and forsaken, to his constant refuge—'the ship.'

'The sailor' studies none of the various 'schemes,' which 'land lubbers' 'bother their heads with;' he cares nothing for the learning of a collegian, the reasoning of the logician, or the pursuits of a man of science: absorbed in the present, he thinks but seldom upon the future, and when he does, it is only that he may dismiss it from his thoughts, and again resume his carelessness and mirth. It may be said, that he who enjoys most of life is the wisest man, and that to this character, therefore, 'the sailor' is entitled; but until it can be shown, that man's reason was given to him for no higher purposes than to assist him in senseless mirth and boisterous laughter, and that his intellects were never intended for far more noble pursuits; till this can be shewn, and shewn indisputably, the sailor's mode of murdering away his time, can neither be entitled to the praise of the philosopher, nor deserve the approbation of the good. R. J.

On Bathing.

No. 8.

VAPOUR BATH.

(Continued.)

The Russian public bath, (called public because they are under the care of the police, and let out to common people on the crown's account), usually consists of mean wooden houses, situate, whenever it is possible, by the side of a running stream. In the bath-room is a large vaulted oven which, when heated, makes the paving stones lying upon it red-hot; and adjoining to the oven is a kettle fixed in masonry, for the purpose of holding boiling water. Round about the walls are three or four rows of benches one above another, like the seats of a scaffold. The room has little light, but here and there are apertures for letting the vapour escape; the cold water that is wanted being let in by small channels. Some baths have an anti-chamber for dressing and undressing; but in most of them this is done in the open court-yard, which on that account has a boarded fence, and is provided with benches of planks. In those parts of the country, where wood is scarce, they sometimes consist of wretched caverns commonly dug in the earth close to the bank of some river. In the houses of wealthy individuals, and in the palaces of the great, they are constructed in the same manner, but with superior elegance and convenience. The heat in the bath-room is usually from 72° to 90° of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and this is much increased by throwing water every five minutes on the glowing hot stones in the chamber of the oven. Thus the heat often rises, especially on the uppermost bench to 99°. The persons that bathe lie quite naked on one of the benches, where they perspire more or less in proportion to the heat of the humid atmosphere in which they are enveloped. For promoting perspiration, and more completely opening the pores, they are first rubbed, and then gently flagellated with leafy bunches of birch. After remaining for some time in this state, they come down from the bath, and wash their bodies with warm or cold water, and at last plunge over head in a large tub of water. Many persons throw themselves immediately from the bath-room into the adjoining river; or roll themselves in the snow in a frost of 22 or more degrees.

These baths, to a person inhabituated to the practice, bring on a real, though a gentle and almost voluptuous swoon. They are further salutary baths, as they promote cleanliness, assist the perspiration, render the skin soft and smooth, &c. and not voluptuous baths like those of the Greeks and Romans. All the inventions of effeminacy and luxury are entirely obviated; and of anointing after the use of the bath, indispensable in those, the Russian is wholly ignorant. Instead of this the sudden transition from heat to a rigorous frost, hardens his body, adapts it to all the severities of climate, and to every vicissitude of weather; a transition which seems to us unnatural or dangerous, merely from the prejudices of a soft and effeminate age. Mr. Tooke observes that, without doubt, the Russians owe their longevity, their robust state of health, their little disposition to certain mortal diseases, and their happy and cheerful temper,

mostly to these baths, though climate, aliment, and habits of living likewise contribute their share.

(*To be continued.*)

Original Poetry.

THE WHISPER OF LOVE.

When spring bids the storms of stern winter to fly,
And green buds appear on the trees of the grove;
Each zephyr, as fondly it breathes from the sky,
Wafts warm to the heart the fond whisper of love.

The lark's lengthen'd carol, the nightingale's lay,
The song of the linnet, the coo of the dove;
That murmur by night or that warble by day,
Awake in the soul the soft whisper of love.

How blest to be roaming! when calm at the close
Of a red tinted e'en, not a passion dares move,
With her, in whose breast my hopes quiet repose,
And to pour in her ear the fond whisper of love.

When sorrow oppresses, and grief holds her sway,
And sad painful feelings the bosom's strength prove,
If aught in such moments keeps anguish away,
'Tis the comfort that flows from the whisper of love.

When the mind is entranced in delight's pleasing dream,
And happiness ceases inconstant to rove;
One moment, that brighter than all seems to gleam,
Is that which is cheer'd by the whisper of love.

Would Nature confess, and the charmer reveal,
Who bids pleasure gayest down life's dance to move;
In the heart's inmost cave, they the hider would feel,
Who e'er give a sigh to the whisper of love. R. J.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.

You bid a penny for my thoughts,
I will unfold them freely;
I think you are a charming lass,
And know I love you dearly.

I think you have a form and mind
To render one complete;
I think your mind is not design'd
To harbour black deceit.

I think you temperate, chaste & true,
Mild, cleanly and discreet;
I think those virtues meet in you
Which would make bondage sweet.

I think that love can never last,
Which does not meet return;
I think love's fire a sudden blast
Where souls do mutual burn.

I think on you whene'er I think,
And so I shall for ever;
Sometimes I think I shall be blest,
And sometimes think---O never.

THOMAS.

A TINKER'S GRATITUDE.

PARODY ON
THE SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

As thro' the streets perchance I tread,
By cruel thirst oppress'd,
I fondly view the Black Bull's head,
And wish to be a guest.
Then never cease to brew strong beer,
As strong as e'er was brew'd,
And you shall have (I do not jeer)
A Tinker's gratitude.

The kind reception that I had,
I always will remember,
To think my beer was never bad,
Will cheer my heart's December.
Then never cease to brew strong beer,
As strong as e'er was brew'd,
And you shall have (I do not jeer)
A Tinker's gratitude. VULCAN.

REPLY TO THE YOUNG COTTAGER'S SONG, P. 238.

I will come to thy cottage:---Go, buy thee the ring;
I will come to thy cottage and thee;
I will promise to make thee as lov'd as a king,
If thy heart can be happy with me.

I will rise to my duties to give thee delight,
Will prepare thee thy home and thy food;

Not a bird shall more sweetly, more fondly invite
Its associates that nest in the wood.

Then the cottagers round our example may see,
They may take it, improve it, and learn,
That by industry, virtue, affection, and glee,
They can wed and be happy in turn.

ANNETTE.

Varieties.

THE STEAM ENGINE.

When we contemplate on the numerous contrivances that have been suggested for facilitating human labour, we must certainly place the steam-engine at the head. Although the expansive force of steam was known about 140 years before Christ, yet its useful application was left to the marquis of Worcester, Savery, Papin, Newcomen, Smeaton, and above all, the immortal Watt. How beautifully and poetically has Darwin foretold the application of steam as being a prime mover.

It is calculated that there are at this time about 12,000 steam-engines in action in Great Britain, and these engines are capable of performing the work of 250,000 horses. Supposing each horse to consume annually the produce of two acres, 500,000 acres are thus set free for other purposes.

The Steam-engine, to use the words of Mr. Jeffray, has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and flexibility, for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, precision, and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pen or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metals before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as a gossamer, and lift up a ship of war, like a bauble, in the air. It can embroider muslin, and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the wind and waves.

JACOBUS D——Y.

CLERICAL BULL.

A clergyman at a respectable dissenters' chapel dismissed his congregation, a short time since, with the following benediction: 'The peace of God remain upon *us, the rest of this meeting,* and *for evermore.*'

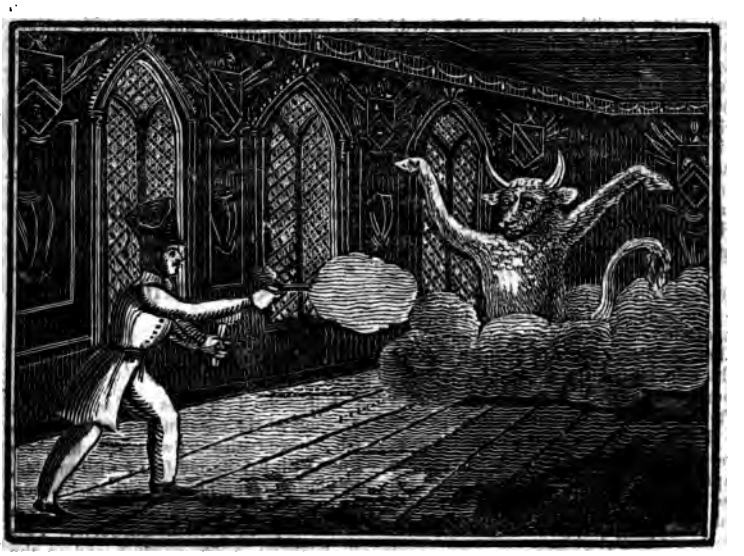
PROFESSIONAL EMOLUMENTS.

The emoluments of the profession of the law have rapidly advanced during the last three centuries. What would a modern lawyer say to the following entry in the churchwarden's accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the year 1476? 'Also paid to Roger Fylpott, learned in the law, for his counsel giving 3s. 8d. with fourpence for his dinner.' Though fifteen times the fee might not seem inadequate at present, yet five shillings would hardly furnish the table of a barrister, even if the fastidiousness of our times would admit of his accepting such a dole.

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The Casket.

No. 32.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1827. [Price 1d.



A REAL GHOST.—NO JOKE!!!

The Castle of Ardivillers, near Bretuil, was reported to be haunted by evil spirits. Dreadful noises were heard, and flames were seen by night to issue from various apertures. The farmer who was entrusted with the care of the house in the absence of its owner, the President Ardivillers, could alone live there; the spirit seemed to respect him: but any person who ventured to take up a night's lodging with him in the castle, was sure to bear the marks of his audacity.

Superstition, you know, is catching. By and by, the peasants in the neighbourhood began to see strange sights. Sometimes a dozen of ghosts would appear in the air above the castle, dancing a brawl. At other times a number of presidents and councillors in red robes appeared in the adjacent meadow. There they sat in judgment on a gentleman of the country, who had been beheaded for some crime a hundred years before. Another peasant met in the night a gentleman related to the President, walking with the wife of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who were seen to caress each other, and then vanished. As they were both alive, perhaps they were obliged to the devil for preventing scandal. In short, many had seen, and all had heard, the wonders of the castle of Ardivillers.

This affair had continued four or five years. to the great loss of the President, who had been obliged to let the estate to the farmer at a very low rent. At length, suspecting some artifice, he resolved to visit and inspect the castle.

Taking with him two gentlemen, his friends, they determined to pass the night in the same apartment, and if any noise or apparition disturbed them, to discharge their pistols at either ghost or sound. As spirits know all things, they were probably aware of these preparations, and not one appeared. But in the chamber just above, a dreadful rattling of chains was heard, and the wife and children of the farmer ran to assist their lord. They threw themselves on their knees, begging that he would not visit that terrible room. 'My lord,' said they, 'what can human force effect against people of t'other world? M. de Fecancour attempted the 'same enterprise some years ago, and he returned with a dislocated arm. M. D'Urselles tried too; he was overpowered with bundles of hay, and was ill for a long time after.' In short, so many attempts were mentioned, that the President's friends advised him to abandon the design.

But they determined to encounter the danger themselves. Proceeding up stairs to an extensive room, each having a candle in one hand, and a pistol in the other, they found it full of thick smoke, which increased more and more from some flames that were visible. Soon after, the ghost or spirit faintly appeared in the middle; he seemed quite black, and was amusing himself with cutting capers: but another eruption of flame and smoke hid him from their view. He had horns and a long tail, and was, in truth, a dreadful object.

One of the gentlemen found his courage rather fail. 'This is certainly supernatural,' said he, 'let us retire.' The other, endued with more boldness, asserted that the smoke was that of gunpowder, which is no supernatural composition; 'and if this same spirit,' added he, 'knew his own nature and trade, he should have extinguished our candles.'

With these words, he jumps amidst the smoke and flames, and pursues the spectre. He soon discharged his pistol at his back, and hit him exactly in the middle; but was himself seized with fear, when the spirit, far from falling, turned round and rushed upon him. Soon recovering himself, he resolved to grasp the ghost, to discover if it were indeed aerial and impassable. Mr. Spectre, disordered by this new manœuvre, rushed to a tower, and descended a small staircase.

The gentleman ran after, and never losing sight of him, passed several courts and gardens, still turning as the spirit winded, till at length they entered an open barn. Here the pursuer, certain as he thought of his prey, shut the door; but when he turned round, what was his amazement to see the spectre totally disappear!

In great confusion, he called to the servants for more lights. On examining the spot of the spirit's disappearance, he found a trap-door; upon raising of which, several mattresses appeared, to break the fall of any headlong adventurer. Descending, he found the spirit —the farmer himself.

His dress, of a complete bull's hide, had secured him from pistol shot; and the horns and tail were not diabolic, but mere natural appendages of the original. The rogue confessed all his tricks, and was pardoned on paying the arrears due for five years, at the old rent of the land.

On Bathing.

No. 9.

VAPOUR BATH.

(Continued.)

Baron de Tott gives us the following account of the construction of the Turkish private bath.—'Two small chambers built with brick, and faced with marble, or plaster, communicate with each other, and each of them is enlightened by a small cupola, cut in chequers. This little edifice is commonly joined to the house by a small room, in which those who bathe, undress; double doors, folding over and listed with felt, shut in the first and second part of the stove. A wood fire is kept in a subterranean vault, the entrance to which is from without. This fire-place is under the farthermost chamber, and heats a cauldron immediately beneath the marble floor, which serves as a ceiling to the vault. Pipes, placed within the walls, proceed from the inside of the cauldron, and go out at the cupola, for the purpose of evaporating the water, which is kept continually boiling. Other tubes, communicating with a reservoir, are likewise contained within the brick-work, and furnish the inside with cold water, by means of cocks placed at the sides of those which yield the warm water. Small seats of smooth wood are made to sit on, and drains cut in the marble to

carry off the water which is thrown down. These private baths, always heated twenty-four hours before they are used, by being thus constructed, possess such a degree of heat, that persons, who undress in the exterior chamber, and put on high sandals of wood to preserve the feet from being burnt by the marble floor, cannot enter the first room with safety, till they have stopped a moment between the two doors, to let the lungs dilate; after which they cannot enter the second stove, under which the heat is most active, without a similar precaution. A sudden perspiration rushing through all the pores is felt immediately as they are entered; but the violence of this heat does not prevent the women from staying in these baths five or six hours, and returning to them very frequently.'

The following description of the public bath, and the method of using it, is given by Savary, in his Travels in Cairo:—'The first apartment, or undressing chamber, is a lofty and spacious hall which rises in the form of a rotunda, and is open at the top for the purpose of admitting a free circulation of the air. A spacious estrade, or raised floor, covered with a carpet, and divided into compartments, goes round it, on which the person who bathes lays his clothes. In the middle of the building, a *jet d'eau* spouts up from a bason, and agreeably entertains the eye. When you are undressed, you tie a napkin round your loins, put on a pair of sandals, and then enter a narrow passage, where you begin to feel the heat. The door being shut, at the distance of twenty paces you open a second door and proceed along a passage which forms a right angle with the former; here the heat increases. Those who are afraid of suddenly exposing themselves to a stronger degree of it, stop in a marble hall, in the way to the bath, properly so called. The bath itself is a spacious and vaulted apartment, paved and lined with marble, around which are four closets. The vapour incessantly rising from a fountain and cistern of hot water, mixes itself with the burning perfumes, when perfumes are desired by the persons who bathe. The bathers, extended on a cloth that is spread out, and with the head supported by a small cushion, stretch themselves freely in every position, whilst they are enveloped by a cloud of odoriferous vapours, which penetrate into all the pores. After reposing there for some time, till a gentle moisture is perceived over the whole body, a servant presses you gently, turns you over, and when the limbs are become supple and flexible, he makes all the joints crack without any difficulty.'

(*To be continued.*)

Sketches of Character.

No. XVI.— THE ECONOMIST.

"PENNY wise and POUND foolish."

Economy, when it is exercised legitimately, is the foundation and the support of wealth; but there are those, who, carrying it to its utmost extreme, completely defeat their own saving intentions. Our friend, Jemmy Close, is an economist of this description, and we cannot do better to illustrate our subject, than to lay before our readers a brief sketch of his economical life.

The father of our hero, sir Humphry Close, was originally a kind of steward to a gentleman who had a large fortune, and but little ability to manage it. To receive his rents, conduct his business, and balance his accounts, was of course the proper business of Mr. Humphry, who, acting upon the principles of Dr. Franklin, 'got all he could, and saved all he got;' and became at length so rich, that upon the death of the aforementioned gentleman, he resolved to embark upon the ocean of trade, and became a partner in a large cotton manufactory. His hatred of extravagance increasing with his years, and the business he had engaged in being in a prosperous and improving state, he of course became much richer, and established himself in a banking house; became mayor of the town; and upon one occasion, being deputed to wait on the king with a 'dutiful and loyal address,' received the honour of knighthood, and shone forth, upon his return as 'sir Humphry,' much to the satisfaction of his lady, who, about that time, presented him with a son, who was no other than our friend 'Jemmy,' whom we had occasion to mention before.

Now, as the good knight considered that it was nothing but his economy that had raised him to his high office, and

consequently to his new title; he, looking upon his son as a kind of living memorandum of the circumstance, immediately resolved to bring him up with the full importance of 'economy' before his eyes. How far he succeeded in his praiseworthy purpose, we must leave our friend Jemmy's memoirs to decide.

At a proper age he was sent down into Yorkshire to school, where although his organ of economy (we are no phrenologists) was not yet fully developed, he began to exhibit convincing proofs of his great abilities in the saving art. His very small allowance of pocket money was, for the most part, consigned to the safe custody of his money-box. Whenever (as at times it would happen) the temptation of the cake shop overcame the love of money, he never indulged, like his schoolfellows, in the luxury of 'new banburys' or 'hot pudding pies,' but preferred those which, on account of their being 'stale,' were sold at half price; by this means he made a double saving: one stale tart would go as far as two new ones, and only cost half the money. He never purchased ripe pears or plums; no, he would not 'lend his countenance' to such extravagance; he might have ten times the quantity of windfalls for the money, and if they were not ripe, still it mattered not to him; 'pears are pears, and plums are plums,' he would say, 'all the world over;' and though it was no unfrequent circumstance for him to find that what he had bought 'cheap,' he was obliged to throw away altogether, yet he always found consolation in the thought that it would 'cure him' of spending any more money '*that way.*' He would range round the school-room to find all the stumps of pens that his schoolfellows had thrown away, in order that they might be used instead of his own regular allowance; many a sound 'caning fell to his share as a punishment for bad writing, which was in reality brought upon him by his wish 'to save;' frequently, after all his saving attempts, did he find himself under the necessity of using his own pens, after he had wasted his time in spoiling this copy-book, by using the refuse of the school; but for all this he still continued to be the persevering economist, and maintained a pre-eminent title to that character, till at the age of fourteen, his father's bank failed, and he departed to a counting-house in London, where he took up his quarters as junior clerk, a situation which, although it might seem rather beneath the dignity of a knight's son, was one at which 'Jemmy,' in his altered circumstances, was 'glad to jump at.' His sole endeavour seemed now to be the saving of the largest possible portion of his slender salary; he bought coats of clothes salesmen at half price, and wondered why they did not last half so long as those procured at a respectable tailor's.—(Alas! he knew not the possibility of making new coats out of old ones.) And as he could never bear the idea of dismissing them from his service, before what he deemed a reasonable time (quite long enough you may be certain) was expired, he generally paid more for repairing each of them, than would have sufficed to procure a new one: he could never bring himself seriously to think of purchasing an umbrella, which he deemed quite an 'unnecessary expense;' and the consequence was, that after taking a desperate cold from getting wet through, and being laid up a whole winter with an inflammation of the lungs, he found himself upon his recovery minus half a year's salary, and debtor a considerable sum for medical advice. We know not whether he gained wisdom from experience, but certain it is that from that time he always appeared in the rain with an umbrella. About three years since his father died, (his mother had 'departed hence' in his infancy) and left him the wreck of his fortune, amounting to something like three thousand pounds; this, added to the 'savings' of fifteen years (the time since he first mounted the stool on which he had since sat during ten hours 'per diem' was, in his opinion, aided by 'economy' a comfortable livelihood; and when he began to calculate how much he should save in shoes, by not having to walk to the counting-house, and in food by not having so good an appetite, he resolved without farther parley to relinquish the situation he had so long filled; and accordingly took a small house in a retired village about five miles from London. He, at first, looked about for apartments; but as he found they would not be much cheaper, and as he hoped to be able to counter-balance the extra expense by rigid frugality, he ventured upon what he had often thought of with affright—house-keeping. He resolved

to continue an 'old bachelor,' as he believed wives to be, almost without an exception, equally extravagant and expensive; and therefore buying a few necessary goods, and engaging an old woman to assist him occasionally in the cleaning of his house, he 'settled' himself, as we have described, 'for life.'

Economy is to this day, and probably will be till the day of his death, Jemmy's forte. He thinks butchers in general 'charge too much' for their meat, and as he is resolved not to encourage them in 'robbing the public,' he always seeks among them all the places where he can purchase a joint for the least money; it frequently happens, however, that it is not altogether so sweet and nice as a more delicate stomach than 'Jemmy's' would require, and it has sometimes occurred that *he* has been necessitated to throw best part of it away; but this does not prevent him from considering as an infallible maxim in household expences, that—'that which costs least money is cheapest.' He has always been in the habit of using 'cheap bread,' as he considers it quite as good as the 'full priced;' and it was only last week when, upon a sudden fancy, he weighed a loaf, that he found it to be considerably deficient in weight. If any thing ails him, he 'does not like to go to any expence;' and therefore, has frequently incurred a considerable one, because he would not apply for remedies till the disorder that had afflicted him had attained to a great height. He has in his garden a grape vine and a peach-tree; and as he is particularly fond of the fruit of either, he had resolved to indulge himself with a gardener to keep them in order; but, every year, as soon as it is necessary that they should be pruned and trained, he thinks upon the money that he shall have to pay for it, and decides against the expence; but after turning it in his mind for weeks, and calculating the value of the probable crops, he finds it exceeds the gardener's charges; and therefore, engages his services: but autumn comes, and he finds neither grapes nor peaches, for the assistance of art came too late to help nature, and he loses both his money and his favorite fruit. His various losses are many of them ludicrous, as they are the very consequences of his attempts at saving. He is an economist in the wrong sense of the word; he studies not so much what he may save to his fortune, as to his pocket; not so much what may be the balance of the account, as its first appearance in the cash-book.

Such is Jemmy, and such are hundreds around us: we would advise them not to economise so much, but only to take care and waste nothing; they will find in the end that the old proverb, which says, 'a stitch in time saves nine,' is founded upon the unerring principles of truth, and that the best way to preserve wealth is to take into consideration future expences as well as present ones.

R. J.

RIOTS IN 1780.

(*From Allen's History of London.*)

(Concluded from our last.)

The house of sir George Saville, who had introduced the obnoxious bill into parliament, in Leicester-fields, was, to use the vulgar, but descriptive, phrase of the mob, completely 'gutted' by a third party; as were also the houses of Mr. Rainsforth, tallow-chandler, of Stanhope street, Clare-market, and Mr. Maberley, of Little Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields; the latter having appeared as evidence against some of the rioters, who were taken up on the preceding Friday, and five of the most active of whom had been committed to Newgate: in all these cases, the furniture and effects were burnt before the doors of the dilapidated dwellings.

On Tuesday, the day appointed for taking the petition into consideration, all the military in London were ordered on duty; yet a knowledge of this fact did not appear to intimidate the populace, and a multitude no less numerous than had assembled on the Friday, again choaked up every avenue to the parliament-house. In vain had the committee of the Protestant Association circulated a resolution, requesting 'all true Protestants to show their attachment to their best interests by a legal and peaceable deportment.' The storm which they had raised, it was beyond their power to allay. As the day advanced, the mob grew more tumultuous; they demolished the carriage of lord Sandwich, and seized his person; but he was fortunately rescued from their violence by a party of horse. The residence of lord North, in Downing-street, was also attacked; but the assailants were repulsed by a body of light-horse.



In the midst of this alarming state of things, the house of commons acted with firmness and decision; they declared, that 'no act of theirs could be legal while the house was beset with a military force, and under apprehensions from the daring spirit of the people;' and on this principle they adjourned, having previously voted, among other resolutions, that it was 'a high and dangerous breach of the privilege of parliament to insult or attack members coming to attend their duty in that house.' The peers also adjourned after a slight conversation.

On the rising of the house lord Geo. Gordon acquainted the multitude with what had been done, and advised them to depart quietly; in return, they unharnessed his horses, and drew him in triumph to the house of Mr. alderman Bull. Whilst one body of the rioters was thus employed, justice Hyde, with a party of the horse-guards, attempted to disperse the rest, and after some opposition, he succeeded; yet they only separated to re-assemble in other places. The activity of the justice was highly resented by the mob, and about seven in the evening a detached party despoiled his house in Lisle-street of all its furniture, and burnt it before the doors; on the approach of the military, the rioters immediately fled.

The prison of Newgate was the next object of attack; but the mob, like 'regular assailants, did not proceed to storm, before they had offered terms.' They demanded from the keeper, Mr. Ackerman, the release of their confined associates, as the only means to save his mansion. He refused to comply; yet, dreading the consequence, he posted to the sheriffs to know their pleasure. On his return, he found that his house was in flames; and the jail itself was soon in a similar situation. The doors and entrances had been broken open with pick-axes and sledge-hammers, and it is scarcely to be credited with what celerity the jail was destroyed; 'nor is it less astonishing that, from a prison thus in flames, a miserable crew of felons in irons, and a company of confined debtors, to the number in the whole of more than three hundred, could all be liberated, as it were by magic, amidst flames and firebrands, without the loss of a single life: some from the gloomy cells of darkness, in which the devoted victims to public justice were confined, and others from inner aparments, to which the access in tranquil times were both intricate and difficult.'

The devastations of this night were now only begun. The release of the Newgate ruffians gave an increase of strength and ferocity to the mob, which despised intimidation; and the ministers of justice and law were among the first marked out for vengeance. The public-office in Bow-street, and the house of that active magistrate, sir John Fielding, adjoining, were presently attacked by the rabble, and all their furniture, and effects, books, papers, &c. committed to the flames. Justice Coxe's, in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, was similarly treated. The two prisons at Clerkenwell were set open, and the prisoners liberated. The houses of Mr. Lyon in Bunhill-row, and a pawnbroker in Golden-lane, were dilapidated, the goods, &c. being burnt before the doors; and to complete the melancholy catalogue, the elegant mansion of Lord Mansfield, in Bloomsbury-square, was plundered and burnt to ashes, together with an invaluable collection of rare manuscripts, notes on law-cases, pictures, books, deeds, &c. Here the mob met with some resistance from a small party of the military, headed by a civil magistrate, who read the Riot Act, and afterwards ordered the detachment to fire, by which six men and one woman were killed, and several other persons wounded. Many of the mob having made their way to his lordship's cellars, suffered from intoxication.

Not content with the mischief done to Lord Mansfield's property in Bloomsbury-square, a large body of the rioters marched off to his lordship's seat at Caen Wood; but here their destructive intentions were frustrated by a party of horse, which had arrived about half an hour before them; and they retired without commencing an attack.

The violence of the populace, instead of diminishing, or being glutted with the destruction, horror, and consternation they had already spread, seemed to be considerably increased on the Wednesday, which is not so much to be wondered at when it is considered that all the prisoners of Newgate, Clerkenwell, Bridewell, and New Prison, had been let loose on the terrified inhabitants of the panic-struck metropolis. Some even had the audacity to go into public houses, and call for what provisions and drink they thought proper, without paying for any, nor dared the

affrighted publicans ask for payment; on the contrary, they thought themselves happy that they had not had their houses pulled down. Others, still more daring, even knocked at the doors of private houses in noon-day, and extorted contributions from the inhabitants. One man, in particular, was mounted on horseback, and refused to take any thing but gold.

Many outrages were committed in the borough of Southwark; several Popish chapels and private dwellings were burnt in various parts, particularly about Kent-street and its environs. The King's Bench prison, with three houses adjoining, a tavern, and the New Bridewell, were also set on fire, and almost entirely consumed. An attempt was likewise made to set fire to the Marshalsea, but here the rioters were repelled by the soldiery; and another large body of the insurgents were put to flight in Tooley-street, after several had been killed and wounded, and others made prisoners, by an armed association of many of the substantial inhabitants of Southwark.

On the preceding night, the inhabitants of most parts of the town had been obliged to illuminate their windows; and in the course of this day, they were compelled to chalk up the words 'No Popery!' on their doors and window-shutters: blue ribbons and pieces of silk, by way of flags, were hung out at most houses, with an intent to deprecate the fury of the insurgents, from whom no person thought himself wholly secure. Those whose business called them into the streets were likewise emulous to mount a blue cockade, in order to preserve themselves from personal insult.

The outrages of this day were excessive. The rioters appeared to consider themselves as superior to all authority; and not only openly avowed their intention to destroy certain private houses of the Catholics, but also declared an intention to burn the remaining public prisons, and demolish the Bank, the Temple, Gray's-inn, Lincoln's-inn, the New River-head, the royal palaces, and the arsenal at Woolwich. The attempt on the Bank was made twice in the course of the day, but both attacks were feebly conducted, and the rioters easily repulsed, several of them falling by the fire of the military, and many others being wounded. An unsuccessful attempt in which several fell, was also made upon the Pay Office.

The threats of the insurgents, with the endeavours thus made to accomplish their purposes, seem at last to have awakened the latent energies of government, and vigorous measures were now taken to repress the disorders which had raged so long without controul. The military had hitherto acted under the guidance of the civil power; but an order was this day issued by the authority of the king in council, for 'the military to act without waiting for directions from the civil magistrates, and to use force for dispersing the illegal and tumultuous assembly of the people.' As no man could foresee what might be the effect of a discretionary power vested in such hands, in a populous city, and in the centre of trade, the greatest alarm prevailed; all shops were shut up, and the approach of night was awaited in the most fearful suspense.

As soon as the day was drawing towards a close, one of the most awful and dreadful spectacles this country ever beheld, was exhibited. The mob had not only declared their resolution of firing the prisons, and some private houses, but had avowed their intention to destroy all the public offices. An universal stupor had seized the minds of men; they looked at one another, and waited, with a resigned consternation, for the events which were to follow. Government, indeed, had exerted itself to the utmost, as far as their power under the direction of the civil magistrates would extend. Now, however, it was become necessary to make use of the royal prerogative, and give discretionary power to the military.

Nothing could convey a more awful idea of the mischief which was dreaded, than the strong guard which was placed at the Royal Exchange for the protection of the Bank, as nothing could have equalled the national desolation had the purposes of the insurgents upon this place succeeded. Soldiers were distributed at Guildhall, in the inns of court, in almost every place tenable as a fortification, and in some private houses; and the cannon was disposed to the best advantage in the park.

With minds thus predisposed to terror by so many objects of devastation, and in a city which, but a few days before, enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity, let those who were not spectators

judge what the inhabitants felt when they beheld, at the same instant of time, the flames ascending and rolling in vast voluminous clouds from the King's Bench and Fleet prisons, from New Bridewell, from the toll-gates on Blackfriars' bridge, from houses in every part of the town, and particularly from the bottom and middle of Holborn, where the conflagration was horrible beyond description. The houses that were first set on fire at this first-mentioned place, both belonged to Mr. Langdale, an eminent distiller, and contained immense quantities of spirituous liquors. It is easy to conceive what fury these would add to the flames; but to form an adequate idea of of the distresses of the neighbouring inhabitants, and indeed of the inhabitants in every part of the city, is perhaps impossible. Men, women, and children, were running up and down with beds, glasses bundles, or whatever they wished most to preserve; and in streets where there were no fires, numbers were removing their goods and effects at midnight. The shouts of the rioters were heard at one instant, and at the next the dreadful report of soldiers' muskets, as if firing in platoons, and at various places; in short, every thing which could impress the mind with ideas of universal anarchy and approaching desolation, seemed to be accumulating. Sleep and rest were things not thought of; the streets were swarming with people; and uproar, confusion, and dismay reigned in every part. Six and thirty fires were all seen to be blazing at one time in the metropolis, during the night.

These devastations, however, were no longer committed with impunity, and numbers of the rioters fell in the course of this night, by the musket and the sword. Many of these misguided wretches died also with inebriation in different parts, but especially at the distilleries of Mr. Langdale, from whose vessels the liquor poured in streams down the kennels, and 'was taken up in pails, and held to the mouths of the besotted multitude.' Others were killed with drinking new-rectified spirits; and many became so miserably intoxicated, that they were either burnt in the flames which themselves had kindled, or buried in the falling ruins. In some streets, men were seen lying upon bulks and stalls, and at the doors of empty houses, drunk to a state of insensibility, and to a contempt of danger; boys and women were in the same condition, and many of the latter with infants in their arms.

The numerous victims to insulted justice which military interference had thus spread before the eyes of the rioters, and the continual arrival of fresh troops from all parts of the country within fifty or sixty miles of the metropolis, had their full effect of intimidation. The riots were quelled, and many inconsiderate wretches who had engaged in them were secured on the Thursday, in various parts of the town. On this day, London may be said to have borne great similarity to a city recently stormed. The Royal Exchange, the public buildings, the squares, and the principal streets, were all occupied by troops; the shops were closed, and business was entirely at a stand, whilst immense volumes of thick smoke were still rising from the ruins of consumed buildings.

No disturbance occurring during the night, the alarm gradually subsided, and on Friday business was began to be transacted as usual. In the course of the day, lord George Gordon underwent a long examination before the privy council, and in the evening he was committed to the Tower, to which he was conveyed by a most numerous escort. On the following day the secretary of the Protestant Association (an attorney, named Fisher,) was also sent under a strong guard to the above fortress. Upwards of twenty thousand soldiers were at that time supposed to have their quarters in London; the guards were afterwards encamped in St. James's park, and the marching regiments and militia in Hyde park.

RETORT FEMININE,

Occasioned by the reply in a ball-room, of an unpolished gentleman, to the question—'Why do you not dance?' which was—'Because I see no pretty women in the room.'

'So, sir, you really do declare
You'll dance with none but ladies fair!
Suppose we women should dispense
Our hands to none but men of sense?'—
'Suppose! well, madam, and what then?'
'Why, sir, you'd never dance again.'

C. F. B.

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The Casket.

No. 33.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1827. [Price 1d.



THE BANDIT MURDERERS.

In a charming villa, situated in a truly romantic country, but at a considerable distance from the high road, Baron R. was accustomed to spend the summer. His mansion, built on an eminence, was perfectly adapted to his fortune. It was a spacious building, elegant both within and without, and displayed a good style of architecture. It was about two hundred paces from the village.

Business obliged the baron to take a journey of a few days. His wife, a young and beautiful woman, scarcely twenty years of age, remained at home. He took with him two of his best servants, and two others were left with the baroness. No violation of the public security had ever been heard of in that part of the country; and as the baroness did not belong to the timid portion of her sex, the ideas of danger were far from entering her mind.

The second evening after the baron's departure, she was just stepping into bed, when she heard an alarming noise in an apartment near her chamber. She called, but received no answer. The noise, screaming, and confusion grew louder every minute. She was at a loss to conceive what could be the matter, and hastily putting on a light garment, went to the door to discover the cause. What a horrid spectacle presented itself! Two of her servants, half naked, were extended lifeless on the floor; the

room was full of strange and ferocious looking men, the baroness's chambermaid was kneeling before one of them, and instead of the merey she implored, received the fatal stroke. No sooner did the door open than two of the barbarians with drawn swords rushed towards it. What man, not to say what woman, would not have been struck with the utmost terror, and have given up life and every thing for lost? A loud shriek of despair, a flight of a few paces, a fruitless intreaty for mercy, would probably have been the last resource of many thousands. The baroness, however, conducted herself in a different manner.

'And are you come at last?'—exclaimed she, with a tone of heartfelt joy, and advancing towards her two assailants with a haste which highly astonished them both, and fortunately stopped their uplifted weapons. 'Are you come at last?' repeated she, 'such visitors as you I have long wished to see.'

'Wished!' muttered one of the assassins. 'What do you mean by that? But stay, I will—'

He had already raised his cutlass, but his comrade averted the stroke. 'Stop a moment, brother,' said he; 'let us first hear what she would have.'

'Nothing but what is also your pleasure, brave comrades. You have made charming work here, I see. You are men after my own heart, and neither you nor I shall have reason to repent it, if you will but listen for two minutes to what I have to say.'

'Speak! speak!' cried the whole company.

'But be brief,' added one of the fiercest of them, 'for we shall not make much ceremony with you either.'

'Nevertheless I hope you may, if you but grant me a hearing. Know then, that I am, to be sure, the wife of the richest gentleman in this country; but the wife of the meanest beggar cannot be more unhappy than I am. My husband is one of the most jealous and niggardly wretches on the face of the earth. I hate him as I hate the devil, and it has long been the most fervent wish of my heart to get out of his clutches and at the same time to pay him off all old scores. I should have left him many a time, had I been able to contrive how to escape. All my servants were his spies; that fellow, whose business you have done so completely, was the worst of them all. I am scarcely twenty-two, and, as I flatter myself, at least not ugly; if any one of you chose to take me along with him, I should have no objection; I would accompany him, no matter whether to the woods or to the village ale-house. Nor shall any of you have reason to repent of sparing my life. You are in a well-stored mansion, but it is impossible you should be acquainted with all its secret corners. These I will shew you, and if I do not make you richer by six thousand dollars, then serve me as you have done my chambermaid.'

Robbers of this kind are certainly villains, but nevertheless they are still men. The wholly unexpected tendency of the baroness's address, the unaffected tone with which she spoke, the more than ordinary beauty of a young half-naked female, altogether produced a powerful effect on men whose hands were yet reeking with the blood they had shed. They all stepped aside and consulted together in a low tone for some minutes. The baroness was left quite alone, but she betrayed not the least wish to escape. She heard two or three thus express themselves. 'Let's dispatch her, and the game will be up,' She, however, scarcely changed colour, for the opposition of the others did not escape her acute ear. One, who was probably the captain of these banditti, now advanced towards her.

He asked twice or thrice whether they might absolutely rely on the truth of what she had said; whether she actually wished to be released from the tyranny of her husband and go with them; and whether she was ready to resign her person to one of them, to himself for instance, during the few peaceful nights they could enjoy? Having replied in the affirmative to all these questions, having not only suffered the warm embrace of the robber, but even returned it—for, what will not necessity excuse? he at length said: 'Come along then and lead us round. The devil trust you ladies of rank, but we'll however venture for once. But let me tell you beforehand, that, were you ten times as handsome, this weapon shall cleave your skull the moment we observe the least disposition to escape or to betray us.'

'Then it will be safe enough; and were this the only condition of my death, I should outlive you all, and even

the wandering Jew himself.' The baroness smiled as she pronounced these words, hastily snatched up the nearest light, as though she had been as anxious as any of them to collect the plunder and be gone: conducted the whole company through every apartment; opened unasked every door, every drawer, and every chest; assisted in emptying them and packing up the valuables: joked with the utmost vivacity; jumped with indifference over the mangled bodies; spoke with the familiarity of an old acquaintance to each of the horrid troop, and willingly aided with her delicate hands, in the most laborious occupations.

Plate, money, jewels, clothes, and other valuables were now collected together, and the captain of the banditti was already giving the order for their march, when his destined bride suddenly caught him by the arm. 'Did I not tell you,' said she, 'that you should not repent making a friend of me and sparing my life? You may indeed have your fling in places that you find open; but 'tis a pity that you cannot so easily come at treasures that are somewhat more concealed.'

'Concealed! — What? — Where is something more concealed?'

'What, do you suppose, that among coffers so full of the most valuable effects, there are no secret places? Look here, and you will be convinced of the contrary.'

She pointed to a secret spring in the baron's writing desk. They pressed upon it, and out fell six rouleaus, each containing two hundred dollars.

'Zounds!' cried the leader of the robbers, 'Now indeed I see that you are an incomparable woman. I will keep you for this like a little duchess.'

'And perhaps better still,' rejoined she, laughing, 'when I tell you one thing more. I am well aware that you must have had spies who informed you of the absence of my tyrant: but did they not tell you of the four thousand guilders which he received the day before yesterday?'

'Not a syllable; where are they?'

'O, safe enough! under half a dozen locks and bolts. You would certainly not have found them and the iron chest, in which they are deposited, had it not been for me.—Come along, comrades; we have finished above ground, and now we'll see what is to be done under it. Come along with me, I say, into the cellar.'

The robbers followed, but not without precaution. At the entrance of the cellar, provided with a strong iron trap-door, a man was posted as a centinel. The baroness did not take the least notice of this. She conducted the whole troop to a vault at the very farthest extremity of the cellar. She unlocked it, and in the corner of this recess stood the chest she had described. 'Here,' said she, giving the captain the bunch of keys, 'here, unlock it, and take what you find as a wedding gift, if you can obtain the consent of your companions as readily as you have gained mine.'

The robber tried one key after another, but none would fit. He grew impatient, and the baroness appeared still more so.

'Lend me them,' said she, 'I hope I shall find the way sooner. Indeed, if we don't make haste, morning might overtake us.—Ha! only think, the reason neither of us could unlock it is clear enough. As welcome as your visit is to me, yet I have no scruple to confess that the unexpected arrival of so great a pleasure has flurried me a little. I have brought the wrong bunch of keys. A moment's patience, and I'll soon set that to rights.'

She ran up stairs, and presently they heard her coming down again; but she went more slowly, as if out of breath with the haste she had made. 'I've found them! I've found them!' cried she at a distance. She was now within about three steps of the centinel placed at the entrance of the cellar; when she made a spring at the wretch, who as little expected the dissolution of the world as such an attack. A single push with all her strength tumbled him down the stairs from top to bottom. In a twinkling she closed the trap-door, bolted it, and thus had the whole company secure in the cellar.

All this was the work of a single moment. In the next she flew across the court-yard, and with the candle set fire to a detached pig-stye. The watchman in the neighbouring village perceiving the flames, instantly gave the alarm. In a few minutes all the inhabitants were out of their beds, and a crowd of farmers and their servants hastened to the mansion. The baroness waited for them at the gate of the court-yard. 'A few of you,' said she, 'will be sufficient to put

out this fire, or to prevent it from spreading. But now provide yourselves with arms, which you will find in abundance in my husband's armoury: post yourselves at all the avenues of the cellar, and suffer not one of the murderers and robbers shut up in it to escape.'

Her dircctions were obeyed, and not one of them escaped the punishment due to their crimes.

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

No. 17.—THE BONE PICKER.

'Any bones for poor Jack?'

Bone pickers are an extremely numerous class, divided into a great variety of species:—there is the delicate lady who picks the bones of a cold chicken; the country gentleman, of extensive trencher abilities, who likes better to pick the bones of a sucking-pig, or of a handsome looking piece of beef; 'Johnny the bone picker' by courtesy; and the half-starved bone picker by necessity: we might introduce here a number of ideal 'bone pickers;' such as the half pay lieutenant, who picks the bones of military honour and profit; the bankrupt merchant, who picks the bones of fortune; the writer of bad rhymes and uninteresting prose, who picks the bones of literary fame; and the disappointed misanthrope, who picks the bones of life; but waving the opportunity of indulging our wish for moralising at the expence of our reader's patience, we shall descend from our metaphorical illustrations, and introduce a lower race of 'bone pickers;' there is the faithful four-footed friend of man, who thankfully picks bones after his master; the roaring savage of the forest, who picks the bones of his victim; the greedy vulture and carrion-crow, who picks any bones they can get; and the grave-worm, who picks the bones of the most mighty, and most intelligent of the lords of the creation.' All these belong to the race of 'bone pickers,' but of none of these do we intend to write. No, the bone picker whom we intend to make the foundation of our present treatise, is in short one who picks up bones, after others have picked them. None of your censures, ye admirers of perspicuity and correctness; we are not to be told that the model of our 'sketch' is a bone collector, rather than a 'bone picker;' no, we are certain that in the days of our childhood, such persons used to be called 'bone pickers;' and 'bone pickers' they shall be, let who will toss the head of disdain.

Pr'ythee, gentle reader, be not offended with our obstinacy, neither take it ill, that we have introduced to thee a character who will 'stoop so low' as the 'bone picker;' but remember that his occupation is one which obliges him frequently to make an obeisance to his mother earth; and if this should not content thee, retire to thy luncheon or thy supper, and vent thy spleen upon the carcase of some ill-fated partridge or pigeon; and when thou hast afforded to thyself a most satisfactory practical proof, that 'the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat;' remember, that, after all, thou thyself art but a 'bone picker;' and prepare thyself, with all due brotherly affection, to scan the particulars of our 'bone picker's' character.

The female bone picker is, to appearance, a near imitation of the match woman; but observe her narrowly, and you will soon discover in her actions a world of difference; she does not glide through the streets with the timid tread which distinguishes the vender of deal and brimstone, but shuffles along at a much more quickened pace; though like the match woman, she carries a stick, yet, if you take particular notice, you may be satisfied that it is never used as a support to her firmly-set limbs. It is the principal tool or instrument employed in her profession, and is intended, not so much to keep her out of the mud, as to bring forth from each muddy kennel the treasures with which chance has enriched it. Her dress, too, is quite unique, that is, it has appendages, which only 'bone pickers' have a use for; her tattered garments are covered with an old great coat, which has long since bidden an adieu to the buttons which once adorned it; above this is slung from her neck a non-descript kind of pouch, or pocket, which is the grand receptacle for her chief commodity—bones. She has one of a smaller size, secured to her side, which is reserved for the reception of more rare and va-

luable articles; old nails, scraps of tin or iron, pieces of broken glass, and sundry stray rags, occupy this select accommodation for the refuse of the streets. A miserably battered bonnet is fixed upon her head, in mockery, as it were, of the custom of protecting 'the brain box' by such defenders from the winds and rain; or in lieu of this, an old dirty handkerchief is tied round her deep furrowed visage, and gives to it the aspect of a skull from the church-yard, with a mouldy shroud wrapped round it in the place of hair. Thus equipped, with her offensive and defensive armour, she proceeds with menacing strides along the streets; not a gully hole, or water-course escapes her penetrating search, which is never wholly unavailing; for as she seeks for nothing but what others throw away, there is but little chance of others securing it before her, and competition is her only dread. Reader! didst thou ever see two of these 'bone pickers' meet at the same gutter? If not, there is some fun in store for thee. Each one looks at the other with envious dislike; each one puts forward her stick, as if she intended to dispute, by force of arms, her rival's title to 'the right of search.' But it was only that she might be first to turn out the precious contents, and if (as sometimes happens) a stray sixpence shows its silvery front, the two immediately, and with one consent, consider it as a 'God-send' to both, and retire to enjoy it, in the shape of a drop o' something, at the nearest gin shop they can find.

There was, until very lately, a 'bone picker' of the masculine gender, who used to perambulate the streets, and chaunt forth the few words we have quoted at the head of the article. He was generally considered as deficient in intellect, but he certainly never shewed any deficiency of talent in 'bone picking;' many a time have we seen his wallet crammed to suffocation (if bones can be suffocated) with his numerous gleanings. He was particularly acute in discovering the objects of his search, where other 'bone pickers' would never have thought to seek. Then he was a favourite with several good house-wives, who used, upon his cry of 'poor Jack,' to shower down upon him the remains of the latest consumed joint. He was a noisy, dirty-looking fellow, and probably made 'no bones' of doing any thing by which he might gain.

'Bone pickers' are 'themselve alone;' they are in their pursuits, their appearance, and their manners, distinct from the rest of 'bustling souls;' give to any one of them 'bones' which are the savings of a week, and you will probably receive no thanks; but the wide opening mouth will open, as the dirty bag is extended, while the eyes seem to be rolling in vacant observation. Probably the calculation of the money to be received on the next cwt. occupies the meditations of the 'bone picker.' R. J

On Bathing.

No. 10.

VAPOUR BATH.

(*Continued.*)

Savary, in continuance observes, he masses, viz. delicately touches, and seems to knead the flesh, without making you feel the smallest pain. When this operation is finished, he puts on a glove, covered with a piece of coarse stuff, and rubs you for a long time; and during this operation, he detaches from the body, running with sweat, a scurf, or coat of small scales, and removes even the imperceptible filth that stops the pores. The skin becomes soft and smooth like satin. He then conducts you into a closet, pours a lather of perfumed soap upon your head, and then withdraws. The closet is furnished with a cistern and two cocks, one for cold, and the other for hot water. After having washed in this apartment, the servant brings a depilatory pomatum, composed of a mineral called *rusma*, which is of a deep brown, and which the Egyptians burn lightly, knead with water, and mix with half the quantity of slaked lime. This greyish paste, applied to the hair, makes it fall off in a little time; and it is generally used by both men and women in Egypt. After being well washed and purified, you are wrapped up in hot linen, and conducted through windings that lead to the outer apartment; and by this gradual transition from heat to cold, or by stopping for some time in the hall, next the stove, no inconvenience arises from the use of the bath. On arriving at the estrade, you find a bed prepared for you, and as soon as you are laid down, a child presses every part of the body

with its delicate fingers, in order to dry you thoroughly. Here you change linen a second time, and the child gently grates the callosity of your feet with pummice stone. He then brings you a pipe and Mocha coffee.

'By these baths,' Savary observes, 'the use of which the ancients strongly recommend, and which are still the delight of the Egyptians, they prevent or dispel rheumatisms, catarrhs, and such cutaneous disorders as are produced by want of respiration. Thus the blood is made to circulate with freedom; the whole body acquires a suppleness and lightness, and the spirits gain a vivacity and flow which are not experienced in any equal degree by those who do not pay so much attention to external cleanliness. The women are particularly fond of these baths, and frequent them at least once a week. After undergoing the usual preparations, they wash their bodies, and more particularly their heads, with rose water. Here the female head-dressers form their long black hair into tresses, to which they apply costly essences, instead of powder and pomatum. Here they blacken the edges of their eyelids, and lengthen their eye-brows with *cohel*, or a preparation of tin burnt with *henne*, which gives them a golden colour. The linen and clothing which they use are passed through the sweet steam of the wood of aloes. The days appropriated to the use of the bath, are festivals for the Egyptian women; and on this occasion they pay great attention to the ornaments of their dress, as well as to the cleanliness of their persons. Baths, similar to the above described, though differing in size, are constructed in all the principal towns of Egypt.

(*To be continued.*)

Original Poetry.

LIFE'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.

'Bliss, a native of the sky,
'Never wanders—.'

Where are ye flown, ye days of bliss
That once my fancy knew,
When, in the coming years, ye stood
To greet my raptured view?
Where are ye gone, expected joys,
With heaven-born splendour bright?
Alas! your day is gulph'd within
The gloom of sorrow's night.

Ah! once I thought, that all of woe,
That all of grief was nought,
But vapour, rising from the flame
Of discontented thought;
And heeded not the warning voice,
Which disappointment told
To all the fair flown hopes of youth,
In wild expectance bold.

Life seemed replete with ev'ry joy,
I marked each one my prey;
Nor gave a thought, on what might hap
To turn my grasp away;
I watch'd each coming year afar,
Each brought a radiant view;
When reach'd, how many dark and dull!
And bright; alas! how few!

The hours of happiness, that steal
Like dreams upon the mind,
And dance before the dawning hope,
To pleasure e'er inclined;
Have sunk my soul in many a trance
Of rich and joyous sleep.
Awake, I find that (shadows all)
They've left me but to weep.

Insipid fruit! they tempt the sight
With streaks of luscious hue,
And wondering Fancy thought them sweet
While on Life's tree they grew;
But pluck'd and tasted, o'er her frame
A sickly faint they cast,
Which spoilt her song, her blitheness check'd,
Her bright'ning hopes o'ercast.

Life is but short, and shorter still
Are life's most cherish'd joys;
We see them fade, as children see
The end of once loved toys.
'Tis not for man to rest in peace,
To deem himself content;
In op'ning wishes, closing hopes,
His mortal thoughts are spent.

R. J.

TO T. E. S. ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Again the year has circled round,
The natal morn appears;
And the soft league which friendship bound,
Strengthens by time and years.

But the bright rays which friendship sheds,
Ne'er lessen or decline;
But in a circling orbit spreads
Unceasingly they shine.

The emanation seeems to burn,
With more than lustrous ray;
Welcome I greet the dear return,
Of the propitious ray.

To thee, dear Thomas, may it prove,
The harbinger of joy;
May conjugal and filial love,
Ne'er feel the least alloy.

Long may the partner of thy heart,
In tenderness increase;
And may the fair with which thou'rt blest
Contribute to thy peace.

May fortune with a lavish hand,
On thee her gifts bestow;
May friendship's amaranthine band,
Shield that lov'd breast from woe.

S. D.

MY HEART, POOR HEART, IS ALMOST BROKE.

Nay, nay, my father, hear your child,
Oh, spurn me not, my brain is wild!
My heart, poor heart, is almost broke.
Life's lamp but glimmers for a while;
'Tis unsupplied with nature's oil,
And death will end the bitter yoke;
My heart, poor heart, is almost broke.

My infant pleads; my mother's shade
Is hov'ring round, my cause to aid;—
My heart, poor heart, is almost broke.
Thy blessing's all on earth I crave,
And oh! my babe, my darling, save
From want, I'll rend life's bitter yoke:
My heart, poor heart, is almost broke.

In pity, pity, grant me this,
And let my soul depart in peace;
My heart, poor heart, is almost broke.
Oh pity, love, beams in that eye,—
Thanks, blessings, father, now I die
In peace, and rend the bitter yoke;
My heart, poor heart, is joy'd though broke.

E. M.

Varieties.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

A lioness, at Fort St. Louis, had been kept some time confined by a chain: but the poor animal was reduced to such extremity, by a disease in her jaw, that the people of the fort supposed her to be dying; and having taken off her chain, they threw the body into an adjacent field. Here she was found by M. Compagnon, 'author of travels in Bambreeks,' who happened to be returning from hunting. Her eyes were closed, and mouth open, and swarming with ants. Campagnon was touched with pity at the poor animal's suffering; and having washed her mouth well, he poured a small quantity of milk. This simple application produced a visible effect, and the lioness being carried back to the fort gradually recovered. The kindness of her benefactor occasioned such an attachment on the part of this grateful animal, that she would not take any thing but from his hand; and when perfectly cured, she frequently followed him about the island, with a cord about her neck like the most familiar dog.

EXECUTIONS IN ROME.

Until within the last fifty years the executions in Rome on condemned malefactors, were the most cruel and sanguinary possible to be conceived. The criminal was placed on a scaffold, and the executioner knocked him on the head with a large iron hammer, then cut his throat with a large knife, and lastly hewed him in pieces with an axe; and thus ended the poor wretch's life, being treated more like an ox at the slaughter than any thing else.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE YEARS 1727 AND 1827.

In the year 1725 hackney coaches were plain, awkward, common clumsy things, with no springs, and their number did not exceed five-and-thirty in the wole of London; at present they are tasty, and some of them exceed in beauty those belonging to people of fashion, and their number is increased to 1,200. At that time shopkeepers staid at home, serving in their shops, whereas now they spend nearly all their summer at Brighton or Margate, or some other watering-place, and regularly attend the races, and keep their hundred guinea hunters. Fashions at that period did not reach any place, fifty miles distant from London, until they were nearly out. Now they travel down in coaches, diligences, &c. in a few hours. Coaches were then two days and two nights going down to Dover, they now perform the same journey in nearly a quarter of the time. In the year 1727, farmer's daughters carried the butter and eggs to market in green Josephs

fastened round them, with a leathern girdle: but in 1827, how is the scene changed, carry eggs and butter to market indeed! no, they must wear riding-habits, and plumes of feathers, learn dancing, singing, music, French, Spanish, and Italian, and a thousand other accomplishments to make themselves ladies! Formerly citizens wore round-wigs, worsted stockings, and corderoy breeches; now they must wear perukes, silk breeches, and stockings, and their apprentices and shopmen must follow their example. In 1727, meat was only 3d. per lb., now it is near 1s. Servants wages then varied from 2l. to 4l., now from ten to thirty. The number of merchants was at that period very small, but now every clerk, &c. stiles himself one; these are the improvements of the last century, these are the differences and improvements between 1727 and 1827, but query, can they be called so?

R. H. T.

DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH SHIP FLORIDA.

Every person, at all acquainted with the history of our country, is aware of the wonderful interposition of Providence in the destruction and shipwreck of the Spanish fleet, styled 'the Armada,' the formidable appearance of which terrified the English nation; but amidst the general devastation of the Spanish ships, the Florida was an exception, which vessel had the good fortune to reach the Sound of Mull, in Scotland. Scotland being at that time a distinct and neutral country, the Florida had the means of refitting whilst she remained there. It is to be regretted in this instance, the law of nations was grossly violated, under the government of Queen Elizabeth. One Smollet, an ancestor of the famous historian and novel writer of that name, was the agent for putting into execution the plans of the English ambassador. This individual, understanding the Gaelic language, and assuming the garb, proceeded to put into effect his nefarious plans, by initiating himself into the company of the crew of the vesel, and facilitating the execution of the plot by making himself acquainted with the ship. A convenient opportunity presenting itself, he laid some combustible materials in a part of the ship where it was likely to take effect, and proceeded towards the boundaries with speed; but before he had travelled many miles, he had the satisfaction of being assured that the plot had met with success. Many lives were lost on the occasion, and the loss of valuable stores on board was very great, and to regain some part of the treasures, many attempts were made, but to little or no purpose.

W. W. C.

THE BIBLE.

The following is an account of the number of books, chapters, verses, words, and letters, contained in the Old and New Testament.

OLD TESTAMENT.

Number of books . .	39
Chapters .	929
Verses . .	23214
Words . .	592439
Letters . .	2728100

The middle Book is Proverbs.

——— Chapter is Job 29.

——— Verse would be verse 17 of the 20th chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles, if there were a verse more; and verse 18 if there were a verse less.

The word *and* occurs 35543 times; and *Jehovah* 6855.

The shortest verse is 1 Chronicles, chap. 1. verse 25.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra, contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th of the 2d book of Kings, and 37th of Isaiah are alike.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Number of Books . .	27
—— Chapters .	260
—— Verses . .	7959
—— Words . .	181256
—— Letters . .	838369

The middle is 2d Epistle to the Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is the 13th of Romans, if there were a chapter more; and 14th if there were a chapter less.

The middle verse is the 17th verse of 18th of Acts.

The shortest verse is the 35th verse of 12th of John.

The middle verse in the Bible is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm.

The formation of the above table is said to have occupied three years of the life of its patient and persevering calculator.

E. P.

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The Casket.

No. 34.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1827. [Price 1*d*.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The following singular tale is founded on a subject, generally credited by Dutch seamen, and we believe by many of the lower class of mariners of our own country.—It was originally printed in Blackwood's Magazine, and is supposed to be narrated by a passenger in a ship bound for the Cape.

Our ship after touching at the Cape, went out again, and soon losing sight of the Table Mountain, began to be assailed by the impetuous attacks of the sea, which is well known to be more formidable there than in most parts of the known ocean. The day had grown dull and hazy, and the breeze, which had formerly blown fresh, now sometimes subsided almost entirely, and then recovering its strength, for a short time, and changing its direction, blew with temporary violence, and died away again, as if exercising a melancholy caprice. A heavy swell began to come from the south-east. Our sails flapped against the masts, and the ship rolled from side to side, as heavily as if she had been water-logged. There was so little wind that she would not steer.

At two p.m. we had a squall, accompanied by thunder and rain. The seamen, growing restless, looked anxiously a-head. They said we would have a dirty night of it, and that it would not be worth while to turn into their hammocks. As the second mate was describing a gale he had encountered off Cape Race, Newfoundland, we were suddenly taken all a-back, and the blast

came upon us furiously. We continued to scud under a double reefed mainsail and foretop-sail till dusk; but as the sea ran high, the captain thought it safest to bring her to. The watch on deck consisted of four men, one of whom was appointed to keep a look-out-a-head, for the weather was so hazy, that we could not see two cables' length from the bows. This man, whose name was Tom Willis, went frequently to the bows, as if to observe something; and when the others called to him, inquiring what he was looking at, he would give no definite answer. They therefore went also to the bows and appeared startled, and at first said nothing; but presently one of them said, 'William, go call the watch.'

The seamen, having been asleep in their hammocks, murmured at this unreasonable summons, and called to know how it looked upon deck. To which Tom Willis replied, 'Come up and see. What we are minding is not on deck, but a-head.'

On hearing this, they ran up without putting on their jackets, and when they came to the bows, there was a whispering.

One of them asked, 'Where is she? I do not see her.' To which another replied, 'The last flash of lightning shewed them was not a reef in one of her sails; but we, who know her history, know that all her canvass will never carry her into port.'

By this time the talking of the seamen had brought some of the passengers on deck. They could see nothing, however, for the ship was surrounded by thick darkness, and by the noise of the dashing waters, and the seamen evaded the questions that were put to them.

At this juncture the chaplain came on deck. He was a man of grave and modest demeanour, and was much liked among the seamen, who called him Gentle George. He had overheard one of the men asking another, 'If he had seen the Flying Dutchman before, and if he knew the story about her?'—To which the other replied, 'I have heard of her beating about in these seas. What is the reason she never reaches port?'

The first speaker replied, 'They give different reasons for it, but my story is this: She was an Amsterdam vessel, and sailed from that port seventy years ago. Her master's name was Vanderdecken. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sailor under him had reason to complain; though how it is on board with them now, nobody knows; the story is this, that in doubling the Cape, they were a long day trying to weather it. Table Bay, which we saw this morning. However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Vanderdecken walked the deck, swearing at the wind. Just after sunset a vessel spoke him, asking if he did not mean to go into the bay that night. Vanderdecken replied, 'May I be eternally d——d if I do, though I should beat about to the day of judgment.' And to be sure, Vanderdecken never did go into that bay; for it is believed that he continues to beat about in these seas still, and will do so long enough. This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her.'

To which another replied, 'We must keep clear of her. They say that her captain mans his jolly boat, when a vessel comes in sight, and tries hard to get along-side, to put letters on board; but no good comes to them who have communication with them.'

Tom Willis said, 'There is still a sea between us at present, [illegible] should keep us safe from such visits.'

To which the other answered, 'We cannot trust to that if [illegible] sends out his men.'

Some of this conversation having been overheard by the passengers, there was a commotion among them. In the meantime, the noise of the waves against the vessel could scarcely be distinguished from the sounds of the distant thunder.

The wind had extinguished the light in the binnacle, where the compass was, and no one could tell which way the ship's head lay. The passengers were afraid to ask questions, lest they should augment the secret sensation of fear which chilled every heart, or learn any more than they already knew. For while they attributed their agitation of mind to the state of the weather, it was sufficiently perceptible that their alarms also arose from a cause which they did not acknowledge.

The lamp at the binnacle being relighted, they perceived that the ship lay closer to the wind than she had hitherto done, and the spirits of the passengers were somewhat revived.

Nevertheless, neither the tempestuous state of the atmosphere, nor the thunder had ceased; and soon a vivid flash of lightning shewed the waves tumbling around us, and, in the distance, the Flying Dutchman scudding furiously before the wind under a press of canvass. The sight was but momentary, but it was sufficient to remove all doubt from the minds of the passengers. One of the men cried aloud, 'There she goes, top-gallants and all.'

The chaplain had brought up his prayer-book, in order that he might draw from thence something to fortify and tranquillize the minds of the rest. Therefore, taking his seat near the binnacle, so that the light shone upon the white leaves of the book, he, in a solemn tone, read out the service for those distressed at sea. The sailors stood around with folded arms, and looked as if they thought it would be of little use. But this served to occupy the attention of those on deck for a while.

In the meantime, the flashes of lightning becoming less vivid, shewed nothing else, far or near, but the billows weltering round the vessel. The sailors seemed to think that they had not yet seen the worst, but confined their remarks and prognostications to their own circle.

At this time the captain, who had hitherto remained in his berth, came on deck, and with a gay and unconcerned air, enquired what was the cause of the general dread. He said he thought they had already seen the worst of the weather, and wondered that his men had raised such a hubbub about a capful of wind. Mention being made of the Flying Dutchman, the captain laugbed. He said, 'he would like very much to see any vessel carrying top-gallant sails in such a night, for it would be a sight worth looking at.' The chaplain, taking him by one of the buttons of his coat, drew him aside, and appeared to enter into serious conversation wtih him.

While they were talking together, the captain was heard to say, 'Let us look to our own ship, and not mind such things;' and accordingly, he sent a man aloft, to see if all was right about the foretop-sail yard, which was chafing the mast with a loud noise.

It was Tom Willis who went up; and when he came down, he said that all was right, and that he hoped it would soon get clearer; and that they would see no more of what they were most afraid of.

The captain and first mate were heard laughing loudly together, while the chaplain observed, that it would be better to repress such unseasonable gaiety. The second mate, a native of Scotland, whose name was Duncan Saunderson, having attended one of the University classes at Aberdeen, thought himself too wise to believe all that the sailors said, and took part with the captain. He jestingly told Tom Willis to borrow his grandam's spectacles the next time he was sent to keep a look out a-head. Tom walked sulkily away, muttering, that he would nevertheless trust to his own eyes till morning, and accordingly took his station at the bow, and appeared to watch as attentively as before.

The sound of talking soon ceased, for many returned to their berths, and we heard nothing but the clanking of the ropes upon the masts, and the bursting of the billows a-head, as the vessel successively took the seas.

But after a considerable interval of darkness, gleams of lightning began to re-appear. Tom Willis suddenly called out, 'Vanderdecken again! Vanderdecken again! I see them letting down a boat.'

All who were on deck ran down to the bows. The next flash of lightning shone far and wide over the raging sea, and shewed us not only the Flying Dutchman at a distance, but also a boat coming from her with four men. The boat was within two cables' length of our ship's side.

The man who first saw her ran to the captain, and asked whether they should hail her or not. The captain, walking about in great agitation, made no reply. The first mate cried, 'Who's going to heave a rope to that boat?' The men looked at each other without offering to do any thing. The boat had come very near the chains, when Tom Willis called out, 'Whot do you want, or what devil has blown you here in such weather?' A piercing voice from the boat replied in English, 'We want to see your captain.' The captain took no notice of this, and Vanderdecken's boat having come close alongside, one

of the men came upon deck, and appeared like a fatigued and weather-beaten seaman, holding some letters in his hand.

Our sailors all drew back. The chaplain, however, looking stedfastly upon him, went forward a few steps, and asked, 'What is the purpose of this visit?'

The stranger replied, 'We have long been kept here by foul weather, and Vanderdecken wishes to send these letters to his friends in Europe.'

Our captain now came forward, and said as firmly as he could, 'I wish Vanderdecken would put his letters on board of any other vessel rather than mine.'

The stranger replied, 'We have tried many a ship, but most of them refuse our letters.'

Upon which Tom Willis muttered, 'it will be best for us if we do the same, for they say there is sometimes a sinking weight in your papers.'

The stranger took no notice of this, but asked where we were from. On being told that we were from Portsmouth, he said, as if with strong feeling, 'Would that you had rather been from Amsterdam. Oh that we saw it again! we must see our friends again.' When he uttered these words, the men who were in the boat below, wrung their hands, and cried in a piercing tone, in Dutch, 'Oh that we saw it again! We have been long here beating about, but we must see our friends again.'

The chaplain asked the stranger, 'How long have you been at sea?'

He replied, 'We have lost our count; for our almanack was blown overboard. Our ship, you see, is there still; so why should you ask how long we have been at sea; for Vanderdecken only wishes to write home and comfort his friends.'

To which the chaplain replied, 'Your letters, I fear, would be of no use in Amsterdam, even if they were delivered, for the persons to whom they are addressed are probably no longer to be found there, except under very ancient green turf in the church-yard.'

The unwelcome stranger then wrung his hands, and appeared to weep, and replied, 'It is impossible. We cannot believe you. We have been long driving about here, but country nor relations cannot be so easily forgotten. There is not a rain drop in the air but feels itself kindred to all the rest, and they fall back into the sea to meet with each other again. How, then, can kindred blood be made to forget where it came from? Even our bodies are part of the ground of Holland; and Vanderdecken says, if he once were come to Amsterdam, he would rather be changed into a stone post, well fixed into the ground, than leave it again; if that were to die elsewhere. But in the meantime, we only ask you to take these letters.'

The chaplain looking at him with astonishment, said, 'This is the insanity of natural affection, which rebels against all measures of time and distance.'

The stranger continued, 'Here is a letter from our second mate, to his dear and only remaining friend, his uncle, the merchant who lives in the second house on Stuncken Yacht Quay.'

He held forth the letter, but no one would approach to take it.

Tom Willis raised his voice, and said, 'One of our men here says, that he was in Amsterdam last summer, and he knows for certain, that the street called Stuncken Yacht Quay was pulled down sixty years ago, and now there is only a large church at that place.'

The man from the Flying Dutchman said, 'It is impossible; we cannot believe you. Here is another letter from myself, in which I have sent a bank note to my dear sister, to buy some gallant lace, to make her a high head dress.'

Tom Willis hearing this, said, 'It is most likely that her head now lies under a tomb-stone, which will outlast all the changes of the fashion. But on what house is your bank note?'

The stranger replied, 'On the house of Vanderbrucker and Company.'

The man of whom Tom Willis had spoken said, 'I guess there will now be some discount upon it, for that banking-house has gone to destruction forty years ago; and Vanderbrucker was afterwards missing.—But to remember these things is like raking up the bottom of an old canal.'

(*To be continued.*)

On Bathing.

No. II.—VAPOUR BATH.

(*Continued:*)

The apparatus invented by Admiral Brooking, with his pamphlet introduces this important subject by a variety of appropriate observations on its great utility in cases of rheumatism or severe cold; together with some remarks on the beneficial effects derived, even by persons in good health, from the promotion of profuse perspiration. The following sketch will sufficiently explain the construction of the bath, and the method of using it:—



A B are tubs for lukewarm water to stand in; C, a tub into which boiling water must be poured, after the bath bag is put on, and out of which a towel, D, with a wooden handle, must be occasionally drawn up to cause steam. E, a copper case to hold a red-hot heater, like that of an urn, which may be used or not as may be found necessary.

'To use this simple bath,' says the inventor, 'it is necessary to have a bag made of such materials as will effectually prevent the escape of steam; the thickest and closest woollen will probably be the best, but still better an oil-skin lined with flannel. The dimensions should be about a foot higher than the person; and broad enough to allow room for the arms to move, for the purpose of cleansing the back, and rubbing every part of the body well, while in a state of perspiration. It should be open at the bottom, and opposite to the situation of the face; and be sufficiently large to allow its slipping down over the shoulders after the bath, but this last opening should overlap, in order to keep in the steam, and prevent the air from rushing in, except when there is occasion to open it for the purpose that will be mentioned. A wooden oval tub will also be necessary, large enough to hold two or three gallons of water: also, a cloth or towel fastened to a piece of stick about a foot long, by which it is to be occasionally drawn up out of the water to increase the steam.

'Having a good fire, with the bath bag, towels, a warm woollen dress to put on after the bath, all well dried or aired, and a large tea or other kettle of water boiling, strip and put on the bag, having the tub with the steam towel between your feet; then lift up the bag, and pour in the boiling water, allowing as little as you can of the steam to escape, and taking care that the bottom of the bag is close down to the floor, to prevent the cold air getting in, draw up the steam-cloth by the wooden handle, and in the course of a minute or two, you will find yourself enveloped in steam; and if you have carefully shut out the cold air, you will probably be in a profuse perspiration, which, by rubbing every part of the body, will no doubt, with the steam, free it from any impurity, from which the most healthy, delicate, and cleanly, are not entirely free. I should have mentioned a large sponge placed within reach, as a necessary ar-

ticle for the purpose of washing off. Two small tubs, with warm water, just big enough to hold each a foot, will also be of use, to be placed on each side the larger tub, and will add in some measure to the heat and steam. As the bather will most probably continue to perspire for one, two, or three half hours, or as long as he chooses to engage in it, he should occasionally rub himself to disperse the moisture, and to prevent any ill effect from the body drying partially. At least, this has been the practice which the contriver has found to answer, without once catching cold; but on the contrary, experiencing the most beneficial effects. If adopted as a cure for a cold, it would probably be best to use it just before going to bed, and to wear flannel till the perspiration has ceased.

'To give the name of vapour bath to a thing, that at the most can be fitted up for a less sum than would be demanded for half a dozen bathings, in any vapour bath in England, may, by those who value things in proportion as they are complex and expensive, be thought to assume too much. Notwithstanding its simplicity, it is probably as efficacious as any; being, with a proper attention to the directions, capable of bringing on a profuse perspiration in a minute or two, to any degree, and for any reasonable time.

'In order to judge of the degree, I have sometimes had the flannel dress that I put on after bathing, and change on going into bed, rolled up, and in the morning weighed, then dried and again weighed, when it has been found to have lost in weight from ten to twelve ounces; which added to what must have escaped from it and me, during perhaps the three quarters of an hour that I was in a profuse perspiration, from the time of throwing off the bag to going to bed, must have amounted to more than I will venture to say, but which may be easily conceived.

'To increase the steam in cold water, I sometimes use a hot iron like that of a tea urn, inclosed in a copper case, standing in the boiling water, occasionally letting fall a few drops from the towel upon it. By this means, the steam is increased in quantity or heat to the utmost that can be desired.'

(*To be continued.*)

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

THE DEATH HUNTER.

No. XVIII.

'Eager to chase, where others trembling fly,
'He scorns the monster, though he's ever nigh.'

Before we enter into the minutia of detail, it will be proper to premise, for the edification of those of our readers who are entirely uninitiated in the black art of the undertaker, that by the 'death hunter,' we do not mean that honourable personage himself, but his assistant, of solemn appearance, who has so often put on a face of sadness, that every mirthful wrinkle seems banished from his countenance; who has, in fact, so far taught his physiognomy to take the cast of his calling, that to every one who judges from outward appearance, he must seem to be 'a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.'

But should any one, with intruding inquisitiveness, enquire why he is called 'the death hunter,' we must, at once, confess our inability to decide upon his literal title to that appellation. But we know that, be an undertaker ever so well known, and be his business in ever so thriving a condition; be his living friends ever so numerous, and his dead ones ever so much more so, still is he not able to find constant employment for his assistants, who, therefore, are necessitated to seek it elsewhere; and who may very aptly, while wandering about enquiring for a 'black job,' (alias a funeral), be denominated death hunters. This is the most authentic derivation we can discover of their strange sounding name, and beyond which, we will not venture to proceed.

The 'death hunter's first business on a Monday morning, is to go round to his principal employers, and see if there are any 'jobs,' either ready for him, or in *statu quo*. He is generally fortunate enough to find something to do before long; and probably the first of his week's work is to put 'a body' in the shell: now, as 'the body' cannot conveniently be brought to 'the shell,' 'the shell' must be taken to 'the body.' For the easier conveyance of it to its desti-

nation, 'the death hunter' is provided with a strong leathern strap, which he buckles round it, so loosely, as to leave sufficient space for the insertion of his head between the leather and the wood; a gimblet secures it in the middle of 'the lid,' which is temporarily fastened by a couple of nails; he then, by a dexterous balancing of his load, slips his forehead under the loose part of the aforesaid strap, and starts off with almost incredible strides, to the house 'where the corpse lays.' Annihilation waits upon any unlucky lamp which is not at its due distance from the ground; for the death hunter has, (as may readily be supposed), enough to do 'to look where he goes.' Arrived at the house of mourning, he is soon disencumbered of his load, and thinks less of the unpleasant duty he has to perform, than of the dram which is invariably offered to him, and which he quite as invariably takes, 'merely' as he assures you, 'to settle his stomach.'

The death hunter in the course of a week undergoes a variety of transformations; he is at one time 'page,' at another 'porter,' at another 'bearer' and sometimes occupies the office of 'featherman.' If he is 'coach page,' he is distinguished by a long dark coloured wand, either gilded or painted yellow towards the top, and walks in all befitting solemnity, with the handle of the coach door in one hand. When he is 'hearse page,' his post is beside the hearse, or the horses which draw it, and he carries in his hand a sort of truncheon, gilded at both ends. When he is 'bearer,' it is only necessary that he should assist in 'removing the body' (i. e. coffin and all), into the hearse, and afterwards to the grave, and assist in lowering it into its last bed chamber. In all of these situations he is to be discovered as the 'death hunter,' by a certain something in the whole tenor of his appearance, which bids defiance to all the goose quills in Christendom to describe. But see him as 'porter' some frosty day in December, after he has stood 'stock still' some three quarters of an hour against an unsympathising door post: with his teeth chattering in his head, his whole frame chilled and benumbed, shivered in the cold, and conveying every whit as good a resemblance of 'death himself,' as of his 'hunter.'

'The death hunter' has a variety of minuter affairs to attend to than we have here described; he has 'to take in the case;' 'screw down' the last lid; carry 'the bag' about to different 'jobs:' and look after parish clerks, sextons, and grave diggers, without end. His equipment consists merely of a rusty suit of black, 'hatbands,' 'gloves,' and 'favours,' are supplied to him upon proper occasions.

But 'the death-hunter' is seen in all his glory, when he is seated along with six or seven of his companions on the top of a hearse: when he is in this situation, he is going to a 'country job,' which he always considers as more profitable and more pleasant than 'a job,' in town: every two or three miles, they stop to water the horses and also to *beer* the men. When matters are arranged for the return of the whole party, including the dead body and 'the mourners,' it is customary for all 'the death-hunters' to adjourn to some public-house 'to dress,' where they each have their pint of porter, and wait till the undertaker sends word that he is ready 'to move;' the whole tribe immediately is in motion, and with their tumbled hatbands, dirty gloves, and threadbare coats, present a spectacle which contrast oddly enough with the mournful and solemn occasion upon which they have assembled.

The death-hunter enjoys nothing so much, as waiting and drinking his beer, while the paraphernalia of a funeral is being arranged. His conversation is all about 'bearers' and 'feathers,' and rainy weather and churchwardens; when it rains, he is of necessity often 'wet through,' which is an incident of his life that he deems worthy of remembrance; the situation of church-yards naturally engages the attention of one who so often frequents them, and their peculiarities and attractions are talked of by him with unceasing loquaciousness: in short his 'fancy' lies that way. He is a kind of outrider to death, and conveys in his first glance, long lessons upon the 'great mortality' of man. But to himself, 'the house of death' appears not as 'the house of mourning,' and though he may assist in consigning, in the space of one day several of his fellow creatures to 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns;' yet he thinks no more about his latter end, than

those of his neighbours who have not half the opportunities which he has of reflecting upon 'the uncertainty of life.' That which is always under our eyes escapes notice, and it is only by chance or accident, that our thoughts are directed to lessons, which are taught to us by every moment of our existence.

R. J.

THE FOUR BROTHERS.

(A Danish Story.)

There was a man who had four sons, and as they were now grown to man's estate, he sent them forth to seek their fortunes in the world. They, therefore, departed on their travels, in the course of which they arrived at a large forest, where there dwelt a magician. They resolved on taking up their abode with this seer, and becoming his disciples; for which purpose they staid with him two or three years. During this time he taught the eldest brother to be an expert mechanic, far exceeding in skill any thing throughout the whole land; the second was a seer, so skilled in this art, that he could tell events that befell in distant places; the third brother became such a wondrous marksman, that no one could rival him in shooting; and as for the fourth, he became a master-thief, quite a prodigy in his profession. Thus instructed in their respective callings, the brothers took leave of their tutor, and returned home to their father, to whom they related what they had learnt; but he refused to credit them till they gave him satisfactory proofs of their proficiency. Accordingly, they went out into a wood, and felled a very large tree, which being done, the father said, 'How shall we carry it home?' Thereupon the eldest son took his axe, and began to hew it, when in a few minutes he formed it into a very beautiful car, thus giving a most satisfactory proof of his mechanical ability. The father then addressed himself to the second brother, said, 'Canst thou tell me how many eggs there are in that crow's nest on the top of yonder tree?' 'five,' replied he, which the father knew to be the exact number, having before examined them for that purpose. He next said to the fourth son, 'If thou canst steal the fifth egg out of the nest without the birds noticing it, I will grant thee to be the cleverest thief in the world.' Immediately he climbed up the tree, and took out the egg without disturbing the birds; and while he held it out betwixt his finger and thumb, the third son took aim, and shot at it with such nicety, that the ball passed directly through the egg. At these proofs of their skill the father rejoiced exceedingly, assured that they would not fail of success in the world.

A short time afterwards the whole land was much afflicted, for the king's daughter had disappeared, nor could any one tell what had become of her. A great reward was offered by the king—nay, even the hand of the princess herself, to whomsoever should bring her home. Upon this the four brothers departed for court, and having obtained a promise of reward in case of success, set out in search of the lost princess. At length the one who possessed the art of divination, discovered that she was in the centre of a large lake, where she was detained in captivity by a horrible dragon, within an enchanted castle that was guarded by furious monsters. After a journey of many days, they arrived at this lake, in the centre of which stood a magnificent castle; but as there was neither boat nor any other vessel whatever to ferry them across, they were forced to consult how they were to proceed; which having done, the eldest cut down a tree, when lo! scarcely had his axe touched it, before he had formed a wonderful bridge, that reached from the shore of the lake to the castle. The seer now directed the thief how he was to steal away the princess from the dragon; whereupon, he alone crossed the bridge, leaving his brothers on the side of the lake, and arrived safely at the portal of the castle. Here he found four fierce lions; yet nothing daunted, he threw a lamb among them, and each attempting to seize the prey for himself, the savage animals fought with such fury, that they quickly destroyed each other. He now advanced into the court-yard, where he found four large bears, whom he also overcame by the same stratagem, and entered the castle without hindrance.

(*To be continued.*)

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The Casket.

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THE HOBGOBLIN OF THE SPA!!!

As the following story, which is averred to be authentic, and to have happened very lately, may serve to shew, that the stories of this kind, with which the public are, from time to time, every now and then alarmed, are nothing more than artful impostures, it is presumed, it will be useful as well as entertaining to our readers to give it a place.

A person who kept a lodging-house near the springs at Aix-la Chapelle, having lost his wife, committed the management of his family to his daughter, a sprightly, well-made, handsome girl, about twenty.

There were at that time, in the house, two ladies and their waiting-woman, two Dutch officers, and a Dominican Friar.

It happened, that, as the young woman of the house was asleep one night in her bed, she was awakened by something that attempted to draw the clothes off the bed. She was at first frightened; but thinking, upon recollection, that it might be the house-dog, she called him by his name. The clothes, however, were still pulled from her; and she still imagining it was by the dog, took up a brush that lay in her reach, and attempted to strike him. At that moment she saw a flash of sudden light, that filled the whole room; upon which she shricked out; all was again dark and silent, and the clothes were no longer drawn from her.

In the morning, when she related this

story, every one treated it as a dream; and the girl herself at last took it for granted, that it was no more than an illusion.

The night following, she was again awakened by something that jogged her, and she thought she felt a hand in the bed; upon endeavouring to repress it, another flash of lightning threw her into a fit of terror: she shut her eyes, and crossed herself. When she ventured to open her eyes again, the light was vanished; but, in a short time, she felt what she supposed to be a hand again in the bed; she again endeavoured to repress it, and looking towards the foot of the bed, saw a large luminous cross, on which was written distinctly, as with light, the words, 'Be Silent!' She was now so terrified, that she had not power to break the injunction, but shrunk down into the bed, and covered herself over with the clothes.

In this situation she continued a considerable time; but, being again molested, she ventured once more to peep out, when, to her unspeakable astonishment, she saw a phantom stand by the side of her bed, almost as high as the ceiling: a kind of glory encircled its head, and the whole was in the form of a crucifix, except that it seemed to have several hands, one of which again approached the bed.

Supposing the phenomenon to be some celestial vision, she exerted all her fortitude, and leaping out of bed, threw herself upon her knees before it; but she instantly found herself assaulted in a manner which convinced her she was mistaken: she had not strength to disengage herself from something that embraced her, and therefore screamed out as loud as she could, to alarm the house, and bring somebody to her assistance.

Her shrieks awakened the ladies who lay in an adjacent chamber, and they sent their woman to see what was the matter. The woman, upon opening the room, saw a luminous phantasm, which greatly terrified her, and heard, in a deep threatening tone, the words—'At thy peril be gone!'

The woman instantly screamed out and withdrew: the ladies rose in the utmost consternation and terror, but nobody came to their assistance: the old man, the father of the girl, was asleep in a remote part of the house; the Friar also rested in a room at the end of a long gallery in another story; and the two Dutch officers were absent on a visit, at a neighbouring village.

No other violence, however, was offered to the girl that night. As soon as the morning dawned, she got up, ran down to her father, and told all that had happened: the two ladies were not long absent; they did not say much, but quitted the house. The Friar asked the girl several questions, and declared that he had heard other instances of the like nature, but said, the girl would do well to obey the commands of the vision, and that no harm would come of it. He said, he would remain to see the issue; and, in the mean time, ordered proper prayers and masses to be said at a neighbouring convent of his order, to which he most devoutly joined his own.

The girl was comforted with this spiritual assistance; but notwithstanding, took one of the maids to be her bedfellow the next night. In the dead of the night, the flaming cross was again visible, but no attempt was made on either of the women. They were, however, greatly terrified; and the servant said, she would rather leave her place, than lie in the room again.

The Friar, the next morning, took the merit of the spirit's peaceable behaviour to himself. The prayers and masses were renewed, and application was made to the convents at Liege for auxiliary assistance. The good Friar, in the mean time, was by no means idle at home: he performed his devotions with great ardour, and towards evening bestowed a plentiful libation of holy water on the chamber and bed.

The girl not being able to persuade the servant to sleep with her again in the haunted room, and being encouraged by the Friar to abide the issue, having also great confidence herself in the prayers, masses, and sprinklings, that had been used on the occasion, she ventured once more to sleep in the same room by herself.

In the night, after hearing some slight noises, she saw the room all in a blaze, and a great number of luminous crosses, with scraps of writing here and there very legible, among which the precept 'to be silent,' was most conspicuous.

In the middle of the room she saw something of a human appearance, which seemed covered only with a linen garment, like a shirt: it appeared to

diffuse a radiance round it; and at length, by a slow and silent pace, approached the bed.

When it came to the bed-side, it drew the curtain more open, and lifting up the bed-clothes, was about to come in. The girl, now more terrified than ever, screamed out with all her power. As every body in the house was upon the watch, she was heard by them all; but the father only had courage to go to her assistance, and his bravery was probably owing to a considerable quantity of reliques, which he had procured from the convent, and which he brought in his hand.

When he came, however, nothing was to be seen but some of the little crosses and inscriptions, several of which were now luminous only in part.

Being himself greatly terrified at these appearances, he ran to the Friar's apartment, and with some difficulty prevailed upon him to go with him to the haunted room. The Friar at first excused himself upon account of the young woman's being there in bed. As soon as he entered, and saw the crosses, he prostrated himself on the ground, and uttered many prayers and incantations, to which the honest landlord most heartily said Amen.

The poor girl in the mean time, lay in a kind of trance; and her father, when the prayers were over, ran down stairs for some wine, a cordial being necessary to recover her: the Friar, at the same time, ordered him to light and bring with him a consecrated taper; for hitherto they had no light but that of the vision, which was still strong enough to discover every thing in the room.

In a short time the old man entered with a taper in his hand, and in a moment all the luminous appearances vanished. The girl, soon after recovered, and gave a very sensible account of all that had happened; and the landlord and the Friar spent the rest of the night together.

The Friar, however, to shew the power of the dæmon, and the holy virtue of the taper, removed it several times from the chamber, before the day broke, and the crosses and inscriptions were again visible, and remained so till the taper was brought back, and then vanished as at first.

When the sun arose, the Friar took his leave to go to matins, and did not return till noon. In the mean time the two Dutch officers came home, and soon learnt what had happened, though the landlord took all the pains he could to conceal it. The reports they heard were confirmed by the pale and terrified appearance of the girl; their curiosity was greatly excited, and they asked her innumerable questions. Her answers, instead of extinguishing increased it. They assured the landlord, they would not leave his house, but on the contrary, would afford him all the assistance in their power.

As they were young gentlemen of a military profession, and Protestants, they were at once bold and incredulous. They pretended, however, to adopt the opinion of the landlord, that the appearances were supernatural; but it happened that, upon [illegible] to the room they found the re[illegible] to which he taper, on the virtue[illegible]ocks of his hair lord had so largel[illegible] or with his right mediately perce[illegible]s glittering bunch of common candle from his 'double- he had brought [illegible].' How he 'smirks

This discover[illegible] the entrance of a well- there was a fram[illegible]osed face! and with that vanished a[illegible]ed [illegible]liteness does he secrated light mus[illegible]ess to 'the gen- mere human artifice. [illegible]o be of nig-

They therefore consulted [illegible] at length agreed, that the ma[illegible]ged in be continued; that the landlord [illegible]ty,' not say one word of the candle, or t[illegible] suspicions it had produced; that his daughter, the next night, should sleep in the apartment which had been quitted by the ladies, and that one of the officers should lie in the girl's bed, while the other, with the landlord, should wait in the kitchen, to see the issue.

This plan was accordingly, with great secrecy, carried into execution.

For two hours after the officer had been in bed, all was silent and quiet, and he began to suspect that the girl had either been fanciful, or that their secret had transpired: when all on a sudden, he heard the latch of the door gently raised; and perceiving something approach the bed and attempt to take up the clothes, he resisted with sufficient strength to frustrate the attempt: and immediately the room appeared to be all in a flame; he saw many crosses, and inscriptions enjoining silence and a passive acquiescence in whatever should happen; he saw also, in the middle of the room, something of a human appearance, very tall, and very luminous. The officer was at first struck with ter-

ror, and the vision made a second appearance to his bed-side; but the gentleman recovering his fortitude with the first moment of reflection, dexterously threw a slip-not, which he had fastened to one of the bed-posts, over the phantom's neck; he instantly drew it close, which brought him to the ground, and then threw himself upon him. The fall and the struggle made so much noise, that the other officer and the landlord ran up with lights and weapons; and the goblin was found to be no other than the good Friar, who, having conceived something more than a spiritual affection for his landlord's pretty daughter, had played this infernal farce, to gratify his passion.

now so [illegible] secured and detected, beto break [illegible]subterfuge or escape, he down into the [illegible]sion of his guilt, and over with the cloth[illegible]nercy.

In this situation a fellow, who was siderable time; but made himself lested, she ventured [illegible]atting upon his out, when, to her [illegible]rd paper, and had ment, she saw a plough the sleeves side of her bed, [illegible]ed the appearcieling; a k[illegible]d still left his hands head, and [illegible] that he had rendered a cruc[illegible] his apparatus visible in the sev[illegible] phosphorous.

[illegible]e landlord contented himself with [illegible]ving his reverence a hearty drubbing, and then turning him out of doors, with a strict injunction to quit the territory of Liege for ever, upon pain of being much more severely treated.

When it is considered, that it is but a few years ago, that a poor woman, within twenty miles of London, lost her life upon supposition that she was a witch; and that it is not many years since the Cock-lane ghost found advocates, even in the heart of London itself, among those who before were never accounted fools; it cannot but be useful to put down on record every imposition of this kind.

On Bathing.

No. 12.—NITRO-MURIATIC ACID AND METALLINE BATHS.

The *Nitro-Muriatic* acid bath is now becoming so general in bilious diseases, that some account of it may be acceptable to our readers. A bath for the feet and legs of medium strength is thus formed. Take half an ounce of nitric acid, and half an ounce of muriatic acid, mix them in two gallons of warm water, and immerse the feet and legs for twenty minutes, or half an hour, every night before going to bed, in the bath. It ought to be kept in a wooden bucket, and a part of it warmed up every time it is used, in an earthen vessel, and added to the rest. This bath will do for five or six nights in succession, when the ingredients are to be renewed.

When continued for some time it occasionally induces faintness and a nervous irritation, or restlessness, with sometimes head-ache, purging, and bad taste in the mouth. It increases the secretion of bile for a time, and therefore is proper where that fluid is scanty. But this is too generally the case in this country, that little need be apprehended from it in the whole range of bilious disorders. Indeed, a most erroneous idea prevails respecting the superabundance of bile, in what are termed bilious complaints; for, in nine-tenths of them, there is a deficiency or depraved quality of this important secretion. In the diseases, however, to which the bath is applicable, we have some of the following symptons, viz.—Derangements of stomach, giddiness, feverish heat, headaches, restlessness at night, cramps and spasms, melancholy, and those unhappy feelings to which the term *nervous* has been applied. In such cases, the bath will give rise to the expulsion of dark-coloured motions, or bile of various colours. It is necessary, therefore, to take some opening medicine occasionally, while using the bath, and if it be continued for a sufficient length of time, it will conduce much to the restoration of health.

Metalline Baths are those made of water impregnated with the *scoriæ* of metals. The most common and useful of this kind are those prepared with the earthy, saline, and sulphureous substance of metal; and these are of excellent service for strengthening and bracing up the part to which they are applied, and recovering weak and decayed limbs, stopping various kinds of bleeding, and restoring the menstrual and hemorrhoidal flux, where obstructed; insomuch, that they may well be substituted for the natural iron baths.

Adjacent to smelting huts, where metals are run from their ore, are to be

found large quantities of the slag of copper, antimony, and cobalt; which, abounding with sulphur, vitriolic salt, and an earthy principle, make serviceable baths for strengthening the lost tone of the fibres, and relaxing them when they are too stiff. These baths have likewise a detersive and cleaning virtue; so that, with prudence and due regard to circumstances, they may be used on many occasions. The way of making these artificial baths is, either to take the slags as they come hot from the furnace, or else to heat them afresh and throw them into hot water; which is after to be used either in the way of bath or fomentation occasionally. There are other artificial baths, prepared of alum and quick-lime, by boiling them together in fine rain water. Such baths are highly serviceable in paralytic disorders and weakness of the limbs.

The Pepper Bath, or Pesser Wasser, on the Alps, is one of the most celebrated in Europe, and has been the subject of treatises express, besides what has been said of it occasionally by Scheuchzer and others. It was first discovered in the year 1240, and is of the periodical kind. The water breaks forth in a dreadful place, scarce accessible to the sun beams, or indeed to men, unless of the greatest boldness, and such as are not in the least subject to dizziness. These baths have the singularity above all others, that they commonly break forth in May, and that with a sort of impetuosity, bringing with them beech-leaves, crabs, or other wood fruit, and that their course desists in September or October. Scheuchzer professes himself of opinion, that these waters are not impregnated with any mineral, or if they do contain any, that their virtues in curing distempers and preserving health do not proceed from them. They are exceedingly clear, destitute of colour, taste, or smell.

(*To be Continued.*)

Sketches of Character.

THE WAITER.

'We WAIT your pleasure——'

Take activity, noise, despatch, and bustle; add to these a sufficient quantity of conceit and self-approbation; mould this mixture into the shape of a plump dapper little man, somewhere about five feet in height; dress him genteely in black, with silk stocking, and silver buckles to his shoes; have his hair arranged in a fashionable style, and place a clean napkin under his left arm; and you will then have a waiter worthy of attending at a first-rate hotel, or consulting the wants of city dignitaries at the London-tavern, or Fishmongers's-hall.

The waiter is completely an original; his gait, his step, and even the shape of his foot,* differ from those of other men; he is, as it were, marked out as a distinct shade in society; and though softened down to a variety of tints, presents through them all the perfect colour of his class. With that self-importance does he stand at the entrance to the hall of the 'establishment' to which he belongs, arranging the locks of his hair with his left hand, or with his right twisting about the glittering bunch of seals, dependant from his 'double-cased silver hunter.' How he 'smirks and smiles' upon the entrance of a well-known liberally-disposed face! and with what half-extended politeness does he bow with formal stiffness to 'the gentleman' whom he knows to be of niggard disposition!

'The waiter,' when busily engaged in attendance upon a large 'dinner party,' is 'here, there, and everywher,' in a moment. You are surprised the next minute after he has changed your plate, by seeing him on the opposite side of the table, drawing a cork, or supplying knives and forks to some half dozen at once. At one moment he answers your call by a quick 'coming, sir,' and the next you hear his footsteps rattling down a long flight of stairs; and while you are reflecting on his inattention and carelessness, you see him behind you, asking, as though he had done nothing but come at your call—'What's your pleasure, sir?' He attends at one time to any number of guests; passes their plates, fills their tumblers, changes their knives and forks, and bows in quick succession to each of them. How hurriedly, and

* Every one must have remarked the extraordinary flatness of foot which distinguishes the generality of tavern waiters. Whether it originates in their constant running about, or is made a condition of their entrance into the 'profession,' the writer of this article cannot pretend to determine.

yet how correctly does he attend to his multifarious duties.

'The waiter' may frequently be seen early of a morning, with a striped linen jacket forming part of his dress; he wears this when he is busied in cleaning glasses, &c. which is always his employment at least once a day; but when in attendance upon 'company,' he doffs this morning garment, and appears in all the spruce array which is so very peculiarly his own; he rattles glasses about, as if they would never break beneath his fingers; and 'taps' a bottle of port with an evident unconsciousness of the possibility of his breaking either the crust or the cork. If you pay him for an article, the cost of which amounts to anything more than half the sum you o. him, he invariably thanks you very politely, and puts the cash into his pocket, without even thinking of offering you the change. Indeed, the whole 'art and mystery' of his trade, is the misunderstanding every thing to his own profit.

The waiter is frequently the proprietor of his 'situation,' having paid a sum of money for his entrance upon it; such being the case, to find him at times to be rather *cavalier*, is neither extraordinary nor uncommon. 'Custom,' it is said, 'generates laws;' and certainly the custom of giving 'a trifle' to the waiter of 'mine host,' as the law which compels them to pay for their refreshments: whether it is a custom which would be 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance, we must leave to be decided by those who are most interested in it—the constant frequenters of 'taverns' or 'hotels.'

R. J.

Varieties.

THE FOUR BROTHERS.

(A Danish Story.)

(*Concluded.*)

Having passed through a number of stately rooms, he at length reached the door of the princess's apartment, before which three young dragoons were keeping watch. Upon seeing them, he took out a cithern, and began to play, during which the dragons became more and more gentle, and in the end fell into a deep sleep. This being accomplished, he entered the chamber where the princess sat combing the locks of the old dragon with a golden comb. The monster lay with his head reclined on his lap, already vanquished by the sounds he had heard. Instantly taking the lady by the hand, he conducted her out from the castle, and across the bridge, to where his brothers were anxiously awaiting his return, fearing that he had perished in the enterprise. They then set off with all speed, and were soon out of sight of the enchanted tower. While, however, they were journeying on, exulting in their good luck, they heard a terrible roaring and hissing behind them; and looking back, perceived that the monster had awoke from his sleep, and was pursuing them. But as he was sailing through the air like a dark cloud, the marksman fired, and he instantly dropped down dead. They now continued their journey without fear, and arrived at the court of the princess's father, who bestowed her hand upon the adventurous thief, and rewarded the other brothers with abundant presents.

C. F. B.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

(*Concluded.*)

The stranger called out passionately 'It is impossible!—We cannot believe it! It is cruel to say such things to people in our condition. There is a letter from our captain himself, to his much beloved and faithful wife, whom he left at a pleasant summer dwelling on the border of the Haarlemer Mer. She promised to have the house beautifully painted and gilded before he came home, and get a new set of looking-glasses for the principal chamber, that she might see as many images of Vanderdecken, as if she had six husbands at once.'

The man replied, 'there has been time enough for her to have had six husbands since then; but were she still alive, there is no fear that Vanderdecken would ever get home to disturb her.'

On hearing this, the stranger again shed tears, and said, if they would not take the letters, he would leave them; and looking around, he offered the parcel to the captain, chaplain, and to the rest of the crew successively, but each drew back as it was offered, and put his hands behind his back. He then laid the letters upon the deck, and placed

upon them a piece of iron, which was lying near, to prevent them from being blown away. Having done this he swung himself over the gangway, and went into the boat.

We heard the others speak to him, but the rise of a sudden squall prevented us from distinguishing his reply. The boat was seen to quit the ship's side, and, in a few moments, there were no more traces of her than if she had never been there. The sailors rubbed their eyes, as if doubting what they had witnessed, but the parcel still lay upon the deck, and proved the reality of all that had passed.

Duncan Saunderson, the Scotch mate, asked the captain if he should take them up, and put them in the letter-bag? Receiving no reply, he would have lifted them up if it had not been for Tom Willis, who pulled him back, saying, that nobody should touch them.

In the meantime, the captain went down to the cabin, and the chaplain having followed him, found him at his bottle-case, pouring out a large dram of brandy. The captain, although somewhat disconcerted, immediately offered the glass to him, saying, 'Here Charters, is what is good in a cold night.' The chaplain declined drinking any thing, and the captain having swallowed the bumper, they both returned to the deck, where they found the seamen giving their opinions concerning what ought to be done with the letters. Tom Willis proposed to pick them up on a harpoon, and throw them overboard.

Another speaker said, 'I have always heard it asserted, that it is neither safe to accept them voluntarily, nor yet, when they are left, to throw them out of the ship.'

'Let no one touch them,' said the carpenter.' 'The way to do with the letters from the Flying Duchman, is to case them upon deck, by nailing boards over them, so that if he sends back for them, they are still there to give him.'

The carpenter went to fetch his tools. During his absence, the ship gave so violent a pitch, that the piece of iron slid off the letters, and they were whirled overboard by the wind, like birds of evil omen whirling through the air. There was a cry of joy among all the sailors, and they ascribed the favourable change which soon took place in the weather, to our having got quit of Vanderdecken. We soon got under weigh again. The night watch being set, the rest of the crew retired to their berths.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BRIDGES IN ENGLAND.

We have many bridges of considerable importance in England. The triangular bridge at Croyland, in Lincolnshire, which was erected about the year 860, is said to be the most perfect ancient structure in the kingdom. This bridge is so excessively steep, that none but foot passengers can go over it, but horsemen and carriages frequently go under it, as it is not sometimes above two feet deep with water in that part; and although this bridge has been erected 967 years, it exhibits no appearance of decay.

London bridge next claims our attention, as an object of antiquity: it is built in the old Gothic style, and originally had twenty arches, but two were thrown into one in the year 1758, of which we shall presently treat. It is 940 feet long, and 44 feet high.

London bridge was built of timber in the year 993 by Ethelred; it was repaired, or rather rebuilt, of timber in the year 1164, when the country found a bridge so necessary to connect Southwark and London together, and the expences to keep a timber bridge in necessary repair so enormous, that they resolved on building one of stone, which was accordingly commenced in the year 1176, during the reign of Henry II., and was finished in 1209, occupying a period of 33 years to build. It is most probable that no houses were built on this bridge until the commencement of the 15th century, for we read an account of a tilt and tournament which took place on the bridge in the year 1395. Houses were no doubt erected on it shortly after, but were found such a very great inconvenience, that they were pulled down in the year 1758, when the bridge underwent a thorough repair; the two middle arches were then thrown into one; the chapel which was built on one of the starlings, was also pulled down, and other improvements made. The expences of the repairs amounted to 80,000l. From the numerous accidents which almost daily occurred, and also the numerous petitions to parlia-

ment respecting it, it was at length fully determined to build a new one in the year 1823, the first stone of which was laid by alderman Garrat, then lord mayor of London, on the 15th of June, 1825, attended by the late duke of York. The works are now in a very forward state, which the public are daily admitted to view, on payment of 1s., and will afford the curious observer great pleasure in inspecting and walking under the old bridge, as well as to see the operations of the workmen. The water was so much obstructed by the piles which were driven down for the bridge, and the fall at the old bridge so much increased, that it was lately found necessary to throw four arches into two, so that it now contains only seventeen. There is no doubt whatever but that the new bridge, which is to consist of five arches, will be ready for passengers, &c. on the 1st of January, 1830. Southwark iron bridge consists of three arches, and has been opened about seven or eight years. Westminster bridge was commenced in 1738, and opened for passengers in 1750, at an expence of 218,800l. It consists of fifteen arches. Blackfriars was commenced in 1760. and opened in 1761, costing 152,840l. but it is built of very bad materials, and some of the stones are already decaying. This bridge consists of nine handsome arches; the centre arch is 100 feet wide. This bridge was Macadamised in 1825. Waterloo bridge is, perhaps, the finest structure in the world; and most foreigners, on their first approach to it, regard it with a sort of veneration. Vauxhall bridge is a very neat bridge; it is built of iron, and consists of nine arches. A very handsome suspension bridge is nearly completed at Hammersmith, and will be opened in a few days; it consists of but one arch, and has a very imposing effect on a person sailing down the river. Its cost will be about 80,000l.

Iron bridges are the exclusive invention of British artists: the first was that erected over the river Severn, at Coalbrook Dale, in Shropshire. The total weight of iron in this bridge is 378 tons, 10 cwt. and 3 quarters. It consists of one arch, which has a span of 100 feet 6 inches. It is supposed that there are upwards of 300 bridges of different descriptions in England and Wales.

Public bridges, which are a general convenience, are obliged to be repaired by the inhabitants of the county in which they lie. R. H T.

A person whose name was Gun complaining to a friend that his attorney in his bill had not 'let him off easily,'—'That is no wonder,' answered his friend, 'as he *charged you too high*.'

Poetry.

THE CALM OF CONTENT.

There's a calm which lulls on the ocean's breast
Each billow that dared the wind,
Which bids the surge of the sea to rest,
On the smoothen'd deep reclined.

There's an hour when, sooth'd by the kiss of sleep,
The heart, from her sorrows free,
Has ceased her woes and her cares to weep,
And dreams but of mirth and glee.

There's a morn to break on the night's dull reign,
To chase the dark gloom away;
To drive the fog from the dewy plain,
And to dance before the day.

There's a sunshine clear, which, through clouds of storm,
Gleams forth with a splendour bright,
Which clears the sky, and with rays so warm,
Shines fiercer with glowing light.

There's a shower which sheds, in its fertile drops,
New life, when the drought is o'er;
Which bids the trees raise their languid tops,
And droop in the dust no more.

There's a hope, which lives in the bosom's cell,
And charms all its pains to sleep;
Content's clear calm is the magic spell,
The soul in sweet peace to steep.

R. J.

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The Casket.

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THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

On the south-west coast of the principality of Wales stands a romantic little village, inhabited chiefly by the poorer class of people, consisting of small farmers and oyster dredgers, whose estates are the wide ocean, and whose ploughs are the small craft, in which they glide over its interminable fields in search of the treasures which they wring from its bosom; it is built on the very top of a hill, commanding on the one side, a view of an immense bay, and on the other, of the peaceful green fields and valleys, cultivated by the greater number of its quiet inhabitants. The approach to it from the nearest town was by a road which branched away into lanes and wooded walks, and from the sea by a beautiful little bay, running up far into the land; both sides of which, and indeed all the rest of the coast, were guarded by craggy and gigantic rocks, some of them hollowed into caverns, into which none of the inhabitants, from motives of superstition, reverence, and fear, had ever dared to penetrate. There were, at the period of which we are about to treat, no better sort of inhabitants in the little village just described, none of those so emphatically distinguished as 'quality' by the country people; they had neither parson, lawyer, nor doctor, among them, and of course there was a tolerable equality among the residents. The farmer, who followed his own plough in the spring, singing the sweet wild national chaunt of the season, and bound up with his own hands his sheaves in the autumn, was not richer, greater, nor finer, than

he who, bare-legged on the strand, gathered in the hoar weed for the farmer in the spring, or dared the wild winds of autumn and the wrath of the winter in his little boat, to earn with his dredging net a yet harder subsistence for his family. Distinctions were unknown in the village, every man was the equal of his neighbour.

But, though rank and its polished distinctions were strange in the village of N——, the superiority of talent was felt and acknowledged almost without a pause or a murmur. There was one who was a king amongst them, by the mere force of a mightier spirit than those with whom he sojourned had been accustomed to feel among them: he was a dark and moody man, a stranger, evidently of a higher order than those around him, who had but a few months before, without any apparent object, settled among them: he was poor, but had no occupation—he lived frugally, but quite alone—and his sole employments were to read during the day, and wander out unaccompanied into the fields or by the beach during the night. Sometimes indeed he would relieve a suffering child or rheumatic old man by medicinal herbs, reprove idleness and drunkenness in the youth, and predict to all the good and evil consequences of their conduct; and his success in some cases, his foresight in others, and his wisdom in all, won for him a high reputation among the cottagers, to which his taciturn habits contributed not a little, for, with the vulgar as with the educated, no talker was ever seriously taken for a conjuror, though a silent man is often decided to be a wise one.

There was but one person in N—— at all disposed to rebel against the despotic sovereignty which Rhys Meredith was silently establishing over the quiet village, and that was precisely the person most likely to effect a revolution; she was a beautiful maiden, the glory and boast of the village, who had been the favourite of, and to a certain degree educated by, the late lady of the lord of the manor; but she had died, and her pupil, with a full consciousness of her intellectual superiority, had returned to her native village, where she determined to have an empire of her own, which no rival should dispute: she laughed at the maidens who listened to the predictions of Rhys, and she refused her smiles to the youths who consulted him upon their affairs and their prospects; and as the beautiful Ruth was generally beloved, the silent Rhys was soon in danger of being abandoned by all, save doting men and paralytic women, and feeling himself an outcast in the village of N——.

But to be such was not the object of Meredith; he was an idle man, and the gifts of the villagers contributed to spare him from exertion; he knew too, that in another point of view this ascendancy was necessary to his purposes; and as he had failed to establish it by wisdom and benevolence, he determined to try the effect of fear. The character of the people with whom he sojourned was admirably calculated to assist his predictions, which were now uttered more clearly, and his threats denounced in sterner tones and stronger and plainer words; and when he predicted that old Morgan Williams, who had been stricken with the palsy, would die at the turn of tide, three days from that on which he spoke, and that the light little boat of gay Griffy Morris, which sailed from the bay in a bright winter's morning, should never again make the shore; and the man died, and the storm arose, even as he had said; men's hearts died within them, and they bowed down before his words, as if he had been their general fate and the individual destiny of each. Ruth's rosy lip grew pale for a moment as she heard of these things; in the next her spirit returned, and "I will make him tell my fortune," she said, as she went with a party of laughers to search out and deride the conjuror. He was alone when they broke in upon him, and their mockeries goaded his spirit; but his anger was deep, not loud; and while burning with wrath, he yet could calmly consider the means of vengeance: he knew the master-spirit with which he had to contend; it was no ordinary mind, and would have smiled at ordinary terrors. To have threatened her with sickness, misfortune, or death, would have been to call forth the energies of that lofty spirit, and prepare it to endure, and it would have gloried in manifesting its powers of endurance; he must humble it therefore by debasement; he must ruin its confidence in itself; and to this end he resolved to threaten her with crime. His resolution was taken and effected; his credit was at stake; he must daunt his enemy, or surrender to her power:

he foretold sorrows and joys to the listening throng, not according to his passion, but his judgment, and he drew a blush upon the cheek of one, by revealing a secret which Ruth herself, and another, alone knew, and which prepared the former to doubt of her own judgment, as it related to this extraordinary man.

Ruth was the last who approached to hear the secret of her destiny. The wizard paused as he looked upon her,—opened his book,—shut it,—paused,—and again looked sadly and fearfully upon her; she tried to smile, but felt startled, she knew not why; the bright inquiring glance of her dark eye could not change the purpose of her enemy. Her smile could not melt, nor even temper, the hardness of his deep-seated malice: he again looked sternly upon her brow, and then coldly wrung out the slow soul-withering words, "Maiden, thou art doomed to be a murderer!"

From that hour Rhys Meredith became the destiny of Ruth Tudor. At first she spurned at his prediction, and alternately cursed and laughed at him for the malice of his falsehood: but when she found that none laughed with her, that men looked upon her with suspicious eyes, women shrunk from her society, and children shrieked at her presence, she felt that these were signs of truth, and her high spirit no longer struggled against the conviction; a change came over her mind when she had known how horrid it was to be alone. Abhorring the prophet, she yet clung to his footsteps, and while she sat by his side, felt as if he alone could avert that evil destiny which he alone had foreseen. With him only was she seen to smile; elsewhere, sad, silent, stern; it seemed as if she were ever occupied in nerving her mind for that which she had to do, and her beauty, already of the majestic cast, grew absolutely awful, as her perfect features assumed an expression which might have belonged to the angel of vengeance or death.

But there were moments when her naturally strong spirit, not yet wholly subdued, struggled against her conviction, and endeavoured to find modes of averting her fate: it was in one of these, perhaps, that she gave her hand to a wooer, from a distant part of the country, a sailor, who either had not heard, or did not regard the prediction of Rhys, upon condition that he should remove her far from her native village to the home of his family and friends, for she sometimes felt as if the decree which had gone forth against her, could not be fulfilled except upon the spot where she had heard it, and that her heart would be lighter if men's eyes would again look upon her in kindliness, and she no longer sate beneath the glare of those that knew so well the secret of her soul. Thus thinking, she quitted N—— with her husband; and the tormentor, who had poisoned her repose, soon after her departure, left the village as secretly and as suddenly as he had entered it.

But, though Ruth could depart from his corporeal presence, and look upon his cruel visage no more, yet the eye of her soul was fixed upon his shadow, and his airy form, the creation of her sorrow, still sat by her side; the blight that he had breathed upon her peace had withered her heart, and it was in vain that she sought to forget or banish the recollection from her brain. Men and women smiled upon her as before in the days of her joy, the friends of her husband welcomed her to their bosoms, but they could give no peace to her heart: she shrunk from their friendship, she shivered equally at their neglect, she dreaded any cause that might lead to that which, it had been said, she must do; nightly she sat alone and thought, she dwelt upon the characters of those around her, and shuddered that in some she saw violence and selfishness enough to cause injury, which she might be supposed to resent to blood. Then she wept bitter tears and though of her native village, whose inhabitants were so mild, and whose previous knowledge of her hapless destiny might induce them to avoid all that might hasten its completion, and sighed to think she had ever left it in the mistaken hope of finding peace elsewhere. Again, her sick fancy would ponder upon the modes of murder, and wonder how her victim would fall. Against the use of actual violence she had disabled herself; she had never struck a blow, her small hand would have suffered injury in the attempt; she understood not the use of fire-arms, she was ignorant of what were poisons, and a knife she never allowed herself, even for the most necessary purposes: how then could she

slay? At times she took comfort from thoughts like these, and at others, in the blackness of her despair, she would cry, 'If it must be, O let it come, and these miserable anticipations cease; then I shall, at least, destroy but one; now, in my incertitude, I am the murderer of many!'

Her husband went forth and returned upon the voyages which made up the avocation and felicity of his life, without noticing the deep-rooted sorrow of his wife; he was a common man, and of a common mind; his eye had not seen the awful beauty of her whom he had chosen; his spirit had not felt her power; and if he had marked, he would not have understood her grief; so she ministered to him as a duty. She was a silent and obedient wife, but she saw him come home without joy, and witnessed his departure without regret; he neither added to nor diminished her sorrow; but destiny had one solitary blessing in store for the victim of its decrees,—a child was born to the hapless Ruth, a lovely little girl soon slept upon her bosom, and coming as it did, the one lone and lovely rose-bud in her desolate garden, she welcomed it with a warmer joy and cherished it with a kindlier hope.

A few years went by unsoiled by the wretchedness which had marked the preceding; the joy of the mother softened the anguish of the condemned, and sometimes when she looked upon her daughter she ceased to despair: but destiny had not forgotten her claim, and soon her hand pressed heavily upon her victim; the giant ocean rolled over the body of her husband, poverty visited the cottage of the widow, and famine's gaunt figure was visible in the distance. Oppression came with these, for arrears of rent were demanded, and he who asked was brutal in his anger and harsh in his language to the sufferers. Ruth shuddered as she heard him speak, and trembled for him and for herself; the unforgotten prophecy arose in her mind, and she preferred even witnesses to his brutality and her degradation, rather than encounter his anger and her own dark thoughts alone.

Thus goaded, she saw but one thing that could save her, she fled from her persecutors to the home of her youth, and, leading her little Rachel by the hand, threw herself into the arms of her kin: they received her with distant kindness, and assured her that she should not want: in this they kept their promise, but it was all they did for Ruth and her daughter; a miserable subsistence was given to them, and that was embittered by distrust, and the knowledge that it was yielded unwillingly.

(*To be continued.*)

On Bathing.

No. 13.

SULPHUR BATH.

In directing the attention of our readers to the virtues of sulphur as a medicinal, we have to regret that it is not sufficiently appreciated by the public; the many advantages this mineral possesses, when resorted to as a medicine, certainly deserve to be more particularized. From ages the most remote, this has been a standard useful medicine; the earliest physicians have recorded its merits, and it is of no mean repute in the opinion of those of the present day, who acknowledge its utility and efficacy, and that it possesses many excellent qualities, and is perfectly safe.

It is the opinion of many persons, whose learning commands feelings of the greatest respect, that there are, perhaps, few diseases for which nature has not provided an appropriate remedy, either in the form of pimples or condiments, and that they are frequently indicated to us when ill. When attacked with fever, fresh air, water, acidulated drinks and fruits, are uppermost in our thoughts. How many are the instances too, of animals selecting various vegetables for their use when indisposed, and for which, at other times, they are perfectly indifferent. As vegetables contain a portion of sulphur, some more than others, and as its action is purgative, cooling, and opening, to the numerous exertions of the body, are they not led instinctively to these remedies? Perhaps even to select the very article containing most of that principle, which relieves them by its safe and varied mode of operation.

The public are not aware how many complaints are cured by purgatives alone; nor are the occasional doses of aperient medicines sufficiently appreciated as a preventative of disease.

There are many, and those of the highest medical authority, who recommend the more general use of purgatives, more especially of late years, even for disorders of an opposite nature. For many diseases, where obscurity or complexity of symptoms was a leading feature in the complaint, and where powerful medicines are frequently given at a venture. The late Dr. Warren left a valuable maxim for the guidance of medical successors, viz. 'When they were at a loss what to do, they should then prescribe a purgative, and they would not be far wrong:' and so far is this approved, that we believe it is very much the practice at present, with the most eminent advisers.

Sulphur, moreover, not only acts as a purgative, when taken for a short period, but it more than any other medicine cleanses the body of any latent matter likely to be productive of disease, by its increasing so much the healthy action of the skin through the medium of its pores. It certainly is the best cosmetic known, and one of its boasts is, that it is perfectly safe: it clears the skin from that roughness of feel, or harshness, which is so frequent with many persons, and it soon removes those small unsightly appearances which arise from exposure to the rays of the sun. It is a medicine that is taken in a variety of forms, and used in as many externally; but the smell that it occasions, when thus used, has always been a source of great objection. Within these last few years, a mode of exhibiting it has been found out in France, and is in very general use there and throughout the continent, which by a combination divests the medicine of the unpleasant odour, and still retains all its virtues. It is in the form of a gaseous or fumigating bath; some of which have been erected by Mr. Green, on an improved principle, and are resorted to for the pleasant and expeditious way by which their effects are developed, more especially as applicable to chronic complaints; such as liver complaints, obstinate head-aches, affections of the skin, obtuse pains, &c. Water-baths, impregnated with this mineral, do not possess the same efficacy, and communicate a smell as unpleasant as it is temperament.

If there is such a thing as a specific medicine, it would certainly seem to be identified in this; as it pervades almost all vegetable substances more or less, and forms a part of all decomposed animal matter, evinced even in the ovum of an egg; it is to be found in every portion of the globe; the atmosphere is continually being impregnated with it, particularly as it arises from the combustion and frequent eruptions from volcanoes: we are constantly receiving it into our bodies without being conscious of it.

(*To be continued.*)

FIRST LOVE.

'The heart that has truly lov'd never forgets.' *Moore.*

The power which 'first love' possessed over the mind, has long been admitted by those who have pretended to any knowledge of the human heart. Poets have sung its magic sway, and historians have related its effects; modern times are not wanting in examples of its intense influence over the feelings, and the soul of almost every one, reverberates the peculiar and delectable impression it conveys.

Eliza Maitland, the daughter of respectable parents, was, at the interesting age of sixteen, suddenly taken dangerously ill. The anxious inquiries of friends, and their affectionate solicitude, served to mitigate, in some degree, the pain her parents felt, at the prospect of losing the hope of their declining years. None among them were more assiduous and tender in their inquiries than Charles B——, the darling of a neighbouring family, in which he was the eldest son. The companion of his sisters, and the playmate of his boyhood, Eliza occupied a place in his heart, of which he himself was perfectly unconscious. Each day, as the mournful tidings 'Eliza is no better,' was conveyed to his home, he became dull, and more retired in his manner; his sisters, on their part, were too much absorbed in grief for the state of their friend's health, to notice the alteration in the appearance and behaviour of their brother.

After lying for a fortnight in so precarious a state, that her medical attendants absolutely despaired of her life, Eliza began gradually to amend; in a short time she was allowed to venture

abroad, and her first visit was to the Misses B——. Charles was reading to them as she entered the room, and upon perceiving her, manifested so visible a confusion, as to call forth a remark; he attributed it to the pleasing surprise of her unexpected appearance, and continued, during her stay, to be one of the most cheerful of the party; At night when he retired to rest, he endeavoured to satisfy his own mind as to the reasons for his sudden confusion; he had frequently seen her before; indeed, scarcely a day passed in which they did not meet; why, then, should he start at her appearance? his thoughts kept him awake until a late hour, and all night long he was dreaming of Eliza Maitland—the object, as his heart now told him, of his dearest hopes and affections —he saw her in the vagaries of slumber —he was seated with her in her little arbour—he breathed into her ear his tale of love; the smile of affection dimpled her cheek, and she blushed a consent to his ardent vows. Then she was torn from his embrace, and carried he knew not whither; and he was left comfortless and alone. When he awoke in the morning, the wanderings of his imagination were recalled to his memory, and Eliza was again the object of his waking dreams. He was now eighteen years of age, in a few more years he would be allowed to judge and to act for himself; and the probability of her one day becoming his wife crossed his brain. The idea seemed to infuse new vigour into his frame, and he was again cheerful and contented.

One day as he was walking with Eliza, accompanied by his sisters, who had rambled a few paces forward, he was complimenting her on her healthy appearance, so much more so than he had observed since her illness.

'Ah! Eliza,' added he, 'I feared we should have lost you.'

'I should have regretted leaving this world for little else but the company of my parents, your sisters, and yourself;' replied the ingenuous girl.

'And should you, Eliza, have regretted *me*? could you at such an hour think on one so slightly connected with you as I am?' was the hasty language of his answer.

'Say not *slightly* connected, dear Charles,' replied she, 'you are to me as dear as a brother.'

Charles' heart was upon his lips, and had it not been for Eliza answering to the call of her friends, he would certainly have avowed his love, and assured her that she was dearer to him than a sister.

He now gave himself up entirely to the enjoyment of his passion; he was assured that he possessed an interest in the heart, upon which all his hopes were fixed;—he was composed,—he was happy.

The rose blooms in beauty, and sheds forth a delicious perfume; but a sudden blight will wither it on its stem! How often is the morning bright and cheerful, but to precede a day of storms and gloom! And such are the hopes of man; budding in beauty, but blighted by the chill winds of misfortune. To such a fate were doomed the brightest hopes of Charles; the hopes upon which expectation founded her only chance of happiness. Although Eliza was considered to be quickly recovering, yet she was far from enjoying health; disease had made such ravages upon her constitution, as required a length of time to repair: a return of the disorder, a few weeks after it was supposed to have been entirely removed, carried her off so suddenly, that the news of her decease came as an electric shock to the family of the B——s. Charles was hurt, deeply hurt: he wept not, but he felt that his peace of mind was gone; it seemed to him for ever.

From this period, he became gradually more and more gloomy, and fond of solitude: he no longer found pleasure in his customary amusements, or in the bustling charms of society: he felt, as it were, left alone in the midst of friends and relations; he felt something wanting, which the world could not supply. He was never heard to speak of Eliza; but whenever her name was mentioned in his hearing, he would sigh, and retire to indulge his grief apart from observation. One of his young companions, unguardedly observing to him, that he seemed very fond of her; he replied, 'I was indeed fond of her; I doated on her beyond description.—There are many girls of my acquaintance, whom I cordially esteem, and whom I could dearly love; but I feel convinced, that I can never love any other, as I loved Eliza Maitland.'

* * * * * *

Time soothed the poignancy of his grief, and a few years restored him *apparently* to his former self. He is now married, and the father of several children: yet, even now, although he is a most exemplary and affectionate husband, he frequently heaves a sigh, as his recollections stray backwards towards the halcyon days of his FIRST LOVE.

R. J.

Original Poetry.

THE MANIAC'S SONG.

In the tomb of his fathers my lover is laid.
And in the pale shroud is his body array'd;
But the time shall soon come when his once belov'd bride
Clad in vestments of death shall repose by his side.

His eyes shall no longer with brilliancy shine,
Ah! never again will his lips approach mine;
No more will he whisper the soft tale of love,
Who blissfully soars in the regions above.

My happiness like a false vision has fled,
Since Alonzo reposes in gloom with the dead,
Although ruthless death is the cause of my grief,
'Tis he who alone can afford me relief.

VULCAN.

TO THYRZA.

Tho' sorrow hath sadden'd
The tones of thy heart,
Still mine, love, is gladden'd
Wherever thou art.
As the swan to the river
When frozen and cold,
Will cling, love, for ever
To thee will I hold.

Oh, the clouds will pass over
That shadow thee now,
Not long will they hover
To darken thy brow;
Tho' the mid-day be clouded,
The twilight may clear,
Serene and unshrouded
At closing appear.

C. COLE.

THE CROWN.

I covet not the costliest gem
That proudest monarch ever wore;
I envy not his diadem
Of precious stones and glittering ore.
Full oft it binds an aching head.
Encircling doubt, and care, and dread.

I long not for the warrior's wreath,
The blood-stain'd laurels round his brow
Tells a sad tale from every leaf
Of dire distress and weeping woe.
O'er heaps of dead he wins his name,
And sails through seas of blood to fame.

The wealthy merchant's golden crown,
The lover's rosy coronet,
The proud patrician's high renown,
Are joys I never sigh'd for yet.
Riches are dust, and love's a toy,
Mere pride of birth is futile joy.

The painter's art, the sculptor's skill,
The poet's lyre almost divine;
Their honors with a ready will
For brighter glories I'd resign.
Oblivion marks them for his prey,
On Time's dark stream they float away.

The patriot whose noble heart
Beats only for his country's good,
Who, in her cause, would freely part
With worldly wealth and precious blood,
His name rever'd in ev'ry clime,
Mocks at the ravages of Time.

From age to age, from sire to son,
His glorious deeds are handed down,
And as the wings of time wave on,
Fresh honours grace his civic crown.
Who would not gaudier wreaths despise
For such a bright immortal prize!

ANSETTE.

Varieties.

THE SECRET BANDIT.

A Danish Story.

There lived formerly in Denmark a wealthy noble, who had an only child, a fair daughter. The maiden lacked not suitors, both for her beauty and amiable qualities, and for the land she would one day inherit; and among them all she selected one who was distinguished by his handsome person and gallant bearing, nor less so for his apparent riches, although he was a stranger in those parts, and no one could tell where lay his possessions, or whence he came. In short, the day was fixed for their betrothment, upon which occasion a mag-

nificent entertainment was to be given by the nobleman. It chanced, however, that on the preceding eve the maiden walked out, unaccompanied by any attendant; and ere she was aware of the distance she had wandered, had lost herself in a deep wood. At length meeting with what seemed to be a path, she pursued the track, but found that it conducted to a dismal cavern, that extended for some way beneath the ground. Struck with wonder at its romantic appearance, she determined to explore it; and advancing onwards, soon discovered a spacious vault that had every appearance of being inhabited, and that, too, not by a hermit or religious recluse, but by one who had a taste for wealth and luxury. She next proceeded into an inner chamber, where she saw a shining heap of gold and silver, which, on examination, she found to consist of richly chased goblets and costly vessels and gold coin. Continuing her search, she came to a third chamber, where to her exceeding dismay and horror, she beheld the remains of human carcasses, dead men's bones, and hideous skulls. She was now certain that she was in a retreat of robbers and murderers, and was about to make her escape as quickly as possible, when the sound of approaching footsteps warned her to conceal herself instantly behind a kind of projecting pillar at the end of this chamber of death. Hardly had she screened herself before a robber entered bearing in his arms the dead body of a lady richly attired, from which he began to strip the jewels and ornaments. While the barbarian was thus employed, the maiden caught a glimpse of his features, and a cry of horror nearly escaped her lips, as she discovered them to be those of her lover. He had now plundered the body of all but a very beautiful ring, when in his impatience to get it, he cut off the finger with his sword, but with such violence that it flew to some distance, very near the spot where the maiden was concealed. Fortunately, however, he did not stay to search for it, but having heard a signal from without, hurried away to rejoin his comrades. For some minutes the maiden stood rooted to the spot, with horror at what she had witnessed, and dread for her own fate; at length hearing no noise whatever, she ventured from her hiding place, and soon after stole out of the cavern, having first picked up the finger that had been cut off, and succeeded in finding her way home, where she found her father awaiting her return in the greatest anxiety. She excused herself by saying that she had wandered much farther than she intended, but mentioned not a word of the cavern, or the scene she had witnessed in it. On the following day the bridegroom arrived at the castle, attended by several companions, all splendidly attired, and the lady welcomed him as befitted one who was to be her future lord. As they afterwards sat at the festal board, and the goblet passed round, each guest recited some legend or wondrous tale. At length it came to the lady's turn to be a narrator; whereupon she began to relate the adventures of a damsel, who, having lost herself in a forest, took shelter in a cave that was used by banditti for concealing their booty.

The bridegroom listened with the utmost anxiety. 'Within this cave,' continued she, 'were many chambers, one of which was filled with heaps of gold and silver; in another were hands and legs and other remains of dead bodies.' The bridegroom could scarcely conceal his agitation; yet seemed to lend an ear of unconcerned attention to the story, which proceeded to state how the damsel was surprised by the return of the robbers; how she concealed herself, and the shocking scene she beheld. 'Ha! a pleasant tale, truly,' exclaimed he, when the lady had finished; 'yet, methinks, better for an old crone's fireside, than a banquet like ours.' 'I have reason to believe, however,' rejoined the damsel, 'that it is not a mere gossip's legend, but a fact.' 'A fact!' exclaimed several of the guests. 'Yes, one does not care to vouch for the truth of stories of the kind in general, but I am inclined to believe this, because 'tis indeed a very odd circumstance, I happen to have the very finger and ring that the robber cut off.' What now followed may be easily conjectured. He who had entered the castle as a welcome guest, was detained with his comrades as prisoners, and shortly after delivered up to the arm of justice. As for the lady, she thanked Heaven for having rescued her in the first place from imminent peril, and in the next from a union with a guilty assassin.

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The Casket.

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APPARITION OF THE LAIRD OF CASSWAY.

There is an old story which I have often heard related, about a great laird of Cassway, in an outer corner of Dumfries-shire, of the name of Beattie, and his two sons; the second son, Francis, fell desperately in love with a remarkably beautiful girl, the eldest daughter of Henry Scott of Drumfielding, a gentleman, but still only a retainer, and far beneath Beattie of Cassway, both in wealth and influence. Francis was a scholar newly returned from the university—was tall, handsome, of a pale complexion, and gentlemanly appearance, while Thomas, the eldest son, was fair, ruddy, and stout made, a perfect picture of health and good-humour,—a sportsman, a warrior, and a jovial blade.

Now, though Thomas, or the young laird, as he was called, had only spoke once to Ellen Scott in his life, at which time he chucked her below the chin, and bid the deil take him if ever he saw as bonny a face in his whole born days; yet, for all that, Ellen loved him. It could not be said that she was in love with him, for a maiden's heart must be won before it is given absolutely away; but hers gave him the preference to any other young man.

Such was the state of affairs when Francis came home, and fell desperately in love with Ellen Scott; and was so much delighted with her, that he asked and obtained her father's permission to pay his addresses to her.

Henry Scott, of Drumfielding, the father of Ellen, was a widower, with six

daughters, over whom presided Mrs. Jane Jerdan, their maternal aunt, a right old maid, with fashions and ideas even more antiquated than herself, who could not bear the idea of Ellen's marriage with a younger brother, especially when she considered the fair chance she had of wedding the young laird, Tom Beattie.

In a few days, Henry of Drumfielding was called out to attend his chief on some expedition; on which Mrs. Jane, not caring to trust her message to any other person, went over to Cassway, and invited the young laird to see her niece, quite convinced that her charms and endowments would at once enslave the elder brother as they had done the younger. Tom Beattie was delighted at finding such a good back friend as Mrs. Jane, for he had for a twelvemonth had designs upon Ellen Scott; he had scarcely considered of what nature, but was quite convinced of the necessity of some love affair between the beauty and himself, and it was only sheer want of leisure that had prevented him from putting it in execution.

Thomas Beattie was true to his appointment, as may be supposed, and Mrs. Jane having her niece rigged out in eminent style, he was perfectly charmed with her; and really it cannot be denied that Ellen was as much delighted with him. She was young, gay, and frolicsome, and Tom had no sooner met with her, even in her aunt's presence, than he began a flattering her, and from that to toying and romping with her; so that Ellen never spent a more joyous and happy afternoon, or knew before what it was to be in a presence that delighted her. True, he never mentioned the word marriage, though Mrs. Jane gave him plenty of opportunities, but Ellen liked his company a great deal the better. It had always proved a chilling, damping sort of term, that, to her; and in the buoyancy of youthful spirits, innocence and gaiety, she liked better that it should be set aside for the present; and never two lovers came better on than Tom Beattie of Cassway and the beautiful Ellen of Drumfielding.

There were two beds in the room with running doors, all of which stood delightfully open, in order to show the beautiful coverlets within; and as Ellen had become very teasing, Mrs. Jane ventured to remind the laird of the above circumstances, adding, that she deemed the wild gilly well deserved to feel the metal of a gentleman's beard, as none of her former lovers had been blessed with such a privilege, The laird took the hint, and tried, at a gentle wrestle, to place Ellen on the stock of one of the beds, but he could not, without being more rude, than, even in that rude age, good manners allowed; and in this gentle exercise were the two engaged, altogether by themselves, when the room-door opened, and in popped Francis Beattie! Ellen's face was flushed with laughter and animated exertion, and when she saw her devoted lover at her side, she blushed still deeper, and her glee was damped in a moment. She looked rather like a condemned criminal, or at least a guilty creature, than what she really was,—a being over whose mind the cloud of guilt had never cast its shadow.

Francis loved her above all things on earth or in heaven, and the moment he saw her standing abashed, and extricating herself gently from the hands of his brother, his spirit was moved to jealousy—to maddening and uncontrollable jealousy. His ears rang, his hair stood on end, and the contour of his face became like a bent bow. He walked up to his brother with his hand on his hilt, and almost inarticulately addressed him thus, while his teeth ground together like a horse-rattle:

'Pray, sir, may I ask you of your intentions, and of what you are seeking here?'

'I know not, Frank, what right you have to ask any such questions; but you will allow that I have a right to ask of you what the devil you are seeking here at present, seeing you come so very inopportunely.'

'Do you know what you are doing, sir, and what you have done, or what you have attem pted?—That maiden, sir, is my maiden—my beloved and betrothed maiden—dearer to me than life and all its enjoyments; and ere you touch that dear maiden with a foul finger, sir, you shall sooner touch my heart's blood! Dare you put it to the issue of the sword this moment?'

'Come now, dear Francis, don't fall on to act the fool and the madman both at a time, for this maiden is not your maiden, nor ever will be either your maiden or your wife; and rather than

bring such a dispute to the issue of the sword between two brothers who never had a quarrel in their lives, I propose that we bring it to a much more temperate and decisive issue here where we stand, by giving the maiden her choice. Stand you there at that corner of the room, I at this, and Ellen in the middle; let us both ask her, and to whomsoever she comes, the prize be his; but while I ask her here from you, I ask her only as my mistress.'

'My dearest Ellen,' said Francis, affectionately, 'you know that I aspire to your love only in the most honourable way; confirm then my appeal by coming to my arms, and suffering me to embrace you as my own loved and betrothed dame, in the presence of this presumptuous libertine.'

Ellen stood motionless, looking stedfastly down at the hem of her green jerkin, which she was nibbling with both her hands.

'Ellen, I need not tell you that I love you, for a woman knows that by instinct,' said Thomas. 'Nor need I attempt to tell how dearly and how long I will love you, for in faith I cannot. Put reason to her cradle then, and suffer nature to have her own way, and I am sure of my Ellen for them all.'

Ellen looked up. There was a smile on her lovely face; an arch, mischievous, and happy smile, but it turned not on Thomas. Her face turned to the contrary side, but yet the beam of that smile fell not on Francis, who stood in a state of as terrible suspense between hope and fear, as a sinner at the gate of heaven, who has implored of St. Peter to open the gate, and awaits a final answer. The die of his fate was soon cast, for Ellen Scott looking one way, yet moving another, straightway threw herself into Thomas Beattie's arms, exclaiming, 'Ah, Tom! Tom! I fear I am doing that which I shall rue, but I must trust to your generosity, for bad as you are, I like you the best.'

Thomas was deeply affected by this appeal of the young and splendid beauty to his generosity. He took her in his arms, and embraced and kissed her; but before he could say a word in return, the despair and rage of his brother breaking forth over every barrier of reason, interrupted him. 'This is the trick of a coward, to screen himself from the chastisement he deserves,' cried Francis, shaking his sword at his brother. 'A mean and infamous appeal to the agitated passions of an inexperienced and infatuated girl. But you escape me not thus! Follow me if you dare!' And he rushed from the house, shaking his naked sword at his brother.

Ellen trembled with agitation at the young man's rage; and while Thomas still pressed her to his bosom, and assured her of his unalterable affection, in came Mrs. Jane Jerdan, shaking her apron, and tucking it so as to make it twang like a bowstring.

'What's a' this, squire Tummas? Are you going to put up wi' a' that bullying and threatening? Or do you propose to chastise the fool according to his folly?'

'In truth, Mrs. Jane, he must be humbled. It will not do to suffer him to carry matters with so high a hand.'

'Ay, but promise to me that ye winna fight him.'

'O promise, promise!' cried Ellen vehemently, 'for the sake of heaven's love, promise my aunt that.'

Thomas smiled and shook his head. Mrs. Jane went on:

'Do it then—do it with a vengeance, and remember this, that wherever ye set the place o' combat, be it in hill or dale, I shall have a thirdsman to encourage thee on.'

Thomas Beattie took all this for words of course, as Mrs. Jane was well known for a raving, ranting old maid, whose vehemence few noticed, but many viewed her with terror, as a being possessed of superhuman powers; so after many expressions of the fondest love for Ellen, he took his leave, his mind being made up how it behoved him to deal with his brother.

Francis slept little that night, being wholly set on revenge for the disgraceful way in which he had lost his beloved mistress; and putting himself in light armour, proceeded to the place of rendezvous. He had farther to go than his elder brother, and on coming in sight of the crook of Glen-dearg, he perceived the latter there before him. He was wrapt in his cavalier cloak, and walking up and down the crook with impassioned strides.

Francis pursued his way till close at his brother's side, and then addressing him in the same insolent terms, he desired him in to cease his cowardly cogitations and draw. His opponent instantly wheeled about, threw off his

horseman's cloak, and presented his sword; and behold the young man's father stood before him armed and ready for action! The sword fell from Francis's hand, and he stood appalled as if he had been a statue, unable either to utter a word or move a muscle.

(*To be Continued.*)

On Bathing.

No. 14.

WARM AIR, &c. BATHS.

Chlorine, and warm or hot air baths, are in general use throughout the continent of Europe, and are recommended by the most eminent of the faculty in this country, as a simple, safe, and efficacious remedy; frequently removing long standing diseases, which resist the powers of medicine; but when judiciously combined, the cure is invariably more certain.

These baths are principally calculated for the removal of obstinate diseases, as gouty and rheumatic affections, obstructions in the liver, scrofula, cutaneous diseases, head aches, female complaints, and those arising from a weakened or irregular circulation. Many persons take these baths with great benefit, as a salutary process, particularly those who have been in warm climates.

M. La Beaume has constructed a very ingenious apparatus, capable of applying the warm air-bath to patients at their own houses, and in bed, which he has denominated a *portable sudatory*. The apparatus is particularly light, and may be conveyed by hand with the greatest facility. This bath is atmospheric air, heated by artificial means, regulated by a thermometer to a certain temperature, and is introduced to the patient, under the bedclothes, as he lies in bed in the most agreeable position. The immediate effect is a genial glow, ascending gradually from the feet to the head, which imparts to the patient a luxurious sensation, and invariably produces copious perspiration.

The portable sudatory acts in the most eligible and prompt manner, by throwing into the system a certain degree of heat to increase and equalize the circulation, relax the vessels of the skin and produce perspiration, by which means it removes those obstructions which occasion and perpetuate disease. The convenience of this remedy is obvious, and its form proves it to be the best means hitherto devised for prompt application in cases of emergency.

The singular efficacy of this portable sudatory is its chief recommendation, and the cases that have come under observation, show, that the most beneficial effects have been produced by its employment in the most desperate cases of disease. Not only instantaneous relief from pain has been afforded, but a new action has been given to the system, by only one application of the remedy, which has led to rapid and lasting recovery from the most dangerous complaints. The sudatory is an invaluable remedy in a variety of cases. M. La Beaume has employed its powers in gout, rheumatism, palsy, dropsy, cutaneous eruptions, and many other disorders, with great benefit.

To persons of a robust and vigorous habit, we cannot recommend a more pleasant enjoyment, than what is commonly called the *air bath*. Its benefits were first insisted on by the late celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who describes it with his peculiar simplicity, in the following words: "Every morning at day-break, I get out of bed, and pass half an hour or an hour in my chamber, according to the season, in writing or reading, without my clothes, and this seems rather pleasant than otherwise; and if I return to bed, as is sometimes the case, before I dress myself, I have an addition to my night's rest of one or two hours sleep, sweeter than you can imagine." The late lord Monboddo, a man of an amiable, though eccentric character, was so decided an advocate for the air-bath, that he accustomed himself to take violent exercise, when quite undressed, in the open air.

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

THE DUSTMAN.

No. XIX.

'———I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness;———'

Who is there, among the residents in

'London's famous city,' who has not often been awakened, on a winter's morning, by the monotonous sound of the dustman's bell; or who has not recognised his 'Dust, oh!' as a well known cry? who is there, so uninitiated in 'Life in London,' as not to know, that 'Dusty Bob' cuts a most conspicuous figure among the '*pinks*' that cross its stage?

But leaving the dustman, whom 'the fancy' have introduced to us, to the company of his *pals*, and the enjoyment of his *heavy*, let us direct our attention to 'the dustman of *real* life,' and trace out a few of his peculiarities. Let us imagine him, just as he has stopped his cart, (or, to speak more correctly, the horse which draws it,) and has commenced his inquiries into the stock of ashes, existing in each separate house.—Observe him as he begins, by a peculiar motion which he gives to his arm, to sound the heavy bell which dangles at the end of a leather strap, from the fingers of his right hand. Is he not a most extraordinary looking being?

The first part of his exterior, that excites particular notice, is the enormous hat; which hangs half way down his back, like a large skate upon the shoulders of a Dutch fisherman: but just peep under its shady rim, and catch a glance at his countenance, what a mixture of rude health and artificial colouring! what a combination of good humour and *black looks*! How the dirt and dust, which have accumulated upon his visage, eclipse its naturally ruddy complexion, and hide, beneath their unseemly and ill-favoured disguise, the smile of careless poverty! What a curious piece of workmanship does his thick woollen jacket appear! studded at each elbow, and at the top of each shoulder, with several folds of the same clumsy material! The buttons, though they were evidently once of the same colour as the rest of the garment, are now blackened and begrimed in a far greater degree: more obvious to the sight, they have likewise been more in the way of the dust; and standing forward, as if they dared the consequences of their presumption, have received more than their share of all the mischances and misfortunes, which 'the dustman's' jacket is doomed to endure. His red waistcoat, too, is it not perfectly *outre*? the white buttons, which at intervals decorate its front, do they not produce a most appropriate effect? Consider! a 'dustman,' without a red waistcoat with white buttons, would, to the eye, be no dustman at all! Reader, if you do not believe this, just ask yourself 'what other waistcoat would suit him?' and if you can 'suit' yourself with an answer during one whole hour's close study, as you sit by your parlour fire; why then, you may rise, and take it for granted, that you know quite as much about 'the dustman' as we do ourselves.

But look for a moment at his ancles, do you not perceive something affixed to them, and covering the tops of his large laced-up half-boots? they are pieces of old carpet, which at one time or another he has turned out of his 'basket,' and placed there to defend his feet from the assaults of his close companion—dust.

'The dustman' is a walking 'waste butt;' a reservoir for stale small beer, sour table ale, and flat porter; any of which, he will at all times pour down his throat in almost indefinite quantities: when he starts in the morning, he is quite uneasy till he 'wets' his 'muzzle;' and at every house he calls at, is sure to crave 'something to drink,' because the dust 'wants washing down;' and at every house is sure to receive a *modicum* of malt liquor, or in lieu of it some money for its purchase, which he as surely disposes of at the public house, in exchange for its full value of 'Meux's' or 'Barclay's entire.'

When 'the dustman' has done work, his chief amusement is to walk about the cinder heaps, smoking tobacco in a short pipe. On Sundays, he sometimes strolls, like other folks, into the 'country,' and enjoys, as well as any one else, 'a walk in the fields;' but *his* country is Battle bridge or Islington; and the fields in which *he* wanders, boast neither green herbage or wild flowers, but are well known in the vicinity of the metropolis as '*brick* fields:' there he can meet brick-makers, and scavengers, and cinder wenches; and find amusement in discussing the value of 'breeze,' the gains and losses of different contractors, and the difference in quality of the 'stuff' from various parishes:—'*birds of a feather will flock together*,' and among other company 'the dustman' would be a stranger.

The *running* dustman is a variety of the same species; yet there is between the two a perceptible difference. He

is, to the regular dustman, what the smuggler is to the exciseman; and is viewed by him with quite as much ill-will. In appearance he is the same, but in practice very different; with him there is no loud cry of 'Dust;' no smacking of his short whip, no ringing of the bell. He sneaks through the streets, and into houses, in evident fear of being 'pulled up.' He is employed, not by a regular contractor, who pays for the dust, but by one who would wish to have the dust without paying for it: in short, to sum up his character, in the very emphatical name that has been given to him, he is 'the running dustman.'

The dustman's manners are rude and unpolished, yet, beneath them, are frequently concealed honesty and contentment. He would be considered among fashionables, as one of the 'dregs' of the people; yet, while he does his duty to those by whom he is employed, and violates no law of moral or social rectitude, he is, in the scale of virtue and usefulness, something above a par with those, who waste their existence and their fortune, as though they lived but for themselves; and are, in point of fact, much more worthless members of society, than the humble dustman.

R. J.

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

(*Continued.*)

Among the villagers, although she was no longer shunned as formerly, her story was not forgotten; if it had been, her terrific beauty, the awful flashing of her eyes, her large black curls hanging like thunder-clouds over her stern and stately brow and marble throat, her majestic stature, and solemn movements, would have recalled it to their recollections. She was a marked being, and all believed (though each would have pitied her, had they not been afraid) that her evil destiny was not to be averted; she looked like one fated to some wonderful deed. They saw she was not of them, and though they did not directly avoid her, yet they never threw themselves in her way, and thus the hapless Ruth had ample time to contemplate and grieve over her fate. One night she sat alone in her wretched hovel, and, with many bitter ruminations, was watching the happy sleep of her child, who slumbered tranquilly on their only bed; midnight had long passed, yet Ruth was not disposed to rest; she trimmed her dull light, and said mentally, "were I not poor, such a temptation might not assail me, riches would procure me deference; but poverty, or the wrongs it brings, may drive me to this evil; were I above want, it would be less likely to be. O, my child, for thy sake would I avoid this doom more than for mine own, for if it should bring death to me, what will it not hurl on thee?—infamy; agony, scorn."

She wept aloud as she spoke, and scarcely seemed to notice the singularity (at that late hour) of some one without, attempting to open the door; she heard, but the circumstance made little impression; she knew that as yet her doom was unfulfilled, and that, therefore, no danger could reach her; she was no coward at any time, and now despair had made her brave; the door opened and a stranger entered, without either alarming or disturbing her, and it was not till he had stood face to face with Ruth, and discovered his features to be those of Rhys Meredith, that she sprung up from her seat and gazed wildly and earnestly upon him.

Meredith gave her no time to question, 'Ruth Tudor,' said he, 'behold the cruelest of thy foes come suing to thy pity and mercy; I have embittered thy existence, and doomed thee to a terrible lot; what first was dictated by vengeance and malice became truth as I uttered it; for what I spoke I believed. Yet, take comfort, some of my predictions have failed, and why may not this be false? In my own fate I have ever been deceived, perhaps I may be equally so in thine; in the mean time have pity upon him who was thy enemy, but who, when his vengeance was uttered, instantly became thy friend. I was poor, and thy scorn might have robbed me of subsistence in danger, and thy contempt might have given me up. Beggared by many disastrous events, hunted by my creditors, I fled from my wife and son because I could no longer bear to contemplate their suffering; I sought fortune all ways since we parted, and always has she eluded my grasp till last night, when she rather tempted than smiled upon me. At an idle fair I met the steward of this estate drunk and stupid, but loaded with gold; he travel-

ed towards home alone; I could not, did not wrestle with the fiend that possessed me, but hastened to overtake him in his lonely ride. Start not! no hair of his head was harmed by me; of his gold I robbed him, but not of his life: though, had I been the greater villain, I should now be in less danger, since he saw and marked my person; three hundred pounds is the meed of my daring, and I must keep it now or die. Ruth, thou too art poor and forsaken, but thou art faithful and kind, and wilt not betray me to justice; save me, and I will not enjoy my riches alone; thou knowest all the caves in the rocks, those hideous hiding places, where no foot, save thine, has dared to tread; conceal me in these till the pursuit be past, and I will give thee one half my wealth, and return with the other to gladden my wife and son.'

The hand of Ruth was already opened, and in imagination she grasped the wealth he promised; oppression and poverty had somewhat clouded the nobleness, but not the fierceness of her spirit. She saw that riches would save her from wrath, perhaps from blood, and, as the means to escape so mighty an evil, she was not scrupulous respecting a lesser; independently of this, she felt a great interest in the safety of Rhys; her own fate seemed to hang upon his; she hid the ruffian in the caves and supplied him with light and food.

There was a happiness now in the heart of Ruth—a joy in her thoughts as she sat all the long day upon the deserted settle of her wretched fire-side, to which they had for many years been strangers. Many times during the past years of her sorrow, she had thought of Rhys, and longed to look upon his face and sit beneath his shadow, as one whose presence could preserve her from the evil fate which he himself had predicted. She had long since forgiven him his prophecy; she believed he had spoken truth, and this gave her a wild confidence in his power; a confidence that sometimes thought, 'if he can foreknow, can he not also avert?' She said mentally, without any reference to the temporal good he had promised her, 'I have a treasure in those caves; *he* is there; he who hath foreseen and may oppose my destiny; he hath shadowed my days with sorrow, and forbidden me, like ordinary beings, to hope; yet he is now in my power; his life is in my hands; he says so, yet I believe him not, for I cannot betray him if I would; were I to lead the officers of justice to the spot where he lies crouching, he would be invisible to their sight or to mine, or I should become speechless ere I could say, 'behold him.' No, he cannot die by me.'

And she thought she would deserve his confidence, and support him in his suffering; she had concealed him in a deep dark cave, hewn far in the rock, to which she alone knew the entrance from the beach; there was another (if a huge aperture in the top of the rock might be so called), which, far from attempting to descend, the peasants and seekers for the culprit had scarcely dared to look into, so perpendicular, dark, and uncertain, was the hideous descent into what justly appeared to them a bottomless abyss; they passed over his head in their search through the fields above, and before the mouth of his den upon the beach below, yet they left him in safety, though in incertitude and fear.

It was less wonderful, the suspicionless conduct of the villagers towards Ruth, than the calm prudence with which she conducted all the details relating to her secret; her poverty was well known, yet she daily procured a double portion of food, which was won by double labour; she toiled in the fields for the meed of oaten cake and potatoes, or she dashed out in a crazy boat on the wide ocean to win with the dredgers the spoils of the oyster-beds that lie on its bosom; the daintier fare was for the unhappy guest, and daily did she wander among the rocks, when the tides were retiring, for the shell-fish which they had flung among the fissures in their retreat, which she bore, exhausted with fatigue, to her home—and which her lovely child, now rising into womanhood, prepared for the luxurious meal; it was wonderful, too, the settled prudence of the little maiden, who spoke nothing of the food which was borne from their frugal board; if she suspected the secret of her mother, she respected it too much to allow others to discover that she did so.

(*To be continued.*)

Original Poetry.

THE FAREWELL.

Go, youth belov'd! in genial climes
New friends, new joys, new hopes to find,
Yet sometimes deign, in happier times,
To think on her you leave behind.

Your love, your fate, dear youth, to share
Must never be my happy lot;
But you may grant this humble pray'r,
Forget me not! forget me not!

Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful for your feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think of me.

But, oh! if grief your steps attend,
If care, if sickness be your lot,
And you require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not!

S. D.

THE LOVER'S OATH.

By Diana's silver car,
By the bright Hesperian star,
By Aurora's flushing cheek,
By pale eve with farewell meek,
By the golden noon-day bright,
By the sphere-bespankled night,
By all pretty things that move,
By yourself all sweets above,
You, and only you, I love.

W. F. G.

GOOD TRADE.

At Highgate, (that salubrious air,)
Had thriv'n butchers, bakers,
But since a doctor settled there,
None thrive but undertakers.

THE RECOMPENSE OF LOVE.

"What recompense, my lady wife,
For all my faults can I bestow you?
I own I've liv'd a rakish life,
A thousand *debts of love* I owe you!"
"Pay one, my lord—'tis all I mind,"
"Name it, thou dear forgiving creature."
"Only, my lord, you'll be so kind,
Shortly to pay the *debt of Nature.*"

A DAIRYMAN'S EPITAPH.

My pump was handy and my chalk was white;
My yoke was easy, and my burthen light.

W. P. D.

ANECDOTE VERSIFIED.

A Pat, an odd joker, and Yankee more sly,
Once riding together, a gallows pass'd by;
Said the Yankee to Pat, 'If I don't make too free,
Give that gallows its due, and pray where would *you* be?'
'Why, honey,' said he, 'faith, that's easily known,
I'd be riding to town by myself *all alone.*'

C. F. B.

SATIRE.

Why's satire like a blacksmith's shop?
"I cannot tell, d'ye see,"
Cried Farmer Stonehead—"Like—stop—what?—
Satire?—Because 'tis *irony.*"

W. P. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many valuable communications have been received, but are not inserted for want of room.

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The Casket.

No. 38.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1827. [Price 1d.



THE FRIGHTED MILLER.

About the year of our Lord, 1632, near unto Chester-le-street, there lived one Walker, a yeoman of good estate, and a widower, who had a young woman to his kinswoman, that kept his house, who was by the neighbours suspected to be with child; and was towards the dark of the evening one night sent away with one Mark Sharp, who was a collier, or one that digged coals under ground, and one that had been born in Blackburn-Hundred, in Lancashire; and so she was not heard of a long time, and a little or no noise was made about it. In the winter time after, one James Graham, a miller, living about two miles from the place where Walker lived, was one night alone very late in the mill grinding corn; and at about twelve or one o'clock at night he came down stairs, having been putting corn in the hopper, the mill doors being fast shut, there stood a woman upon the midst of the floor with her hair about her head hanging down all bloody, with five large wounds on her head. He being much affrighted and amazed, began to bless himself, and at last asked who she was, and what she wanted? To which she said, I am the spirit of such a woman, who lived with Walker; and being got with child by

him, he promised to send me to a private place, where I should be well looked to until I was brought to bed, and well again, and then I should come again and keep his house.

And accordingly, said the apparition, I was one night late sent away with one Mark Sharp, who, upon a moor (naming a place the miller knew) slew me with a pick (such as men dig coals withal) and gave me these five wounds, and after threw my body into a coal pit hard by, and hid the pick under a bank; and his shoes and stockings being bloody he endeavoured to wash them, but seeing the blood would not wash out, he hid them there. And the apparition further told the miller that he must be the man to reveal it, or else she must still appear and haunt him.

In the morning he went to a magistrate, and made the whole matter known, with all the circumstances; and diligent search being made, the body was found in a coal pit, with five wounds in the head, and the pick and shoes, and stockings yet bloody, in every circumstance as the apparition had related unto the miller; whereupon Walker and Mark Sharp were both apprehended, but would confess nothing. At the assizes following they were arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and executed.

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

No. XXI.

THE ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

'——— As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.'

This seeming paradox of Shakespeare, may perhaps be explained away, upon referring to that offset of the legislature, 'the attorney's clerk,' subsisting, as is but too frequently the case, upon some five and twenty, or thirty pounds per annum; his may justly be called 'a spare life,' which may indeed suit his 'humour,' if he likes to live sparingly, but which, as it is scarce sufficient to procure him the necessaries of life, cannot fail of going 'much against his stomach;' with so 'spare' a subsistence, he cannot do otherwise than live sparingly, and his sunken cheek and melancholy deportment, proclaim how little to his satisfaction is his mode of life.

The unfortunate drudge we allude to, will readily be understood to be the 'junior' clerk, whose employment consists in 'copying,' and 'delivering,' who is, as it is termed in 'the office,' the 'fag;' and fag, indeed, he is, from nine in the morning, till the same hour (and frequently later) in the evening, is he slaving at the desk; or tramping about, procuring stamps, or delivering messages, and all for a remuneration which is scarce worth the name, and subjected, too, to all the evils arising from the irritability or meanness of his superiors, which are of themselves enough to break the texture of no despicable courage, and nullify the resolution of the strongest mind. He is a living and perpetual reproach to the system, to which his existence is sacrificed. He murmurs not at his lot, but his looks 'discourse' most eloquent *complaints*.

But bye and bye, he shakes off this extremely unprofitable employment, and advances a little higher in the profession of the law. No longer is he doomed to the excess of drudgery which marked his former years; that is consigned to some more 'luckless wight,' whose 'experience,' like a weak constitution, needs assistance and strength. He is still at 'the desk,' but he is engaged in 'nobler toil,' he is busied now in writing out 'leases' and 'agreements,' and 'powers of attorney;' with what mechanical precision does he begin the word 'witnesseth,' which follows immediately after the fine copper plate german text, 'this indenture!' How he curses the parchment, should it happen to be 'greasy,' and with penknife and pounce, wreaks his vengeance upon the unlucky 'blot.'

But the greatest curiosity in this line, is the 'articled' clerk; one who hopes and intends to soar to the highest branches of the profession. Do not our readers recollect meeting one of these gentry in the street, and smiling inwardly at the bounce and consequence he assumed? Let them beware how they

curl up their lips in scorn at the title we have given to him; for he is a gentleman, aye, and by law established. We know that he is frequently devoid of either 'wit, money, or manners;' but nevertheless, he is entitled, by virtue of his 'articles,' to a name which the vulgar might suppose to belong exclusively to the talented, the rich, and the polite.

What a curious scene does the 'clerks office' present to an attentive observer! What variety in the demeanour of its occupiers! If there are any who do not know what it is, we pity them much; they have lost the gratification conveyed by an interesting spectacle. By all means let them endeavour to gain an entrance, and we assure them of abundance of amusement. At a large double desk, sit perhaps, a dozen clerks of various denominations and abilities; some gossiping, some reading newspapers, some doing nothing at all, and *some few* writing. There is an old proverb, which says, '*two heads are better than one,*' but in the 'clerks office' we find proof positive to the contrary; for it may safely be said, that no *three* of them do as much as any *one* of them could do by himself. But listen to the sound —not of 'the merry merry bells,' but of a solitary tinkling one, which sounds from an inner apartment, and reminds you of the music of the muffin man. Mark how the newspapers are laid down, and the gossiping is ended and the pens are taken up, and business is again began, as one of the fraternity opens the green baized door, and enters to receive the directions of the petty potentate, who rules with almost undisputed power over his handful of subjects. Upon the egress of their companion, what whisperings and questionings take place, and how soon again does disorder resume her sway in 'the office' allotted to the 'clerks.'

An 'attorney's clerk,' is a living catalogue of law terms, and law authors; his walk tells us he is a 'lawyer,' and his conversation assures us of it. He will never own he is in the wrong, but will bring authorities for his opinions, which pass them current with many. He quotes 'Coke upon Lyttelton,' and 'Burke,' and 'Gifford,' with true legal assurance and pomposity. He has plenty of 'small law' at his fingers ends, and is never better pleased than when his advice is begged by a poor illiterate person, upon a subject for the resolving of which no law at all is required. He never carries any thing, except it is in a blue bag, and never expresses a doubt upon any subject. His whole appearance is any thing but prepossessing, and his behaviour and manners always smell of 'the office.' In short, if you wish for a character at once consequential and ridiculous, self important, and of no real importance whatever, you may find it in 'the attorney's clerk.'

R. J.

On Bathing.

No. 15.

DRY, &c. BATHS.

Dry baths are made of ashes, salt, sand, shreds of leather, and the like. The ancients had various ways of sweating by a dry heat; as by the means of hot sand, stove-rooms, or artificial bagnios, and certain natural hot steams of the earth, received under a proper arch, or hot-house, as we learn from Celsus. They also had another kind of bath by insolation, where the body was exposed to the sun for some time, in order to draw forth the superfluous moisture from the inward parts, and to this day it is a practice in some nations to cover the body over with horse-dung, especially in chronical diseases, to digest and breathe out the humour that causes the distemper. In New England, they make a kind of stoves of turf, wherein the sick are shut up to bathe or sweat.

The same name is sometimes also given to another kind of bath, made of kindled coals, or burning spirit of wine; the patient being placed in a convenient close chair for the reception of the fume, which rises and produces sweat in a plentiful manner; care is here taken to keep the head out, and to secure respiration. This bath has been found very effectual in removing old obstinate pains in the limbs, and venereal complaints; and will often complete a cure left unperformed by salivation.

There is another kind of bath which we cannot pass unnoticed on account o its simplicity and usefulness. It is merely to employ hot grains, which

may be obtained at any of the breweries in London, or any other part of the kingdom. A few grains are thrown at the bottom of a mash-tub or any other convenient vessel, for the patient to stand upon, and the grains are thrown around him as high as the parts affected. We cannot too strongly recommend the use of this bath, as instances are on record of the most beneficial effects resulting from its use in rheumatism, and other diseases.

We cannot conclude this brief notice of bathing without observing that the great lord chancellor Bacon and other sagacious observers of nature and mankind, have lamented, and certainly not without cause, that the practice of bathing has fallen into disuse among the modern nations of Europe, and anxiously wish that it may again revive in all our towns and villages. In fact, when we consider that the old physicians so early introduced into their practice this remedy of nature's own invention, and employed it with such great success; when we recollect that Rome, for 500 years, had no physicians, but only baths, and that to this day a multitude of nations cure almost all their maladies merely by baths, we cannot avoid regarding the dismission of them as the epoch of a grand revolution, which has been wrought in the physical state of the human race, in one quarter of the world. The natural perspiration, the most important of all excretions, must naturally go on better in a body constantly kept soft by bathing. Many impurities, that privily lay in us the train to tedious and dangerous distempers are removed in time, before they poison the blood and juices. All exanthematic diseases are abated by bathing, and, consequently, the small-pox; and if this dreadful disorder be actually less fatal in Russia than in any other countries, this phenomenon need not be attributed to any other cause besides the use of baths.

With this week we terminate our observations on bathing; we trust that they will tend to introduce this important subject once more, as it is accessible to every one, and the advantages resulting are incalculable. In our next, and few succeeding numbers, we shall examine the properties of the Bath, Bristol, &c. Mineral Waters; and furnish also a catalogue of the most important Waters in Great Britain.

APPARITION OF THE LAIRD OF CASSWAY.

(Concluded.)

'Take up thy sword, caitiff, and let it work thy ruthless work of vengeance here. Is it not better that thou shouldst pierce this old heart, worn out with care and sorrow, and chilled by the ingratitude of my race, than that of thy gallant and generous brother, the representative of our house, and the chief of our name?'

'The God of Heaven forbid that I should ever lift my sword against my honourod father!' said Francis.

'Thou darest not, thou traitor and coward!' returned the father. 'Thou camest here boiling with rancour, to shed thy brother's blood; when I appear in person for him, thou darest not accept the challenge.'

'You never did me wrong, my dear father; but my brother has wronged me in the tenderest part.'

'Thy brother never wronged thee intentionally, thou deceitful and sanguinary fratricide. It was thou alone who forced this quarrel upon him, and I have great reason to suspect that thou designed'st to cut him off, that the inheritance and the maid might both be thine own. But here I swear by the arm that made me, and the Redeemer that saved me, if thou wilt not go straight and kneel to thy brother for forgiveness, confessing thy injurious treatment, and swearing submission to thy natural chief, I will banish thee from my house and presence for ever, and load thee with a parent's curse, which shall never be removed from thy soul till thou art crushed to the lowest hell.'

The young scholar, wholly overcome, kneeled to his parent, and implored his forgiveness, promising, with tears, to fulfil every injunction which it would please him to enjoin; and on this understanding, the two parted on amicable and gracious terms.

Francis went straight to the tower of Over Cassway, and inquired for his brother, resolved to fulfil his father's stern injunctions to the very letter. He was informed his brother was in his chamber in bed, and indisposed. He then requested to be taken to his brother, to which the servant instantly assented, and led him up to the chamber; as

soon as the door closed, Francis dropped on his knees, and said, 'O, my dear brother, I have erred grievously, and am come to confess my crime, and implore your pardon.'

'We have both erred, Francis, in suffering any earthly concerns to incite us against each other's lives. Oh, Francis, I have got an admonition that never will be erased from my memory, this morning, and which has caused me to see my life in a new light. What or whom think you I met an hour ago on my way to the crook of Glen-dearg to encounter you?'

'Our father, perhaps.'

'You have seen him then?'

'Indeed I have, and he has given me such a reprimand, for severity, as son never received from a parent.'

'Brother Frank, I must tell you, and when I do, you will not believe me—It WAS NOT our father whom we saw this morning.'

'It was no other whom I saw. What do you mean? Do you suppose that I do not know my own father?'

'A spirit hath spoke to us in our father's likeness, for he is not, and cannot be in Scotland at this time. My faculties are altogether confounded by the event, not being able to calculate on the qualities or condition of our monitor. An evil spirit it certainly could not be, for all its admonitions pointed to good. I believe that our father is dead; and for my part, I am so sick at heart, that my nerves are all in a flame. Pray, do you take horse and post off for Salop, from whence his commission to me yesterday was dated, and see what hath happened to our revered father.'

'I cannot, for my life, give credit to this, brother, or that it was any other being who rebuked me, but my father himself.'

The two brothers then parted, with protestations of mutual forbearance in all time coming, and with an understanding, as that was the morning of Saturday, that if their father, or some word of him, did not reach home before the next evening, they were to take horse for the county of Salop, early on Monday morning.

But just as they were ready to set out, Andrew Johnston, their father's confidential servant, arrived from the place to which they were bound. He had rode night and day, never once slinting the light gallop, as he said, and had changed his horse seven times. They asked him anent their father, and if any thing extraordinary had happened to him. He replied, 'Why, faith, you see, my masters, it is not easy to say my errand to you, for in fact I have none. On the morning before last, right early, little Isaac, the page, comes to me, and he says,—'Johnston, thou must go and visits measter, he's bad.' I then hasted to my master, whom I found, indeed, on the very north-west turret of derangement; feverish, restless, and raving, and yet with a fervency of demeanour that stunned and terrified me. He seized my hand in both his, which were burning like fire, and gave me such a look of despair as I shall never forget. "Johnston, I am ill," said he, "grievously ill, and know not what is to become of me. I believe I have had doings with hell; for I have been disembodied and embodied again, and the intensity of my tortures has been as far above a parallel as my own comprehension. I was at home this morning at day-break, but whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell—the Lord only knoweth. I had finished my dispatches last night by midnight, and was sitting musing on the hard fate and improvidence of my sovereign master, when, ere ever I was aware, a neighbour of ours, Mrs. Jane Jerdan of Drumfielding, a mysterious character, with whom I have had some strange doings in my time, came suddenly into the chamber and stood before me. I accosted her with doubt and terror, asking what had brought her so far from home."

'"You are not so far from home as you imagine," said she; "and it is fortunate for some that it is so; for your two sons have quarrelled about the possession of my niece Ellen, and though the eldest is blameless of the quarrel, yet has he been forced into it, and they are engaged to fight at day-break at the crook of Glen-dearg. There they will assuredly fall by each other's hands, if you interpose not; for there is no other authority now on earth that can prevent this woful calamity!"

'"Alas! how can I interfere," said I, "at this distance? It is already within a few hours of the meeting, and before I get from among the windings of the Severn, their swords will be bathed in each other's blood. I must trust to the interference of heaven."

'"Is your name and influence, then,

to perish for ever?" said she. "Is it so soon to follow your master's, the great Maxwell of the Dales, into utter oblivion? Why not rather rouse into requisition the energies of the spirits that watch over human destinies? At least step aside with me, that I may disclose the scene to your eyes. You know I can do it; and you may then act according to your natural impulse."

'"Such were the import of the words she spoke to me, if not the very words themselves. I understood them not at the time, nor do I yet. But when she had done speaking, she took me by the hand, and hurried me towards the door of the apartment, which she opened, and the first step we took over the threshold, we stepped into a void space, where I knew of none, and fell downward —down and down, with a celerity which tongue cannot describe, without light, breath, or intervention of any sort. I now felt assured that we had both at once stepped from off the earth, and were hurled into the immeasurable void; and now that I really felt it had taken place, I wondered how it had not happened to many others beside ourselves. The airs of darkness sung in my ears with a booming din as I rolled down the steeps of everlasting night, an outcast from nature and all its harmonies, and a journeyer into the depths of hell.

'"I still held my companion's hand, and felt the pressure of hers; and so long did this our alarming descent continue, that I at length caught myself breathing once more, but as quick as if I had been in the height of a fever. I then tried every effort to speak, but they were all unavailing; for I could not emit one sound, although my lips and tongue fathomed the words. Think, then, of my astonishment, when my companion sung out the following stanza with great glee;—

"Here we roll,
Body and soul,
Down to the deeps of the paynim's goal;
With speed and with spell,
With yo and with yell,
This is the way to the palace of hell—
Sing Yo! Ho!
Level and low,
Down to the Valley of Vision we go!"

'"Ha, ha, ha! Tam Beattie," added she, "where is a' your courage now? Cannot ye lift up your voice and sing a stave wi' your auld crony? And cannot ye lift up your een, and see what region you are in now?

'"I did force open my eyelids, and beheld light, and apparently worlds, or huge lurid substances gliding by me with speed, beyond that of the lightning of heaven. I certainly perceived light, though of a dim, uncertain nature; but so precipitate was my descent, I could not distinguish from whence it proceeded, or of what it consisted, whether of the vapours of elemental wastes, or the streamers of hell. So I again shut my eyes closer than ever, and waited the event in terror unutterable.

'"We at length came upon something which interrupted our further progress. I had no feeling as we fell against it, but merely as if we came in contact with some soft substance that impeded our descent; and immediately afterwards I perceived that our motion had ceased.

'"What a terrible tumble we ha' gotten, laird!" said my companion. "But ye are now in the place where you should be, an' deil speed the coward!"

'"So saying, she quitted my hand, and I felt as if she were wrested from me by a third object; but still I durst not open my eyes, being convinced that I was lying in the depths of hell, or some hideous place not to be dreamed of; so I lay still in despair, not even daring to address a prayer to my Maker. At length I lifted my eyes slowly and fearfully, but they had no power of distinguishing objects in the place where I now sojourned. All that I perceived was a vision of something in nature, with which I had in life been too well acquainted. It was a glimpse of green glens, long withdrawing ridges, and one high hill, with a cairn on its summit. I rubbed my eyes to divest them of the enchantment, but when I opened them again, the illusion was still brighter and more magnificent. Then springing to my feet, I perceived that I was lying in a little fairy ring, not one hundred yards from the door of my own hall!

'"I was, as you may well conceive, dazzled with admiration; still I felt that something was not right with me, and that I was struggling with an enchantment; but recollecting the hideous story told me by the beldame, of the deadly discord between my two sons, I hasted to watch their motions, for the morning was yet but dawning. In a

few seconds after recovering my senses, I perceived my eldest son Thomas leave his tower armed, and pass on towards the place of appointment. I waylaid him, and remarked to him that he was very early astir, and I feared on no good intent. He made me no answer, but stood like one in a stupor, and gazed at me. "I know your purpose, son Thomas," said I; "so it is vain for you to equivocate. You have challenged your brother, and are going to meet him in deadly combat; but as you value your father's blessing, and would deprecate his curse—as you value your hope in heaven, and would escape the punishment of hell—abandon the hideous and cursed intent, and be friends with your only brother."

'"On this, my dutiful son Thomas kneeled to me, and presented his sword, disclaiming at the same time, all intentions of taking away his brother's life, and all animosity for the vengeance sought against himself, and thanked me in a flood of tears for my interference. I then ordered him back to his couch, and taking his cloak and sword, hasted away to the crook of Glen-dearg, to wait the arrival of his brother."'

Here Andrew Johnston's narrative detailed the self-same circumstances recorded in a former part of this tale, as having passed between the father and his younger son, so that it is needless to recapitulate them; but beginning where that broke off, he added, in the words of the old laird, '"As soon as my son Francis had left me, in order to be reconciled to his brother, I returned to the fairy knowe and ring where I first found myself seated at daybreak. I know not why I went there, for though I considered with myself, I could discover no motive that I had for doing so, but was led thither by a sort of impulse which I could not resist, and from the same feeling spread my son's mantle on the spot, laid his sword down beside it, and laid me down to sleep. I remember nothing farther with any degree of accuracy, for I instantly fell into a chaos of suffering, confusion, and racking dismay, from which I was only of late released by awaking from a trance, on the very seat and in the same guise in which I was the evening before. I am certain I was at home in body or in spirit—saw my sons—spake these words to them, and heard theirs in return. How I returned I know even less than how I went, for in that instance it seemed to me as if the mysterious force that presses us to this sphere, and supports us on it, was in my case withdrawn or subverted, and that I merely fell from one part of the earth's surface and alighted on another. Now I am so ill that I cannot move from this couch; therefore Andrew, do you mount and ride straight for home. Spare no horse flesh by night or by day, to bring me word of my family, for I dread that some evil hath befallen them. If you find them in life, give them many charges from me of brotherly love and affection; if not—what can I say, but in the words of the patriarch, If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."'

The two brothers, in utter amazement, went together to the green ring on the top of the knoll above the castle of Cassway, and there found the mantle lying spread, and the sword beside it. They then, without letting Johnston into the awful secret, mounted straight, and rode off with him to their father. They found him still in bed, and very ill; and though rejoiced at seeing them, they soon lost hope of his recovery, his spirits being broken and deranged in a wonderful manner. Their conversations together were of the most solemn nature, the visitation deigned to them having been above their capacity. On the third or fourth day, their father was removed by death from this terrestrial scene, and the minds of the young men were so much impressed by the whole of the circumstances, that it made a great alteration in their after life. Thomas, as solemnly charged by his father, married Ellen Scott, and Francis was well known afterward as the celebrated Dr. Beattie of Amherst. Ellen was mother to twelve sons, and on the night that her seventh son was born, her aunt Jerdan was lost, and never more heard of, either living or dead.

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

(Continued.)

Many sad hours did Ruth pass in the robber's cave; and many times, by conversing with him upon the subject of her destiny, did she seek to alleviate the

pangs its recollection gave her; but the result of such discussions were by no means favourable to her hopes; Rhys had acknowledged that his threat had originated in malice, and that he intended to alarm and subdue, but not to the extent that he had effected: "I knew well," said he, "that disgrace alone would operate upon you as I wished, for I foresaw you would glory in the thought of nobly sustained misfortune; I meant to degrade you with the lowest; I meant to attribute to you what I now painfully experience to be the vilest of the vices; I intended to tell you, you were destined be a thief, but I could not utter the words I had arranged, and I was struck with horror at those I heard involuntarily proceeding from my lips; I would have recalled them but I could not; I would have said, 'Maiden, I did but jest,' but there was something that seemed to withhold my speech and press upon my soul, 'so as thou hast said shall this thing be'—yet take comfort, my own fortunes have ever deceived me, and doubtlessly ever will, for I feel as if I should one day return to this cave and make it my final home.

He spoke solemnly and wept,—but the awful eye of his companion was unmoved as she looked on in wonder and contempt at his grief. 'Thou knowest not how to endure,' she said to him, 'and as soon as night shall again fall on our mountains, I will lead thee forth on thy escape; the danger of pursuit is now past; at midnight be ready for thy journey, leave the cave, and ascend the rock by the path I shewed thee, to the field in which its mouth is situated; wait me there a few moments, and I will bring thee a fleet horse, ready saddled for the journey, for which thy gold must pay, since I must declare to the owner that I have sold it at a distance, and for more than its rated value,'

That midnight came, and Meredith waited with trembling anxiety for the haughty step of Ruth; at length he saw her; she had ascended the rock, and standing on its verge, was looking around for her guest; as she was thus alone in the clear moonlight, standing between rock and sky, and scarcely seeming to touch the earth, her dark locks and loose garments scattered by the wind, she looked like some giant spirit of the olden time, preparing to ascend into the mighty black cloud which singly hung from the empyreum, and upon which she already appeared to recline; Meredith beheld her and shuddered,—but she approached and he recovered his recollection.

'You must be speedy in your movements,' said she, 'when you leave me; your horse waits on the other side of this field, and I would have you hasten lest his neighings should betray your purpose. But, before you depart, Rys Meredith, there is an account to be settled between us: I have dared danger and privations for you; that the temptations of the poor may not assail me, give me my reward and go.'

Rys pressed his leathern bag to his bosom, but answered nothing to the speech of Ruth; he seemed to be studying some evasion, for he looked upon the ground, and there was trouble in the working of his lip. At length he said cautiously, 'I have it not with me; I buried it, lest it should betray me, in a field some miles distant; thither will I go, dig it up, and send it to thee from B———, which is, as thou knowest, my first destination.'

Ruth gave him one glance of her awful eye when he had spoken; she detected his meanness, and smiled at his incapacity to deceive. 'What dost thou press to thy bosom so earnestly?' she demanded; 'surely thou art not the wise man I deemed thee, thus to defraud *my* claim: thy friend alone thou mightest cheat, and safely; but I have been made wretched by thee, guilty by thee, and thy life is in my power; I could, as thou knowest, easily raise the village, and win half thy wealth by giving thee up to justice; but I prefer reward from thy wisdom and gratitude; give, therefore, and be gone.'

But Rys knew too well the value of the metal of sin to yield one half of it to Ruth; he tried many miserable shifts and lies and at last, baffled by the calm penetration of his antagonist, boldly avowed his intention of keeping all the spoil he had won with so much hazard.

(*To be Continued.*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. J., and other favours next week.

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The Casket.

No. 39.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1827. [Price 1d.



MURDER WILL OUT!!!

A singular history of a murder, found out twenty-two years after it was perpetrated, in the town of Chelmsford, and discovered by the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, author of the Dictionary of Engravers, &c. &c. &c.

Some years ago having occasion to be at Chelmsford, a very strange adventure happened to me. I arrived late in the evening, on my journey from Colchester, and after having inquired for the best inn, was recommended to the White Horse, which was at the other end of the town, facing the market, and adjoining to the church-yard; in the morning I was desirous of seeing the church, a long, large, and stately edifice, and then just finished: after I had surveyed the building, I walked among the tombs in the church-yard, and the sexton was then digging a grave for a burial, which was to be made of a townsman that evening: I stood awhile to observe the man, who, without the least compunction or reflection, cast out from

the earth, the remains of his fellow mortals, and whistled with indifference.

Amongst a variety of bones thrown out of the pit, was a skull, which appeared whiter than ordinary; this induced me to take it up, and turning it about, I heard something rattle within it; upon examination, I found a large nail, covered with rust, full four inches long: it surprised me to find a nail in such a situation, and on turning the skull about, I found on the forehead a perforation, incrusted with the rust of the iron, and in which a part of the nail yet remained; this led me to suspect, that the owner of that skull had been murdered, but without mentioning my suspicion to my grave companion, I enquired, if he knew to whom the bones which he was then throwing out of the earth belonged? 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'and well too; he was as hearty a cock as ever broke bread, and was the master of the White Horse, two and twenty years ago.' 'How came he by his death?' 'Oh, very suddenly! alas, my worthy master, we are here to-day and there to-morrow; death when he comes will not be said nay. Would you believe it, I drank with him the night before, and he seemed as well in health as I, but in the morning he was dead, and I buried him with my own hands in this grave.' 'He died, suddenly, you say?' 'He was dead, I tell you the next morning.'—'Was there any cause assigned?' 'He died in a fit.' 'And do you think this was his skull?' 'I'd not deceive you, sir, I am sure of it.' 'See then,' said I, 'the cause of his dying suddenly,' showing him the nail rusted in the skull, and the remainder corroded and loose in the cavity. He seemed astonished. 'Had he no family?' 'No, he left a widow, the woman who at present keeps the inn; and before two months were past from the death of her husband, she married the hostler—he is at present the master.

Without farther questioning the sexton, I inquired for the residence of the justice, and taking the skull in my hand, I wrapped the end of my mantle about it, and went to him. I was readily admitted; and after apologizing for my intrusion, told him the cause of my coming, and then shewed him the skull: he was struck in the same manner as I had been, that the owner of this skull had been murdered, and sent for the sexton, who confirmed what he had said to me, and declared he was ready to make oath to the identity of the skull. The magistrate then sent for the woman, by a mere verbal message, that no alarm might be given; she instantly attended. She seemed surprised at seeing me there. I smiled, and bid her good morrow, said I had rested well, and had walked out for amusement; when after some little extraneous conversation, the magistrate gave it a different turn, and without any more of previous introduction, began to question her concerning her first husband. She then affected to weep, and praised him for a paragon of kindness and virtue. 'But still, I hope, you have no reason to complain of your present good man.' 'Certainly not, your worship,' said she, 'not upon the whole; but he has not the learning and breeding of my dear, dear Gregory.' 'You married him, I understand, very soon after your dear Gregory's death?' 'Why, la! your worship, what could a poor woman do left alone, as you may say, in a large inn, and all men-folk about her! indeed, I wept for Gregory, but I was obliged to think for myself.' 'He died suddenly, I heard?' 'Ah, your worship, I was happy as the days were long in the evening, and in the morning, your honour, I was a poor miserable lone woman! indeed, it is true, your honour!' 'Did you know the cause of his death?' 'Oh, he was taken in a fit of apoplexy, and fell back on his chair, and spoke no more! we put him to bed, chafed and rubbed him, but all to no purpose.' 'What help did you call in, did you not send for the doctor?' 'Oh, your worship, it was to no purpose, he was stone dead.' 'But bleeding in such cases is sometimes efficacious. Then you did call in the doctor?' 'No, your honour, I was too much frightened to think on't.' 'You said, we put him to bed: who was it that assisted you?' 'Robert, the hostler, for I could not lift him by myself: but forsooth, your worship, we called in the gossips, they saw my dear husband's corpse, and helped to lay it out too; therefore there was no need of the coroner's inquest, and he was buried, your honour, as a man, St. Michael bless him, should be buried; and holy mass said over him, or I had been much to blame, your honour.'

'No doubt; but prithee, did he never complain previously of the headach?' 'Yes, your honour; after he had been mellow with his customers, for your honour must know, Gregory was a rare hand to make his customers drink.'—'Yes, but immediately before his death,' said the justice, 'did he not complain of the headach?' 'Not in the least, your honour, he had just drank a cup of ale.' 'Well,' said the magistrate, abruptly, 'he complained not of the headach?' 'Not in the least.' 'Why,' said he, fixing his eyes full on her, 'that is strange, indeed! I think a nail of half the length, would have made me complain.'—'Nail!' your honour,' said she, trembling, 'nail! oh, that is false! there was no nail!' She then hesitated, and soon after recollecting herself, rejoined, 'Forsooth, I do not know what your worship means by a nail!' 'Why, I'll tell you, good woman,' said he, producing the skull, and the part of the nail found in it: 'had such a nail as this been driven into my skull, it would also have prevented me from complaining.' The moment she saw the skull and the nail, she exclaimed, 'Murder will out! yes, Robert must die!' and instantly fainted away.

The justice caused her to be removed into an inner room, and sent for the husband, who was at home, but excused himself, on account of his wife being absent, and customers being in the house; but the constable told him the business was of consequence: he put on his hat, and went with him. When he entered, the justice said, 'Pray, Mr. Robert, excuse my sending for you in so peremptory a manner, but there is a question between this gentleman and me, which you can readily answer.'

'Your worship knows you may command any thing which is in my power,' replied Robert. 'Well, then, tell me, without disguise, how long can a man live after a long nail has been driven into his skull?'—On the sudden statement of this question, his courage forsook him, his knees knocked each other, and his teeth chattered in his head, and he exclaimed. 'Why—why—why——your wor—ship——how should—I—I—kn—o—w!'——'What is the matter with thee, Robert?' says the justice, 'what is it that frightens thee! surely it is not the ghost of Gregory, thy master, which has occasioned this astonishment?' 'Oh, then,' he cried out, 'I see that my she devil has betrayed me! but it was all her doing.' 'What,' cried the justice, 'what was her doing?' 'Aye,' cried he, a little recollecting himself, 'I want to know why your worship asks such strange questions? I am sure as how I do not know how to answer them; but your honour must know I have got some horses from Thaxted fair, coming home this morning, and I dare say they are home by now. I hope your honour will excuse me at present. If your worship is in this merry mood in the afternoon, I'll come and answer any of your honour's questions, with all my heart.' 'Stop,' my friend,' says the justice, 'we cannot part at present, quite so easily; shut the door there; and for the horses, your hostler, good master Robert, must look after them. But you must know, that you stand charged with murder; your wife has confessed the same, and it appears from her confession, you are the murderer.' 'I—I—your honour!' 'Yes, of your master.' 'Did she confess?' 'I tell you she did, and accuses you of doing the deed.'—'Oh, 'tis false! she wants to get rid of me as she did of Gregory; she persuaded me, but I never did any such thing!' 'Look here, Robert,' said the magistrate, 'see this skull, it was thy master's—yes, 'tis Gregory's skull! see this nail found within it, corroded by age; see where the head remains still in the bone, and recollect at once your handy work.'

The sudden exposure of the skull, and the address, so worked upon the mind of the unfortunate culprit, that, aided by the terror of a guilty conscience, it led him to a full confession; he and his wife were consequently committed to the prison: I was obliged to appear as an evidence at the yearly assizes, held for the county, where various circumstances were adduced in proof of the murder, and they, being justly condemned, suffered the condign punishment.

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

(Continued.)

Ruth looked at him with scorn: 'keep thy gold,' she said, 'if it thus can harden hearts, I covet not its possession; but there is one thing thou must do, and that ere thou stir one foot. I have supported thee with hard earned industry, *that* I give thee; more proud, it should seem, in bestowing than I should be, from such as thee, in receiving: but the horse that is to bear thee hence to-night I borrowed for a distant journey; I must return with it, or with its value; open thy bag, pay me for that, and go.'

But Rys seemed afraid to open his bag in the presence of her he had wronged. Ruth understood his fears; but, scorning vindication of *her* principles, contented herself with intreating him to be honest. 'Be more just to thyself and me,' she persisted: 'the debt of gratitude I pardon thee; but, I beseech thee, leave me not to encounter the consequence of having stolen from my friend the animal which is his only means of subsistence: I pray thee, Rys, not to condemn me to scorn.'

It was to no avail that Ruth humbled herself to entreaties; Meredith answered not, and while she was yet speaking, cast side-long looks towards the gate where the horse was waiting for his service, and seemed meditating whether he should not dart from Ruth, and escape her entreaties and demands by dint of speed. Her stern eye detected his purpose; and, indignant at his baseness, and ashamed of her own degradation, she sprung suddenly towards him, made a desperate clutch at the leathern bag, and tore it from the grasp of the deceiver. Meredith made an attempt to recover it, and a fierce struggle ensued, which drove them both back towards the yawning mouth of the cave, from which he had just ascended to the world. On its very verge, on its very extreme edge, the demon who had so long ruled his spirit now instigated him to mischief, and abandoned him to his natural brutality: he struck the unhappy Ruth a revengeful and tremendous blow. At that moment a horrible thought glanced like lightning through her soul; he was to her no longer what he had been; he was a robber, ruffian, liar; one whom to destroy was justice, and perhaps it was he ——. 'Villain!' she cried, 'thou—thou didst predict that I was doomed to be a murderer! art thou—art thou destined to be the victim?' She flung him from her with terrible force, as he stood close to the abyss, and the next instant heard him dash against its sides, as he was whirled headlong into the darkness.

It was an awful feeling, the next that passed over the soul of Ruth Tudor, as she stood alone in the pale sorrowful-looking moonlight, endeavouring to remember what had chanced. She gazed on the purse, on the chasm, wiped the drops of agony from her heated brow, and then, with a sudden pang of recollection, rushed down to the cavern. The light was still burning, as Rys had left it, and served to shew her the wretch extended helplessly beneath the chasm. Though his body was crushed, his bones splintered, and his blood was on the cavern's sides, he was still living, and raised his head to look upon her, as she darkened the entrance in her narrow passage: he glared upon her with the visage of a demon, and spoke like a fiend in pain. 'Me hast thou murdered!' he said, 'but I shall be avenged in all thy life to come. Dream not that thy doom is fulfilled, that the deed to which thou art fated is done; in my dying hour I know, I feel what is to come upon thee; thou art yet again to do a deed of blood!' 'Liar!' shrieked the infuriated victim. 'Thou art yet doomed to be a murderer!' 'Liar!' 'Thou art—and of—thine only child!' She rushed to him, but he was dead.

Ruth Tudor stood for a moment by the corpse, blind, stupefied, deaf, and dumb; and in the next she laughed aloud, till the cavern rang with her ghastly mirth, and many voices mingled with and answered it; but the noises scared and displeased her, and in an instant she became stupidly grave; she threw back her dark locks with an air of offended dignity, and walked forth majestically from the cave. She took the horse by his rein, and led him back to his stable; with the same unvarying calmness she entered her cottage, and listened to the quiet breathings of her sleeping child; she longed to approach her nearer, but some new and horrid fear restrained her, and held back her anxious step; suddenly remembrance and reason returned, and she uttered a

shriek so full of agony, so loud and shrill, that her daughter sprung from her bed, and threw herself into her arms.

It was in vain that the gentle Rachel supplicated her mother to find rest in sleep. 'Not here,' she muttered, 'it must not be here; the deep cave and the hard rock, these shall be my resting place; and the bedfellow, lo! now, he waits my coming.' Then she would cry aloud, clasp her Rachel to her beating heart, and as suddenly, in horror thrust her from it.

The next midnight beheld Ruth Tudor in the cave, seated upon a point of rock, at the head of the corpse, her chin resting upon her hands, gazing earnestly upon the distorted face. Decay had already begun its work; and Ruth sat there watching the progress of mortality, as if she intended that her stern eye should quicken and facilitate its operation. The next night also beheld her there, but the current of her thoughts had changed, and the dismal interval which had passed appeared to be forgotten. She stood with her basket of food, 'wilt thou not eat?' she demanded, 'arise, strengthen thee for thy journey; eat, eat, thou sleeper; wilt thou never awaken? look, here is the meat thou lovest;' and as she raised his head, and put the food to his lips, the frail remnant of mortality shattered at her touch, and again she knew that he was dead.

It was evident to all that a shadow and a change was over the senses of Ruth; till this period she had been only wretched, but now madness was mingled with her grief. It was in no instance more apparent than in her conduct towards her child: indulgent to all her wishes, ministering to all her wants with a liberal hand, till men wondered from whence she derived the means of indulgence, she yet seized every opportunity to send her from her presence. The gentle-hearted Rachel wept at her conduct, yet did not complain, for she believed it the effect of the disease, that had for so many years been preying upon her soul. Her nights were passed in roaming abroad, her days in the solitude of her hut; and even this became painful, when the step of her child broke upon it. At length she signified that a relative of her husband had died and left her wealth, and that it should enable her to dispose of herself as she had long wished; so leaving Rachel with her relatives in N——, she retired to a hut upon a lonely heath, where she was less wretched, because abandoned to her wretchedness.

In many of her ravings she had frequently spoken darkly of her crime, and her nightly visits to the cave; and more frequently still she addressed some unseen thing, which she asserted was for ever at her side. But few heard these horrors, and those who did, called to mind the early prophecy, and deemed them the workings of insanity in a fierce and imaginative mind. So thought also the beloved Rachel, who hastened daily to embrace her mother, but not now alone as formerly; a youth of the village was her companion and protector, one who had offered her worth and love, and whose offers were not rejected. Ruth, with a hurried gladness gave her consent, and a blessing to her child; and it was remarked that she received her daughter more kindly, and detained her longer at the cottage when Evan was by her side, than when she went to the gloomy heath alone. Rachel herself soon made this observation, and as she could depend upon the honesty and prudence of him she loved, she felt less fear at his being a frequent witness of her mother's terrific ravings. Thus all that human consolation was capable to afford was offered to the sufferer by her sympathising children.

But the delirium of Ruth Tudor appeared to increase with every nightly visit to the cave of secret blood; some hideous shadow seemed to follow her steps in the darkness, and sit by her side in the light. Sometimes she held strange parley with this creation of her phrensy, and at others smiled upon it in scornful silence; now, her language was in the tones of entreaty, pity, and forgiveness; anon, it was the burst of execration, curses, and scorn. To the gentle listeners her words were blasphemy; and, shuddering at her boldness, they deemed, in the simple holiness of their own hearts, that the evil one was besetting her, and that religion alone could banish him. Possessed by this idea, Evan one day suddenly interrupted her tremendous denunciations upon her fate, and him who, she said, stood over her to fulfil it, with imploring her to open the book which he held in his hand.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CAKE-BUILT HOUSE.
(A Danish story.)

Hans and Gretty were the children of a cottager and his wife, who dwelt on the outskirts of a large wood. 'Children,' said their mother to them one day, 'the red berries are now ripe, you shall, therefore, set out this fine morning, and each of you gather a basketfull, for to us poor folk, who hardly wot of any better fruit, they will prove dainty fare. Only beware, and wander not too far.' Away then tripped Hans and his sister, with a basket on their arm, and were soon out of sight. The further they went, the more they were delighted; there were so many beautiful berries that hung in such tempting clusters on the bushes. They eat, and ran, and laughed, and gambolled about until they quite forgot the time that had elapsed, or the direction in which they came. Their merriment was now suddenly damped; for they much feared that their mother would scold them, and they could see no path on either side. Even their store of red berries, which they sometimes stopped to admire, did not altogether console them. They continued, however, to proceed, thinking they should soon descry some outlet from the forest. On a sudden Hans stood still, gaping with astonishment, and pointing out to his sister something that he saw through the trees. No wonder that he was at first unable to speak, so curious was the object that had attracted his attention. It was a low building, not differing much in structure from those usually inhabited by the peasantry of the neighbourhood, but formed of materials never before applied to such a purpose. The walls were made of sweet cake, cemented together with melted sugar; instead of glass, the windows were of thin panes of barley sugar, and the roof was not thatched with straw or turf, but with bunches of dried raisins thickly matted together; while the chimney was formed out of a very deep twelfth cake, which formed the summit of this extraordinary edifice. So great was the astonishment of the little wanderers, that they gazed in silent wonder; at length to satisfy himself of the reality of what he beheld, Hans ran up to the house, and breaking a piece off one of the bricks, found that it really was cake, but far more delicious than any he had tasted. His sister had by this time come up to him, and they now determined to try some of the raisins, and for that purpose clambered up on the top of the roof, it being very low, and forthwith began to eat, and to fill their baskets, from which they had emptied the berries, that spite of their beautiful red colour, had no longer any charms in their eyes.

At length they made a hole quite through, when they suddenly heard a voice cry out, 'what knave is it that dares thus to devour my roof. He shall repent his greediness and insolence.' Thus saying, the old crone to whom that strange dwelling belonged, caught hold of them with her long bony arm, and dragged them both through the hole, into the house. She then put them into a coop, similar to those used for fowls, and having fastened them in, gave them an abundance of almonds and raisins, and a great quantity of rich clotted cream, charging them to eat as much as they could swallow. In this manner did Hans and his sister feast most luxuriously for a whole week, hardly regretting their loss of liberty, or thinking what might be the alarm of their parents, or how their captivity would terminate. At length the old witch came up to the coop where the children were, 'fingers out!' cried she, 'let me see if my little birds have thriven well.' Thus they were obliged to thrust their fingers out between the bars, in order that the wicked hag might see if they were got fat enough for her purpose. But not being satisfied with their condition, plump as they were, they were doomed to feast another seven days, and were supplied with rich cakes, and still richer cream. This term also being expired, the crone came again, and repeated her former command of 'fingers out;' but Hans, who now suspected her design, instead of his finger thrust out a wooden peg that he had found in the coop. Upon feeling it so hard and thin, the old witch shook her head; she was not satisfied, however, without examining Gretty's finger likewise, and finding it quite soft and plump, she took her out and conducted her into the kitchen, then replenishing the coop with plenty of dainty provender for Hans. The poor little fellow was heartily grieved at being separated from his sister, yet eat not a whit less than

before; or rather having now no one to speak to, eat the more, lest he should be himself devoured by melancholy thoughts, so that when she returned again to examine him, she found him in much better condition than his sister, for this time he really put out his finger. Quite overjoyed at the delicious banquet which she expected, the hag opened the door of his prison, and commanded him to follow her to the kitchen, where she had already ordered Gretty to kindle a fire beneath a large oven that was there. The abominable old creature then took Gretty and placed her in a large iron pan in the oven, which was tolerably warm; she next ordered Hans to climb up and place himself on his sister. Poor Hans thought this was carrying the joke too far, for much as he liked eating, he did not much approve of being ate; but as all resistance would have been vain, he was obliged to comply. Just when the wicked witch, however, was about to push the pan into the oven, Hans, who was nearly as round as a ball, contrived to roll off on to the floor, which he could do without greatly endangering his bones. A second, a third, and even a fourth time the same accident occurred, until the witch, quite provoked with his awkwardness, struck him with one of her crutches, and scolded him for being so stupid. 'Good mother,' cried Hans, 'be not angry, I do not exactly understand how I should place myself, do you therefore show me.' 'You dull oaf, then,' returned the crone, laying down her crutches, and taking Gretty off the pan, 'see, this is the way you ought to lie.' She then rolled herself up so that she was fairly wedged in. Hans seeing the opportunity, gave his sister a wink, and they instantly shoved the old hag into the oven, and as he shut to the door, and fastened it well, he exclaimed, 'who is it that is stupid now?' The witch cried out with all her force, but to no purpose. They even broke her crutches, and put them in the fire, to make it burn more fiercely. They then ran out of the house, and after much trouble succeeded in finding their way out of the wood; and before dark reached their own home, where their parents sat grieving, hardly expecting ever to behold them again.

G. F. B.

Varieties.

OF THE FIRST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS OF LONDON.

London was a flourishing Roman colony under Nero, and probably had been founded under Julius Cæsar, soon after his landing in Britain. King Alfred is justly styled its founder. He taught the people to build their houses of brick or stone, which till then had been usually made of wood and mortar. He erected several castles and fortresses, repaired the walls of London, and founded three monasteries, and a rich nunnery at Shaftesbury. King Alfred's Saxon translation of the New Testament was printed at London in 1571.

H. M. L.

THE EARLIEST INTERESTING ACCOUNTS OF THE CITY OF ROME, IN HISTORY, AND OF ITS BURNING BY NERO.

The city of Rome was set fire to in the year 64, and burned for nine days, from the 19th to the 28th July, in which terrible conflagration, out of the fourteen regions or quarters into which it was then divided, three were entirely laid in ashes, seven of them were miserably defaced, and filled with the ruins of half-burnt buildings, and only four escaped the disaster. Tillemont, Crevier, and other judicious critics, make no doubt but Nero was the author of this calamity. Besides envying the fate of Priam, who saw his country laid in ashes, Nero had an extravagant passion to make a new Rome, which should be built in a more sumptuous manner, and extend as far as Ostia to the sea; he wanted more, in particular, to enlarge his own palace. Accordingly, he immediately rebuilt his own palace of an immense extent, and adorned it all over with gold, mother of pearl, precious stones, and whatever the world afforded that was rich and curious, so that he called it the golden palace. But this was pulled down after his death.

As already mentioned, there is no doubt that Nero was the author of this calamity; but to screen himself from the blame, he accused the Christians of having set fire to Rome, although, as Tacitus testifies, no person believed

them guilty. Yet they were seized, treated as victims of the hatred of all mankind, insulted even in their torments and death, and made to serve as spectacles of diversion and scorn to the people. Some were clothed in the skins of wild beasts, and exposed to dogs to be torn to pieces; others were hung on crosses, set in rows, and many perished by flames, being burnt in the night time, that their execution might serve for fires and light, says Tacitus. This is further illustrated by Seneca, Juvenal, and his commentators, who says, that Nero punished the magicians (by which impious name was meant the Christians) causing them to be besmeared over with wax, pitch, and other combustible matter, with a sharp pike put under the chin, to make them hold it upright in their torments, and thus to be burnt alive. Tacitus adds, that Nero gave his own gardens to serve for a theatre to this spectacle. See the life of Nero, where this affair is more fully narrated.

H. M. L.

Original Poetry.

TO ANSETTE.

Upon reading in 'The Crown,' p. 295,

'——— Love's a toy.'

What! say love is a toy? How flighty the theme,
That would wither the fond hopes of youth;
Thou hast not thyself been a lover, I deem,
Or thy heart would have told thee the truth.

No, love is not a toy. If it were, it would please
But where reason and fancy are weak;
With the moments of childhood, its pleasures would cease,
And in youth, some new sport we should seek.

So, if love were a toy; t'would amuse for a day,
In its turn with the gewgaws of life;
But the next, 't would be cast from our bosoms away,
And would leave them to anger and strife.

And if love were a toy, 't would have charms but for those
Who to usefulness never aspire;
'T would not live with the hero, nor smile from the rose,
That is warmed by the patriot's fire.

But love is not a toy; for it flies thro' the heart,
Soon as reason commences her sway;
As the butterfly bursts his dull fetters apart,
When the sunshine illumines the day.

It in childhood may glimmer, but feeble and few
Are the beams which it then can impart;
'Tis in youth that its lustre shines full on the view,
That in manhood is found in the heart.

Oh! it is not a toy; for it lasts thro' long years,
Nor varies, as caprice may change;
Through life's lengthen'd journey, each prospect it cheers,
Gaily budding, where'er we may range.

Not confined to the useless, it shines in the breast,
With most fervour, where talent's enshrined;
It nerves e'en the bravest, and gleams on the best—
'T was the best mortal gift to mankind.

R. J.

THE RESOLVE.

The slave of love I'll never be,
My soul defies the urchin's art;
Go, blind deceiver, go and play
On softer hearts thy treacherous part.

On mine thy boasted power is lost,
Deceitful boy, thy wiles are vain;
I laugh to scorn thy dreadful frown,
And treat thy proffers with disdain.

To friendship only will I give
Those vows which others to thee pay,
And bless'd with her seraphic smile,
My days in peace will glide away.

S. D.

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The Casket.

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THE TREACHEROUS PRIEST.

A merchant of London, being on the continent upon business, chanced to meet an old school fellow, who had turned Roman Catholic, and received priest's orders. This meeting naturally recalled their former affection and friendship, and induced them, regardless of the difference of their sentiments, to spend the evening in a manner the most agreeable and convivial. This was in French Flanders; and the wine being good, led them insensibly on to a midnight conversation, in which religion became the principal topic. That, as is but too often the case between persons of different persuasions, was carried beyond all bounds of decency on both sides; and the merchant, who had read many polemical books, got the better of the argument in favour of the reformed religion of his country, which the other had abandoned. The priest appeared to be much chagrined, and his countenance visibly discovered the emotions of his mind. At length, however, appearing to resume his pleasantry and good

nature, he invited the merchant to breakfast with him the next morning at a convent, over which he presided.

They then parted in the utmost friendship, and the merchant soon after went to bed, where soon falling asleep, he fell into a dream of the most frightful nature. He thought he entered a den where were ten thousand of hissing serpents, one of which twisting its train round his neck, darting its sting into his bosom. The dread of this instantly awaked him, and caused him to start from his couch in the greatest agitation. His mind the remainder of the night was in great agony. He again endeavoured to compose himself to sleep, but all in vain, the horror of the vision hung on his imagination, till the sun arose, when he got up, and walked out to a field to receive the cheering gales wafting the odors from the vines and the fragrant flowers.

Meeting a friend and countryman, who was a military captain, and headed a party of soldiers encamped in the vicinity, who quickly discovered the confusion his mind was in, he opened the whole business, told his dream: and promised to meet him again after he had breakfasted at the convent. Although I pay but little regard to dreams in general, said the captain, yet there is something in yours so extremely uncommon, that I verily believe it to be ominous of some disaster that awaits you this day. But, continued he, I would by no means have you go to the priest; for perhaps you may renew the argument, and he will by no means take it well to be overcome in his convent. As I have given my promise, said the merchant, I must go and visit my old school fellow, whose friendship was always sincere, and whose company always delighted me. My dear friend, quoth the captain, if you will go, I wish you well out again. These words so much struck the mind of the merchant, that he desired the captain to call upon him, as by accident, at the convent, which the captain promised to do.

At nine o'clock the merchant knocked at the gate of the convent, and was met by the priest, who welcomed him to the place with every expression of friendship. Then conducting him up a staircase, they came to a door, which the priest opened. After some ceremonies, they advanced along a gallery, at the end of which were two folding doors, which, on the priest's ringing a bell, flew open, and presented a fire, and two ruffian looking fellows, with instruments of torture in their hands. The merchant that instant gave himself up for lost, and in vain remonstrated with his false friend, who calling him heretic, and other opprobrious names, commanded the waiting villains to perform their task without further ceremony.

At that instant a dreadful alarm was given below, which greatly surprising the priest, he went to know the cause of it, and the ruffians followed him, leaving the merchant alone; who imagined that some unhappy sufferers below had gained the mastery over their tormentors, had courage enough to run down stairs, at the bottom of which he was agreeably surprised to meet the captain with a file of musqueteers, who instantly took him under their protection, and conducted him safely from the convent to the inn, the captain declaring that he was obliged to have recourse to force, in order to make his way into the place.

Mineral Waters.

No. I.

BATH WATERS.

Natural Waters are divided into Potable, Saline, Chalybeate, Acidulous, Sulphureous, and Thermal.

Potable Waters—Under this division we include every variety of this fluid, ordinarily used by mankind and other animals, for satisfying their thirst.

Saline Waters are those impregnated with natural alkaline and earthy salt only.

Chalybeate Waters are either single or compound. Under this head are included all waters whose characteristic ingredient is one or more of the neutral salts of iron.

Acidulous Waters include all waters whose characteristic ingredient is an acid.

Sulphureous Waters owe their peculiar properties to the union of alkalies or lime.

Thermal Waters are divided into simple and compound. They are either tepid, that is, possessing a temperature below that of the human body; or warm, possessing a temperature above that point.

The four principal waters in England that possess any remarkable heat, are those of Bath, Buxton, Bristol, and Matlock. The first of which raises Fahrenheit's thermometer from about one hundred and eight, to one hundred and nineteen; the second to about eighty; the third to seventy-six; and the last to sixty-six, or sixty-eight.

Most hot waters seem chiefly to consist of sulphur and iron, and to differ only as the sulphur or the iron predominates: when the sulphur most abounds, they are hotter, more nauseous, and purgative.

Dr. Monro, in speaking of the Bath Waters, says the highest degree of heat attributed to them by

Dr. Howard—King's Bath, 113° Fah.
——————— Hot Bath, 115°
——————— Cross Bath, 108°
Dr. Charlton—King's Bath, 116° Fah.
——————— Hot Bath, 116°
——————— Cross Bath, 110°
Dr. Lucas——King's Bath, 119° Fah.
——————— Hot Bath, 119°
——————— Cross Bath, 114°

And that on evaporation, a gallon has been found to contain of iron 3-37, or 3-38 parts of a grain; of calcareous earth 22 one-half grains; selenites 31 one-half grains; Glauber's salt 25 two-third grains; sea salt 51 one-third grains; which were mixed with an oily matter, but not more so than is common to all waters. From this and other accounts, it appears that the Bath waters are acidulous chalybeates, in which iron and earth are kept suspended by means of aerial acid; and that they are impregnated with a small portion of selenites, sea salt, and muriated magnesia. Indeed, these waters were, for a long time, esteemed to be sulphureous: but certainly they have not a title to that name in the least: they do not affect the colour of silver or metallic solutions, or produce any other effect of water impregnated with sulphur.

It has been doubted whether hydrogen or azotic gas is contained in these waters; and there was some probability that the latter was an active ingredient in them, but its existence has never been ascertained. Dr. Gibbes added to their impregnations the silicious earth. But we are still unable to discover in their contents any ingredient sufficiently to account for their effects. They operate powerfully by urine, and promote perspiration: if drank quickly, and in large draughts, they sometimes purge; but if taken slowly and in small quantities, they have an opposite effect. These waters are adapted to weak and exhausted constitutions, to atonic gout, to visceral obstructions, nephritic complaints, and dyspepsia. Externally they relieve in all the complaints for which the more active stimulant power of the balneum is employed. To the young and plethoric they are frequently injurious; and unless some evacuations are premised, often at first disagree, occasion headache, heat in the hands, drowsiness, and giddiness. The seasons for drinking Bath waters do not greatly differ. In hot dry summers the waters are strongest, but the spring and autumn are preferred, from fashion, probably rather than reason.

More than two pints in a day can never be required, which may be drank at three or four times, a few hours intervening betwixt each portion; and in such chronical diseases as require preparation of tin, the artificial ones may at the same time be used.

Dr. Cheyne accounts for the heat of this water by the following experiment. If filings of iron and the powder of sulphur made into a paste with water, are put into a cellar, under a cock which drops water gradually and slowly, it will ferment, and the water running from it will be of the same heat and virtue with those of Bath, though not equally pleasant. Tournefort observes, 'That the filings of iron will grow warm by steeping in common water, but much more so in sea water; and if powdered sulphur be added, the mixture will burn.'

(*To be continued.*)

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

No. XXII.

CHARITY CHILDREN.

'Small personages of old fashioned appearance.'

The differences which custom has marked out in society may be traced, among men, to an almost indefinite extent; it would seem, however, that children, whose habits and character are but in the progress of formation, should be excluded from this general observation; nevertheless, we may discover, even among them, outlines by which one class is divided from another, as perfectly at least, if not as clearly, as the nobleman is separated from the costermonger, or the lawyer from the scavenger, by the distinctions of habit and education: indeed, if it be true, that 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' it is impossible that it should be otherwise. There is as perceptible a difference between a tulip and a primrose, as there is between an oak and a poplar tree. 'Charity children' are as perfect original characters, as the parish beadle, who marshals them in order, or the parish clerk, who 'tunes their ears to harmony.'

And first, the charity boy;—where can we find his resemblance among the rising generation? we think, that he may lay as much claim to originality as the Greenwich pensioner, or the Chelsea veteran. Look at his coat of antique cut, with his 'ticket' of shining metal, staring you out of countenance from one of the button holes; his leather breeches, buttoned at the knees; his worsted hose, strengthened by many a patch; his bag at his back, and his bible under his arm. Observe him well, and say if he is not worthy to enter the lists with 'Tom Thumb,' as his equal in size, and his competitor for fame.

But the charity girl is equally entitled to attention:—With her neat looking cap, her little white tippet, and her long gloves, she bears the impress of peculiarity: Then her white apron, covering her coarse woollen or stuff gown, conveys an idea of an old housewife in miniature; and bids our imaginations wander backwards to 'ages past,' to find a resemblance to her, among the mothers of our grandams; who were the models, from whose apparel her dress was copied. In short, so antiquated is the appearance both of her and of her male prototype; that to an observer, who had seen them for the first time, they would seem to be the apparitions of a pair of ancient citizens, who had risen from their graves, to give tailors and dress makers an opportunity of imitating their costume, and manufacturing out of it an infinitude of 'new positions.' In soberness of countenance, measurement of step, and solemnity of demeanour, there is no difference between them. In a word, they are

'The same; distinguished by their sex alone.'

Although it is an every day spectacle, yet the entrance of the 'charity children' into the parish church is far from being devoid of interest. As they enter, the girls on one side, the boys on the other, with the master and mistress bringing up the rear, there is much in them worthy of notice; there are the bibles and prayer books, which all carry under their arms; there are the well-brushed hats of the boys, and the grey cloaks of the girls; and, besides all these, there are the silver medals, which have recorded good behaviour in either sex, hanging from blue ribbons, round the neck, or in the button-holes, of the monitors of the different classes. It is curious to observe the pride which glows on the cheeks of the little maidens, or lifts up the brows of the boys, upon a stranger glancing his eye upon these 'rewards of merit.' They, whose 'blushing honours' are yet but in perspective, feel then, in its fullest force, the spur of emulation, and make, without number, resolves which they have as often made and broke before, not to lose the next 'prize' by any fault of their own. Then, how orderly do they wind round to the right and left, and proceed up the gallery staircases! With how little noise, and with how much regularity do they take their places in front, or on either side of the organ! How seriously do they seem to attend to the performance of the Liturgy, and how loudly do they respond to the clerk's 'Amen!'

When a 'charity sermon' is preached

for their 'benefit,' the 'charity' children' are, if possible, more orderly and more attentive: the best 'singers' among them are placed 'in front;' and those who have medals to show, take care to show them: when 'the hymn' is announced, how their little voices rise in 'concord sweet;' and drown, in their number, and in the loudness of their treble, the dull bass of their leader, 'the clerk!'

But, mark the conclusion of the service; see them 'out of church,' and dismissed from 'the school;' the boys, who, from the gravity of their countenances, might so lately have been taken for sages, are now hooting, hallooing, throwing stones, playing at leap frog, insulting passengers, and playing more pranks in the street than they have said prayers in the church.

During the summer, they spend their Sunday evenings in 'the fields,' flying their kites, or playing at trap-ball: and there, too, are the girls, whom, in the morning, you might have taken for the very models of modesty and general correctness of behaviour, rolling in the grass, running up banks, and breaking, by their 'laughter loud,' the stillness of 'the verdant lawn,' which nature intended for 'the peaceful scene.' At church, or in school, they are 'charity' children; but, away from there, they are children like their fellows.

But charity children are seen to the best advantage on the second Thursday in June, which they look forward to with joy as their 'walking day.' We can remember, in our early days, viewing them from a first floor window, as they passed along 'in procession' to 'St. Paul's:' we can also recollect bestowing upon them, according to their different dresses, a variety of what our childish fancy deemed very expressive cognomens; such as 'lobsters' upon the girls with red gowns; 'huntsmen' upon the boys with yellow breeches; and others, equally trite and forcible, upon the various differences we could discover among them. But those days are gone, and we cannot, as some do, lament that they are so; new thoughts and feelings have taken possession of our heart, but we find happiness as near to our grasp as it ever was during the years of childhood. But we are wandering from our object, and moralizing where we ought to describe.

Charity children deem this 'walking day' the happiest of their lives. Those who are not permitted to join with the assembled thousands, who then fill our metropolitan cathedral, have their 'new cloaths' and a 'whole holiday,' and are conveyed with the rest, in the van which takes the happy party to 'Highgate,' or 'Canonbury House,' where the roast beef and pudding is in smoking readiness, to gratify their hungry palates.

Even yet, does prejudice, at times, raise her voice against the education of the poor; but surely 'charity children' are unanswerable arguments in its favour. Were it not for the education which is bestowed upon them, they would, in all probability, have swelled the ranks of the dissolute and the vicious; from whom they are divided by the restraints imposed upon them, and with reference to whom they may be said, without any misapplication of the metaphor, to be, as 'brands plucked from the fire.'

R. J.

Varieties.

OF THE MOST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT WE HAVE OF PARIS, AND THE EARLIEST.

Paris was called by the Romans the castle of the Parisians, being by its situation one of the strongest fortresses in Gaul; for at that time it was confined to the island in the river Seine, now called the *Isle au Palais*, and the *city*. Though the limits of the city are now extended somewhat beyond that island, it is the smallest part of the town. This isle was only accessible over two wooden bridges, each of which was defended by a castle, which were afterwards called the *great and little chatelet*. (See Lobeneau Hist. de la Ville de Paris, t. i. l. i.) The greatest part of the neighbouring country was covered with thick woods. The Roman governor built a palace without the island (now in Rue de l'Hache) which Julian the Apostate, whilst he commanded in Gaul, exceedingly embellished, furnished with water by a curious aquedect, and for the security of his own person, contrived a subterraneous passage from the palace to the garden, or great chatelet; of all which works certain vestiges are to be seen at this day.

H. M. S.

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

(Continued.)

With an awful smile she bade him open, and read at the first place which should meet his eye: 'from that, the word of truth, as thou sayest, I shall know my fate; what is there written I will believe.' He opened the book, and read—

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I go up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right shall hold me."

Ruth laid her hand upon the book; 'it is enough; its words are truth; it hath said there is no hope, and I find comfort in my despair; I have already spoken thus in the secrecy of my heart, and I know that he will be obeyed; the unnamed sin must be ——.' Evan knew not how to comfort, so he shut up his book and retired; and Rachel kissed the cheek of her mother, as she bade her a tender good night. Another month and she was to be the bride of Evan, and she passed over the heath with a light step, for the thought of her bridal seemed to give joy to her mother. 'We shall all be happy then,' said the smiling girl, as the youth of her heart parted from her hand for the night; 'and heaven kindly grant that happiness may last.'

The time appointed for the marriage of Rachel Tudor and Evan Edwards had long passed away, and winter had set in with unusual sternness, even on that stormy coast; when, during a loud tempest, on a dark November afternoon, a stranger to the country, journeying on foot, lost his way in endeavouring to find a short route to his destination, over stubble fields and meadow lands, by following the footmarks of those who had preceded him. The stranger was a young man, of a bright eye and a hardy look, and he went on buffeting the elements, and buffeted by them, without a thought of weariness, or a single expression of impatience. Night descended upon him as he walked, and the snow storm came down with unusual violence, as if to try the temper of his mind, a mind cultivated and enlightened, though cased in a frame accustomed to hardships, and veiled by a plain, nay almost rustic exterior. The thunder roared loudly above him, and the wind blowing tremendously, raised the new fallen snow from the earth, which, mingling with the showers as they fell, raised a clatter about his head which bewildered and blinded the traveller, who, finding himself near some leafless brambles and a few clustered bushes of the mountain broom, took shelter under them to recover his senses, and reconnoitre his position. 'Of all these ingredients for a storm,' said he smilingly to himself, 'the lightning is the most endurable after all; for if it does not kill, it may at least cure, by lighting the way out of a labyrinth, and by its bright flashes I hope to discover where I am.' In this hope he was not mistaken; the brilliant and beautiful gleam shewed him, when the snow shower had somewhat abated, every stunted bush and blade of grass for some miles, and something, about the distance of one, that looked like a white washed cottage of some poor encloser of the miserable heath upon which he was now standing. Full of hope of a shelter from the storm, and lit onwards by the magnificent torch of heaven, the stranger trod cheerily forwards, and in less than half an hour, making full allowance for his retrograding between the flashes, arrived at his beacon the white cottage, which, from the low wall of loose limestones by which it was surrounded, he judged to be, as he had already imagined, the humble residence of some poor tenant of the manor. He opened the little gate, and was proceeding to knock at the door, when his steps were arrested by a singular and unexpected sound; it was a choral burst of many voices, singing slowly and solemnly that magnificent dirge of the church of England, the 104th psalm. The stranger loved music, and the sombrous melody of that fine air had an instant effect upon his feelings; he lingered in solemn and silent admiration till the majestic strain had ceased; he then knocked gently at the door, which was instantly and courteously opened to his inquiry.

On entering, he found himself in a cottage of a more respectable interior than from its outward appearance he had been led to expect; but he had little leisure or inclination for the survey of its effects, for his senses and

imagination were immediately and entirely occupied by the scene which presented itself on his entrance. In the centre of the room into which he had been so readily admitted, stood, on its tressels, an open coffin; lights were at its head and foot, and on each side sat many persons of both sexes, who appeared to be engaged in the customary ceremony of watching the corse previous to its interment in the morning. There were many who appeared to the stranger to be watchers, but there were but two who, in his eye, bore the appearance of mourners, and they had faces of grief which spoke too plainly of the anguish that was mining within; one, at the foot of the coffin, was a pale youth just blooming into manhood, who covered his dewy eyes with trembling fingers that ill concealed the tears which trickled down his wan cheeks beneath: the other ———; but why should we again describe that still unbowed and lofty form? The awful marble brow upon which the stranger gazed, was that of Ruth Tudor.

There was much whispering and quiet talk among the people while refreshments were handed amongst them; and so little curiosity was excited by the appearance of the traveller, that he naturally concluded that it must be no common loss that could deaden a feeling usually so intense in the bosoms of Welsh peasants; he was even checked for an attempt to question; but one man—he who had given him admittance, and seemed to possess authority in the circle,—told him he would answer his questions when the guests should depart, but till then he must keep silence. The traveller endeavoured to obey, and sat down in quiet contemplation of the figure who most interested his attention, and who sat at the coffin's head. Ruth Tudor spoke nothing, nor did she appear to heed aught of the business that was passing around her. Absorbed by reflection, her eyes were generally cast to the ground; but when they were raised, the traveller looked in vain for that expression of grief which had struck him forcibly on his entrance; there was something wonderfully strange in the character of her perfect features; could he have found words for his thought, and might have been permitted the expression, he would have called it triumphant despair; so deeply agonised, so proudly stern, looked the mourner who sat by the dead.

The interest which the traveller took in the scene became more intense the longer he gazed upon its action; unable to resist the anxiety which had begun to prey upon his spirit, he arose and walked towards the coffin, with the purpose of contemplating its inhabitant; a sad explanation was given, by its appearance, of the grief and anguish he had witnessed; a beautiful girl was reposing in the narrow house, with a face as calm and lovely as if she but slept a deep and refreshing sleep, and the morning sun would again smile upon her awakening; salt, the emblem of the immortal soul, was placed upon her breast; and, in her pale and perishing fingers, a branch of living flowers were struggling for life in the grasp of death, and diffusing their sweet and gracious fragrance over the cold odour of mortality. These images, so opposite, yet so alike, affected the spirit of the gazer, and he almost wept as he continued looking upon them, till he was aroused from his trance by the strange conduct of Ruth Tudor, who had caught a glimpse of his face as he bent in sorrow over the coffin. She sprung up from her seat, and darting at him a terrible glance of recognition, pointed down to the corse, and then, with a hollow burst of frantic laughter, shouted—'Behold, thou liar!'

The startled stranger was relieved from the necessity of speaking by some one taking his arm and gently leading him to the farther end of the cottage; the eyes of Ruth followed him, and it was not till he had done violence to himself in turning from her to his conductor, that he could escape their singular fascination. When he did so, he beheld a venerable man, the pastor of a distant village, who had come that night to speak comfort to the mourners, and perform the last sad duty to the dead on the morrow. 'Be not alarmed at what you have witnessed, my young friend,' said he; 'these ravings are not uncommon: this unhappy woman, at an early period of her life, gave ear to the miserable superstitions of her country, and a wretched pretender to wisdom predicted that she should become a shedder of blood.'

(To be continued.)

Original Poetry.

THE FAIRY'S SONG.

Elves of the night, the day does flee,
The twilight smiles by the holly tree,
The nightingale sings from the verdant thorn,
And the cool breeze whistles along the lawn;
Mortals are still, their sleep they take,
Let us in dreams their slumbers break;
Now the busy world is becalmed by rest,
And the sun's asleep on the ocean's breast;
Elves of the night, on the holly tree,
The moonbeams bright shine merrily.

Elves of the night, from the holly tree,
The restless insects haste to flee;
Not a spider's weaving his silken web,
And the gnats have gone to their watery bed;
These are the hours both calm and clear,
When we may rove nor think of fear;
While the stars will dance in the ether blue,
And light us up with their silver hue;
We'll dance so blithe by the holly tree,
While the moonbeams shine so merrily.

Elves of the night, your spirits free;
Off to the haunt by the holly tree;
Where the dew drops hang in a pearly cloud,
And deck the grass with a mantle proud.
Speedily rise, your slumbers break,
To the holly tree your music take;
On the green leaves sit, and then chaunt your song,
While the list'ning night shall each strain prolong;
Haste away to the holly tree,
And dance in the moonbeams merrily.

Elves of the night, with mirth and glee,
We pass the time at the holly tree,
See the glow worms lamp, as it shines so bright,
Illumes our sports with its tender light:
Gaily we'll dance in sportive rounds,
Our steps we beat to the mingled sounds
Of the moth's low hum as he shakes his wing,
And the crickets chirp as they gaily sing;
Our revels blithe, by the holly-tree,
We hold in the moonbeams merrily.

Elves of the night, the morn we see,
Coming towards the holly tree;
And the fading stars, they begin to gleam,
Paler and paler, as morning's beam
Marks in the sky its early hue,
Reflected quick by each drop of dew,
And the lark's first chirp, as he tells the day,
Bids us from hence to haste away.
We'll dance again by the holly tree,
When the moonbeams shine so merrily.

R. J.

LOVE OF HOME.

The spot comprising natal home
To others may appear a void,
And we thro' brighter paths may roam,
And be not overjoy'd;
We lack the knowledge that directs
The eye thro' childhood's scene,
Where every object, fair, reflects,
How pure our joys have been.

There glides the brook we walk'd beside—
There stands the tree whose ample shade
We sat beneath, till eventide,
Its crimson light display'd—
The village church—the cottage row—
The common—and the green—
Attract the eye, by turns, and show
Where purer joys have been.

Oh! after years of absence, sweet
It is to spend the livelong day,
And hear, when old associates greet,
How others pass'd away.
We wonder who could ever part
From scene so sweet and fair,
And feeling youth, we deem the heart
Might live for ever there.

This is the fondness of the heart,
No wild vagary of the brain;
No affectation bearing part
In fickle fancy's reign:
The bond of nature—fervent—strong—
That lasts where'er we roam,
The sweetest theme of poet's song—
The love of Home, sweet Home!

C. Cole.

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The Casket.

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THE FALL FROM THE ROCK!

In one of the most picturesque parts of the Western Highlands of Scotland stands an inn which is much frequented by travellers. Very few dwellings are to be seen from it; and those few are mere cottages, chiefly inhabited by the fishermen of the lock. One of these cottages is my dwelling. It is so near to the inn, that I can observe all that goes forward there.

One fine evening in the month of August, I observed a gig drive up to the inn adjoining my cottage; it contained a young lady and a gentleman. They were evidently brother and sister; there was a strong resemblance between them and a slight difference in years—the young man appearing to be about eighteen, his sister one or two-and-twenty.

On the fourth day after their arrival,

I was sitting at work, at a window which commands a view of the head of the loch, and of the moutains on the opposite side. It was then between four and five in the afternoon; the sun was bright, and the weather as fine as possible. The tide was out, and, as usual, many groups of children were busied in collecting shells and sea weed. Among them were my two friends. They seemed in gayer spirits than I had yet seen them: they strolled on till they came to a little bridge which spans a rivulet at the head of the loch. I saw them lean over the parapet to watch the gurgling brook beneath. Then they turned to survey the high mountains above them; and after a while, they directed their steps to the base of one of them. I saw them gradually mount the green slope, turning every now and then to gaze at the scene below, until I could but indistinctly discern their figures, amidst the shadows which were beginning to spread over the valley and the lower parts of the mountain. I knew that the mountain which they were ascending was not often tried either by natives or by strangers, for it was boggy and pathless. Anxious to know how the young people would manage to pick their way, and whether they would turn back, I took my glass, and by its means obtained once more a perfect view of them. They appeared to be looking carefully to their steps; sometimes seemingly at a loss how to proceed, sometimes slipping from one dry place to another, and sometimes, as I thought, over their shoes in mud or water. At length they reached dry ground, and the young lady threw down her parasol, and prepared to seat herself on the grass; but her brother pointing to the rocks which were just above them, she took up her parasol and proceeded. They reached the rocks, and the lady sunk down evidently fatigued: but he still looked up, and did not accept the offered seat beside her. I saw him look at his watch, and then spring away among the rocks, his sister kissing her hand to him.

The richest glow of the evening's sun was upon the mountain's brow: light crimson clouds were floating, as it seemed to me, just over the head of the youth, as he mounted higher and higher —springing from one point to another. I saw his slight form on the very ridge, though lessened almost to a point by the distance, yet conspicuous by its motion, and by the relief of the glowing sky behind. He disappeared. I looked for his sister; she was still seated on her sunny seat, while all below was wrapped in a deep grey shadow. I laid down my glass, and resumed my work for a while. I looked again: she was still there, and alone—but the sunlight was gone! I thought she looked forlorn; and I wished her brother would return to her. Again the sun burst forth on the mountain-top. I saw the lady start from her seat, and turn round. An eagle had sprung from among the rocks: she was watching its flight—it ascended into the blue sky, and was lost to sight. She sauntered a few steps on one side of her seat, then on the other, and looked around her. 'I wish her brother would return to her,' thought I again. She shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked up: but vainly! The shadows had crept apace up the mountain side: her seat was no longer sunny, but she sat down again.

I had by this time become, I knew not why, rather nervous: my hand shook so, that I could not fix the glass. I laid it down, and went to take a turn in my garden. I came back presently to the window, and once more turned my glass in the direction of the mountain. The seat was vacant. I saw something white fluttering in the breeze. By intently gazing, I made out that the lady was standing on a point of the rock lower down, and more conspicuous than that on which they had been seated. She had tied her handkerchief to her parasol, and was waving it, no doubt, as a signal to her brother. My heart turned sick, and I could see no more. I looked at my watch, and found that it was nearly three hours since they had begun their ascent. * * *

At that moment some one rushed past me. It was the young lady—running, or attempting to run, but with faltering and unequal steps. I followed her. At the first of the flight of steps before the inn, she stumbled and fell. She was trembling and sobbing violently; whether from breathlessness or agony I could not tell. I raised her, and assisted her to mount the steps. "My brother! my brother!" she exclaimed incessantly. I could get no words but these from her. No time was to be lost. I sat down beside her, and took both her hands;

and, speaking as calmly as I could, said, 'Compose yourself, and tell us what we must do. Have you missed your brother, or has any accident befallen him before your eyes?'

'He is on the mountain there! He left me and did not come back. He said he should not be gone twenty minutes.'

'Now I know all,' replied I. 'I will take some people from the inn with lights, and we will find him; you must stay and compose yourself and be patient: he has only missed his way.'

She insisted upon going too; and declared that this was necessary, in order to point out the track which her brother had taken. I explained to her how I had watched their progress, and was therefore able to direct their search. But she was resolute in her determination to go; and finding her to be so, I gave up my intention of accompanying the party, believing that I should only retard their progress. In a few minutes the landlord and two of his men were ready with lanterns, ropes, and poles. It was a fearful sight; and it was with sickening anxiety that we saw the party set off, knowing how long it must be before they could return, to put an end to our uncertainty.

I arranged with the landlady, that in case of any fatal accident having happened, the young lady should be brought to my house, where she would be in greater quiet and retirement than amid the bustle of an inn. I returned to my cottage to have the spare chamber made ready for the guest whom I dreaded to receive. This done, I returned to the inn, to await the arrival of the party.

It was as we feared: he was found lying at the bottom of the rock, no more than ten feet high—but lifeless. His neck had been dislocated by the fall. There were no external bruises—no signs of any struggle—nothing painful in his appearance. I cannot relate every circumstance of that dreadful night. I thought she was gone too: she was brought in insensible, and remained so for hours. She was taken immediately to my house, and put to bed. The body of her brother was also carried there, for I knew she would not be separated from it. I sat beside her, watching her faint breathing, anxious for some sign of returning consciousness, but dreading the agony which must attend it.

Day dawned, and no change was perceptible; but in two hours afterwards she opened her eyes. I crossed the room to see whether she observed my motion; she did, and I therefore opened the curtain and spoke to her. She gazed, but did not reply. Presently she seized my arm, muttering some words, of which 'my mother' was all I could understand. I took the opportunity of saying that I was going to write to her family, and asked how I should address them.

'My family!' said she, 'I have none—they are all gone now—there were many of us once, but I am the last!'

I could not go on—yet it must be done.

'But you have friends who will come to you?'

'Yes; I have a grandfather—he lives in Hampshire—he is very old, but he will come to me if he still lives; if not——'

'He will come,' said I; 'I will write to him directly.'

I wrote to her grandfather; and in the evening she gave me, in a few words, her family history. She was indeed the last of her family; her mother had died a few weeks before, after a lingering illness; and the sole surviving brother and sister had been prevailed on to take this tour, to recruit their strength and spirits, after their long watching and anxiety.

It is not my intention to relate what took place during the following week. The funeral, conducted in a way so repugnant, from its haste, to the feelings of those who have been accustomed to a different performance of the rite; the exertions which the mourner compelled herself to make; the variations in her state of mind; my own deep interest in her trial; the sincere sympathy of our few and humble neighbours;—all these things must remain untold, or I should lose all command of my pen.

Her grandfather arrived on the earliest possible day. Nothing could be more tender than his kindness to his charge; though he was, perhaps, too far advanced in this life, and too near another, to feel the pressure of this kind of sorrow, as a younger or weaker mind would have done.

A few days before she left me, a gentleman arrived at the inn, and came immediately to my cottage. She introduced him to me as 'a friend.' No

one said what kind of a friend he was, but I could entertain no doubt that he was one who would supply the place of her brother to her.

They quitted the place together, and many a sympathising heart did they leave behind them—by many an anxious wish and prayer were they followed; the last promise required from me was, that I would see that the grave of her brother was respected. What a pang did it cost her to leave that grave!

I heard tidings of her three times afterwards; her letters pleased me; they testified a deep, but not a selfish or corroding grief—a power of exertion, and a disposition to hope and be cheerful. The last letter I received from her arrived more than five years ago; she had taken the name which I conjectured would in time be her's, She had lost her grandfather, but the time was past when his departure could occasion much grief. She was then going abroad with her husband for an indefinite period of time. If they were spared to return to their native country, they purposed visiting my little dwelling once more, to gaze with softened emotions on scenes sadly endeared to them, and to mingle their tears once more over a brother's grave.

Perhaps that day may yet arrive.

THE TOOTH ACHE.

A DREAM.

(*For the Casket.*)

"I have had a most rare vision, I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had—but man is but a patch'd fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was.——"

In order to spare the reader the fatigue and trouble of reading how my dream came over me like 'a shadow,' when was under the powerful influence of 'the drowsy god,' and other equally common-place metaphors and edifying illustrations, I shall confine myself to plain matter of fact, and simply state, that I went to bed, fell asleep, and dreamed—what, my dream shall testify

First, I fancied that a quarrelsome disposition having, for some time past, manifested itself among those occupants of my mouth—the teeth—was just breaking out into open war. Those, whose proper office it was to convey the food to the grinders, complained that the latter would never do any work but such as they, the complainants, prepared for them; which was met by a countercharge from the defendants, accusing the other contending party with idleness and insult, inasmuch as they never finished any work they took in hand, but left it to be completed by the aforesaid grinders; and further, that they, wilfully and maliciously, and not having the fear of God before their eyes, (upon this, one saucy canine tooth called out, that for his part he never had possessed any,) had dared to charge them, the complainants in this case, with a deficiency of industry and activity. No sooner was this recrimination ended, than it seemed as if both parties had agreed to settle the dispute *per force;* for each tooth shook in its socket, and chattered as it were with rage; tremendous blows seemed to be given and received on both sides; the gums began to smart, and the jaw-bone to ache most grievously; when one of the belligerents cried loudly for quarter. In an instant the noise was hushed, and the bustle stilled, when my ideas became confused, and I felt myself stretched on the ground. When I came to myself, there I lay sure enough, and fixed there like Gulliver in Lilliput, by almost innumerable ropes and stakes; indeed, I was so securely fastened, that I could not move even the end of my little finger. While I was 'pondering within myself what these things should mean,' I found myself surrounded by an immense multitude of the most extraordinary looking beings that I had ever seen, and probably that I ever shall see. I, at first, thought that I had certainly fallen into the hands of the Lilliputians, but was soon convinced of the contrary; for, as they came near, I perceived that, although their height did not exceed six inches, they had large horns on their heads, and none of them had but one eye, which was placed in the middle of the forehead: when I discovered that they had brought with them hammers and tongs, and above all a pair of bellows, which took four of them to carry. I began to calculate upon the possibility of their being the

descendants of the Cyclops of old, but the noise they made prevented me from bringing my cogitations to any thing like a satisfactory conclusion. They came, in appearance, as near as possible to those nameless shapes, which our caricaturists have represented as being engaged in tormenting us poor mortals, in the shape of 'blue devils,' 'headache,' and other ills and evils attendant upon our 'earthly pilgrimage.' I did not understand their language, but by their movements, I soon discovered that they were about to commence some operations upon one of my hollow teeth. They began by bringing up to my mouth a piece of wood, notched at both ends, which, in spite of all my resistance, they fixed upon the front teeth of my upper and lower jaws, so as to keep my mouth immoveably open; then they began—first, they cleaned out the hollow with their crow-bars; then, put in something which looked like coal, and setting it on fire, began blowing with the bellows, so that I roared with pain loud enough to frighten them; for they were, in an instant after, tumbling down the ladder by which they had mounted to my face, like so many mice in retreat from their feline enemy; but they were soon at it again, and with long levers were endeavouring to force from its roots the devoted piece of bone, as if they had determined that it should come out at all events. The pain forced me to another exclamation; when in an instant they all vanished; and in came my friend Joe, who soon released me from my confinement, and told me that the 'little devils' had 'played up such tricks' with my tooth, that 'out' it must needs come. He offered to conduct me to a barber of his acquaintance, who, he assured me, was a very 'dabster' at tooth drawing; I submitted to his guidance, and found myself, scarcely knowing how, seated in the shop surrounded with soap-suds and razors, and trophies of their proprietor's science as a 'dentist.' Joe's barber was soon at work; he seized a lancet, opened my mouth, and began cutting away, as if he thought I had no feeling whatever; then he produced a corkscrew-looking machine, which he called 'the instrument,' and fixing it on the tooth, began tugging away, as a carpenter would at an old nail, till at length one of the 'strong holds' was loosened; when, offering some water in a dirty glass, he bade me wash my mouth, adding, in a tone which gave the lie to the import of his words, 'I shall not hurt you much next pull.' Again he fixed 'his instrument,' and as he wrenched the tooth from its place, put me to so much pain, that I awoke. My dream was *out*—I had *got* the TOOTH-ACHE. R. J.

Mineral Waters.

No. II.

BUXTON, BRISTOL, AND MATLOCK WATERS.

(*Continued*)

The Buxton waters are the second in degree of heat among those of this island. The water of St. Anne's well is so pure, that when a gallon of the water was evaporated, the sediment was only fifteen grains; of which 1¾ grains were sea salt, 2½ selenite, and 10½ carbonate of lime, rendered soluble by an excess of carbonic acid. The specific gravity of this water is precisely equal to that of rain water, when their temperatures are the same: but when fresh taken from the spring, it is four grains in each pint lighter. The temperature of the bath is about 82 degrees.

The water of St. Anne's well contains about 1-64th part of its bulk of azotic gas, in which its efficacy may in part reside, and which is quickly dissipated by exposure to the atmospheric air.

This water is alterative, and not evacuant; about a pint in the forenoon is first taken, and the quantity gradually increased. The cooler the weather, the hotter and more medicinal is the water. It increases the vital heat, is useful in the gout, rheumatism, convulsive asthma, and other nervous complaints, indigestion, loss of appetite from intemperance, contractions of the tendons, urinary diseases, and defective catamenia. Its temperature is the lowest at which the cold bath has been used.

Bristol waters.—As the Bath waters are proper where the secretions are defective, so the Bristol water is of service when in excess. The Bath water warms, the Bristol cools. Bath water relieves the stomach and intestines; the Bristol the lungs, kidneys, and bladder. It issues from a limestone rock.

By the experiments of Dr. B. Higgins, a Winchester gallon of this water con-

tains of calcareous earth, combined with vitriolic acid in the form of selenite, 8¼ grains; of calcareous earth, combined with acidulous gas, 12¾ grains; of marine salt of magnesia, 5¼ grains; and of sea salt, 6¼ grains.

Acidulous gas, besides what is contained in the calcareous earth abovementioned, eight ounce measures. Dr. Carrick found a little difference in the proportions, and adds to the ingredients sulphate of soda, more generally known by Glauber's salts.

Little can be, therefore, expected from the mineral contents of this water. It has, however, been supposed useful in internal hæmorrhages, immoderate discharge of the menses, old diarrhoeas, fluor albus, internal inflammations, spitting of blood. dysentery, consumption, dropsy, scurvy with heat, stone, gravel, strangury, habitual gout, atrophy, slow fever, scrophula, gleets, and a diabetes: in which last it is esteemed a specific: and is allowed to be drank as freely as the thirst requires it. The sensible qualities of this water render any particular directions for its use unnecessary.

The hotter months are the best for using it. In general it is drank in repeated daughts of half a pint, from a pint to two quarts a day.

Matlock waters are found at the place from whence they take their name, in the county of Derby, where there are a great number of warm springs, which, according to Dr. Short, acquire their heat by passing through a bed of lime, and what he calls croil stone. The water of the bath, and all the other tepid springs, is exceedingly clear, has no steam except in cold weather, and does not throw up bubbles; it is about a dram in the pint lighter than common water.

A gallon of this water contains about 37 or 38 grains of solid matter: 12 or 13 grains of which are sea salt. with vitriolated magnesia, the rest calcareous earth, which after calcination, contained some particles attracted by the loadstone. This water seems, therefore, to be a light chalybeate of a tepid temperature, containing but a small portion of solid matter, and is used in the diseases for which Bristol waters have been recommended; externally for the gout, rheumatism, and other complaints where a tepid bath has been found serviceable: It is drank from one to four or five pints in the day,

(*To be continued.*)

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

(*Continued.*)

'You may say what you please, parson,' said the old man who had given admittance to the stranger, and who now, after dismissing all the guests save the youth, joined the talkers, and seated himself on the settle by their side; 'you may say what you please about madness and superstition; but I know Ruth Tudor was a fated woman, and the deed that was to be I believe she has done; ay, ay, her madness is conscience; and if the deep sea and jagged rocks could speak, they might tell us a tale of other things than that: but she is judged now; her only child is gone—her pretty Rachel. Poor Evan! he was her suitor! ah, he little thought, two months ago, when he was preparing for her gay bridal, that her slight sickness would end thus; he does not deserve it; but for her—God forgive me if I do her wrong, but I think it is the hand of God, and it lies heavy, as it should.' And the grey-haired old man hobbled away, satisfied that in thus thinking he was shewing his zeal for virtue.

'Alas, that so white a head should acknowledge [so hard a heart!' said the pastor, 'Ruth is condemned, according to his system, for committing that which a mightier hand compelled her to do; how harsh and misjudging is age! But we must not speak so loud,' continued he, 'for see, the youth Evan is retiring for the night, and the miserable mother has thrown herself on the floor to sleep, the sole domestic is rocking on her stool, and therefore I will do the honours of this poor cottage to you. There is a chamber above this, containing the only bed in the hut; thither you may go and rest, for otherwise it will certainly be vacant to night; I shall find a bed in the village, and Evan sleeps near you with some of the guests in the barn. But. before I go, if my question be not unwelcome and intrusive, tell me who you are, and whither you are bound.'

'I was ever somewhat a subscriber to the old man's creed of fatalism,' said

the stranger, smiling' 'and I believe I am more confirmed in it by the singular events of this day. My father was a man of a certain rank in society, but of selfish and disorderly habits. A course of extravagance and idleness was succeeded by difficulties and distress. Harassed by creditors, he was pained by their demands, and his selfishness was unable to endure the sufferings of his wife and children. Instead of exertion, he had recourse to flight, and left us to face the difficulties from which he shrunk. He was absent for years, while his family toiled and struggled with success. Suddenly we heard that he was concealed in this part of the coast; the cause which made that concealment necessary I forbear to mention; but he as suddenly disappeared from the eyes of men, though we could never trace him beyond this part of the country. I have always believed that I should one day find my father, and have lately, though with difficulty, prevailed upon my mother to allow me to make inquiries in this neighbourhood: but my search is at end to day, I believe that I have found my father. Roaming along the beach, I penetrated into several of those dark caverns of the rocks, which might well, by their rugged aspects, deter the idle from entering. Through the fissures of one I discovered in the interior, a light. Surprised, I penetrated to its concealment, and discovered a man sleeping on the ground. I advanced to awake him, and found but a fleshless skeleton, cased in tattered and decaying garments. He had probably met his death by accident, for exactly over the corpse I observed, at a terrific distance, the daylight, as if streaming down from an aperture above. Thus the wretched man must have fallen, but how long since, or who had discovered his body, and left the light which I beheld, I know not, though I cannot help cherishing a strong conviction that it was the body of Rhys Meredith that I saw.'

'Who talks of Rhys Meredith,' said a stern voice near the coffin, 'and of the cave where the outcast rots?' They turned quickly at the sound, and beheld Ruth Tudor standing up, as if she had been intently listening to the story. 'It was I who spoke dame,' said the stranger gently, 'and my speech was of my father, of Rhys Meredith; I am Owen his son.'

'Son! Owen Rhys!' said the bewildered Ruth, passing her hand over her forehead, as if to enable her to recover the combination of these names, 'and who art thou, that thus givest human ties to him who is no more of humanity? why speakest thou of living things as pertaining to the dead? Father! he is father to nought save sin, and murder is his only begotten!'

She advanced to the traveller as she spoke, and again caught a view of his face; again he saw the wild look of recognition, and an unearthly shriek followed the convulsive horror of her face. 'There, there!' she said, 'I knew it must be thyself; once before to-night have I beheld thee, yet what can thy coming bode? Back with thee, ruffian! for is not thy dark work done?'

'Let us leave her,' said the good pastor, 'to the care of her attendant; do not continue to meet her gaze, your presence may increase, but cannot allay her malady; go up to your bed and rest.'

He retired as he spoke; and Owen, in compliance with his wish, ascended the ruinous stairs which led to his chamber, after he had beheld Ruth Tudor quietly place herself in her seat at the open coffin's head. The room to which he mounted was not of the most cheering aspect, yet he felt that he had often slept soundly in a worse. It was a gloomy unfinished chamber, and the wind was whistling coldly and drearily through the uncovered rafters above his head. Like many of the cottages in that part of the country, it appeared to have grown old and ruinous before it had been finished; for the flooring was so crazy as scarcely to support the huge wooden bedstead, and in many instances the boards were entirely separated from each other, and in the centre, time, or the rot, had so completely devoured the larger half of one, that through the gaping aperture Owen had an entire command of the room and the party below, looking down immediately above the coffin. Ruth was in the same attitude as when he left her, and the servant girl was dozing by her side. Every thing being perfectly tranquil, Owen threw himself upon his hard couch, and endeavoured to compose himself to rest for the night, but this had become a task and one of no easy nature to surmount; his thoughts still wandered to the events

of the day, and he felt there was some strange connexion between the scene he had just witnessed, and the darker one of the secret cave. He was an imaginative man, and of a quick and feverish temperament, and he thought of Ruth Tudor's ravings, and the wretched skeleton of the rock, till he had worked out in his brain the chain of events that linked one consequence with the other; he grew restless and wretched, and amidst the tossings of impatient anxiety, fatigue overpowered him, and he sunk into a perturbed and heated sleep. His slumber was broken by dreams that might well be the shadows of his waking reveries. He was alone (as in reality) upon his humble bed, when imagination brought to his ear the sound of many voices again singing the slow and monotonous psalm; it was interrupted by the outcries of some unseen things who attempted to enter his chamber, and, amid yells of fear and execrations of anger, bade him 'arise, and come forth, and aid;' then the coffined form which laid so quietly below, stood by his side, and in beseeching accents, bade him 'arise and save her.' In his sleep he attempted to spring up, but a horrid fear restrained him, a fear that he should be too late; then he crouched like a coward beneath his coverings, to hide from the reproaches of the spectre, while shouts of laughter and shrieks of agony were poured like a tempest around him; he sprung from his bed and awoke. It was some moments ere he could recover recollection, or shake off the horror which had seized upon his soul. He listened, and with infinite satisfaction, observed an unbroken silence throughout the house. He smiled at his own terrors, attributed them to the events of the day, or the presence of a corse, and determined not to look down into the lower room till he should be summoned thither in the morning. He walked to the casement, and looked abroad to the night; the clouds were many, black, and lowering, and the face of the sky looked angrily at the wind, and glared portentously upon the earth; the sleet was still falling; distant thunder announced the approach or departure of a storm, and Owen marked the clouds coming from afar towards him, laden with the rapid and destructive lightning; he shut the casement and returned towards the bed: but the light from below attracted his eye, and he could not pass the aperture without taking one glance at the party.

(*To be continued.*)

Varieties.

A SALTED JEW.

A Jew dying in Spain, desired on his death bed to be carried to Jerusalem. There was a difficulty, however, how to get the body out of the kingdom without danger of discovery. It was at last determined to cut it into pieces, salt it, and put it into a barrel, directed to Leghorn. The merchant to whom it was directed, finding a deficiency in the weight, discovered a hole in the barrel, from which several pieces had been taken, and made his complaint. The captain offered to pay for the deficiency: the merchant insisted on the restitution of the pieces. 'That is impossible,' said the captain, 'for they have been eaten and digested long ago.' The sailor who had committed the theft was then questioned; he was asked if it was good? He replied, 'that it was not bad.' 'Then, my good friend,' said the merchant, 'I am sorry to tell you, that instead of salted pork, you have been eating a salted Jew!'

Aubrey gives the following quaint account of the pond in Lord Bacon's garden:—The figures of the pond were thus; they were pitched at the bottomes with pebbles of severall colours, which were workt into severall figures, of as fishes, &c. which in his Lordship's time were plainly to be seen through the clear water, now overgrown with flags and rushes. If a poor bodie had brought his Lordship halfe a dozen pebbles of a curious colour, he would give them a shilling, so curious was he in perfecting his fish pond, which I guesse doe contain four acres.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E: Mackay's communication in our next.

Erratum.—In our last, p. 316, for 'new positions,' read 'new fashions.

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The Casket.

No. 42.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1827. [PRICE 1*d.*



DEATH IN THE POT!!!

On the first sabbath day, in the year 1749, Mr Thomas Lilly, the son of a farmer in the parish of Kelso, in Roxburghshire, a promising young man, intended for the church of Scotland, and who then had studied a considerable time at school, happened to be at home keeping the house, with only a shepherd's boy, all the rest of the family, (excepting a maid-servant), being at sermon; the young student and the boy being seated by the fire, whilst the girl was gone to the well for some water, a venerable old gentleman, clad in an antique garb, presented himself; and, after some little ceremony, desired the student to open the Bible which lay upon the table before him, and turn over to a certain chapter and verse in the second book of Kings. The student did so and read: 'there is death in the pot.'

On this the old man, with much apparent agitation, pointed to the great family pot boiling on the fire, declaring that the maid had cast a great quantity of arsenic into it, with intent to poison the whole family, to the end she might rob the house of the hundred guineas, which she knew her master had taken for sheep and grain, which he had sold. Just as he was so saying, the maid came to the door, announcing her approach by the noise of the nails in her shoe-heels. The old gentleman said to the student, 'remember my warning,' and instantly disappeared.

The maid entered with a smiling countenance, emptied her pail, and returned to the well for a fresh supply. Meanwhile, young Lilly put some oatmeal into a wooden dish, skimmed the pot of the fat, and mixed it like what we call brose or croudy; and when the maid returned, he with the boy appeared busily employed in eating the mixture. 'Come, Peggy,' said the student, 'here is enough left for you; are you not fond of croudy?' She smiled, took up the dish, and, reaching a horn spoon, withdrew to the back room. The shepherd's dog followed her unseen by the boy; and the poor animal on the croudy being put down by the maid, fell a victim to his voracious appetite; for, before the return of the family from church, it was enormously swelled, and expired in great agony.

The student enjoined the boy to remain quite passive for the present; meantime he attempted to show his ingenuity in resolving the cause of the canine catastrophe into insanity, in order to keep the girl in countenance till a fit opportunity of discovering the plot should present itself.

Soon after, his father, mother, brothers, and sisters, with the other servants, returned from church, all hungering after the word, and eager to sit round the rustic board.

The table was instantly replenished with wooden bowls and trenchers, and a heap of barley bannocks graced the top. The kail or broth, infused with leeks or winter cabbages, was poured forth in plenty; and Peggy, with a prodigal hand, filled all the dishes with the homely dainties of Tiviotdale. The master began grace, and all hats and bonnets were instantly off. 'O Lord,' prayed the farmer, 'we have been hearing thy word from the mouth of thy aged servant, Mr. Ramsey; we have been alarmed by the awful famine in Samaria, and of death being in the pot!' Here the young scholar interrupted his father, by exclaiming, 'yes, Sir, there is death in the pot now here, as well as there was once in Israel. Touch not! taste not! See the dog dead by the poisoned pot!'

'What,' cried the farmer, 'have you been raising the devil by your conjurations? Is this the effect of your study, Sir?' 'No, father,' said the student, 'I pretend to no such arts of magic or necromancy; but this day, as the boy can testify, I had a solemn warning from one, whom I take to be no demon, but a good angel. To him we all owe our lives. As to Peggy, according to his intimation, she has put poison into the pot, for the purpose of destroying the family root and branch!' Here the girl fell into a fit, from which being with some trouble recovered, she confessed the whole of her deadly design, and was suffered to withdraw from the family and her native country. She was soon after executed at Newcastle-upon-Tyne for the murder of her bastard child, again making ample confession of the above diabolical design.

Mineral Waters.

No. III.

(Continued)

The following catalogue is intended to comprise the principal mineral waters of Great Britain, and some of the more important ones of other countries. We do not profess to furnish an account of every one, as it would occupy more space than we can allot for the purpose, and moreover, it would be quite impossible, as no doubt there are numbers yet undiscovered. Our readers will easily understand the properties of the various waters, by a reference to the preceding examination; for example:—

Acton, a saline spring; by this we are to understand, that those waters are impregnated with natural alkaline and earthy salts only; and so on with the rest.

Abcourt. An acidulous chalybeate spring.

Aberbrothick, or Abroath. An acidulous, chalybeate spring.

Acton. A saline spring.

Aghaloo, Tyrone, Ireland. A sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Aix-la Chapelle. Sulphureous thermal springs.

Alford. A saline spring.

Alkerton, near Gloucester. A saline spring.

Anaduff, Leitrim. A weak sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Aswood, Fermanagh. A sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Askeron, Yorkshire. A strong sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Astrop, Oxfordshire. An acidulous chalybeate spring.

Aswarby, Lincolnshire. A saline chalybeate spring.

Athlone, Westmeath. A chalybeate spring, slightly saline.

Baden Sulphureous springs, formerly in much repute as baths.

Bagnigge Wells. Two springs, one saline, the other chalybeate.

Balaruc. Saline thermal springs.

Ballycastle. Two chalybeate springs, one, in which the iron is in combination with carbonic acid, the other with sulphuric acid.

Ballynahinch, Downshire. A sulphureous spring, said to contain iron.

Bagneres, France. Thermal springs, in much repute as baths.

Balston, North America. A highly acidulous chalybeate spring.

Barege. Sulphureous thermal springs in considerable repute.

Barnet, Hertfordshire. A weak saline spring.

Bath. Celebrated saline thermal springs, containing likewise a little iron.

Bilton, Yorkshire. A weak saline sulphureous spring.

Binley, Warwickshire. A saline chalybeate spring.

Borrowdale, Cumberland. A strong saline water.

Borset. Sulphureous thermal springs, in considerable repute.

Brabach, Germany. An acidulous chalybeate spring.

Brandolo, Italy. A weak acidulous chalybeate spring.

Brentwood, Essex. A saline spring.

Brighton. A chalybeate spring.

Bristol, Hotwells. A simple thermal water.

Bromley, Kent. A chalybeate spring.

Broughton, Yorkshire. A strong saline sulphureous spring.

Buglawton, Cheshire. A saline sulphureous water.

Builth, Brecknockshire. A saline spring.

Burlington, Yorkshire. A chalybeate water, slightly saline.

Burnley, Lancashire. A chalybeate water.

Burton. A simple thermal water.

Cannock, Staffordshire. A chalybeate water.

Cargyrle, near Chester. A weak saline water.

Carlsbord. Celebrated acidulous chalybeate thermal springs.

Carlton, Nottingham. A chalybeate water.

Castleconnel. A chalybeate water.

Castlemain. A sulphureous spring said to contain iron.

Cawley, Derbyshire. A sulphureous water, saline slightly.

Cawthorp, Lincolnshire. A chalybeate spring slightly saline.

Chedlington, Oxfordshire. A sulphureous water slightly saline.

Chaude Fontaine, near Liege, Germany. Thermal springs celebrated as baths.

Cheltenham. Saline and saline-chalybeate springs.

Chippenham, Wilts. A chalybeate spring.

Cleves. An acidulous chalybeate spring.

Clifton, Oxfordshire. A saline spring.

Cobham, Surry. A chalybeate water.

Codsall Wood, Staffordshire. A sulphureous spring.

Colchester, Essex. A saline spring.

Colurian, Cornwall. A chalybeate spring.

Comner or Cumner, Berkshire. A weak saline spring.

Corstarphine, near Edinburgh. A weak sulphureous spring slightly saline.

Coventus. A saline chalybeate spring.

Crickle spa, Lancashire. A strong saline sulphureous water.

Croft, Yorkshire. A sulphureous water, slightly saline.

Cross Town, Waterford. A sulphureous spring.

Cunley House, Lancashire. A strong sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Deddington. Saline sulphureous springs.

Derby. A chalybeate spring.

(To be continued.)

Sketches of Character.

(For the Casket.)

THE DOG'S MEAT MAN.

No. XXIII.

'—— He took up his barrow, and off he ran,
Crying 'Dog's meat!' did the Dog's meat man.'

How frequently does it happen, that

while we are sitting, 'wrapt in studious thought,' and warming our toes comfortably before a blazing fire, that every thing seems to take an impress from our own stillness; the wind seems at rest, no noise disturbs our tranquillity; and, to fill up, as it were, the picture, of which we unconsciously form a part, a favorite cat or dog is sleeping at our feet: when suddenly, Tray becomes restless, and ramtles, with ceaseless activity, up and down the stairs, where Puss places herself in an attitude of watchful expectation. What is the cause of this sudden movement? It is 'the dog's meat man,' with his savoury load of horse flesh; he is already within the reach of their olfactory organs; and with rapid strides is approaching the house:—he rings the bell—the door is opened—and his canine and feline customers are mewing and whining beside him. Mark the nicety with which he measures with his eye the customary allowance for each, and the (apparently) involuntary motion by which he jerks it towards them. How eagerly puss snatches up the morsel, and how joyfully wags the tail of her canine companion, as his share is bestowed upon him by the knight of the wheelbarrow.

The dog's meat man aims to look like a butcher: he dresses in a butcher's jacket and butcher's boots; he wears a butcher's apron and butcher's sleeves; yet, for all this, and though he hangs before him that badge of the slaughtering profession, the 'steel,' he never passes for a butcher. Should he leave his barrow and carry his commodities in a basket, or place them in panniers upon the back of a smart looking pony, he cannot disguise his real profession; there is a something in his appearance which proclaims it visibly, and all his actions tend to its display. If a dog barks, he must look back to see if he is barking for him; and the sight of a cat sitting at an open door, is almost sufficient to make him stop in his career; but should he yet escape detection by any one eye, the moment he opens his mouth, his voice, like that of the ass in the lion's skin, exposes his proper character; the cry of 'dogs meat,' *malgre* his butcher-like appearance, identifies him with 'the dog's meat man,' and makes us wonder, how we could doubt, but for a moment, the 'line' of business which properly belongs to him.

The London 'dog's meat man,' resides in the neighbourhood of Grub-street, which seems to be the head quarters of this class of itinerant tradesmen; his shop exhibits hearts and livers of horses, hung in tempting array on their several hooks: here and there may be seen a huge bone, which was probably a present from 'the boiler.' When passing these shops, foot-passengers are recommended to close their nostrils with the fingers, to secure themselves from the danger of being surfeited with the '*savoury* perfume.'

'The knacker,' although not properly speaking a 'dog's meat man,' may fairly, as he deals in 'dog's meat,' be adverted to in the present article. He buys 'live and dead horses,' and sells them, when cooked, to the retailers: the sight of 'a lot' of 'live' horses going to 'the knacker's,' is as curious a spectacle as can well be imagined. To see some with dislocated joints twisted into all shapes but the right; some with wens on their legs, looking for all the world as though they were gouty; some limping, some crawling, and some coughing; some lame of one leg, and some lame of all; is enough to make one think, that all the disorders to which horses are liable, are embodied in the unhappy objects before us. Poor wretches, you have laboured hard for your masters, and are rewarded by being abandoned in your misfortunes.

Every one must have taken notice of the vehicle, in which 'the knacker' conveys home the bodies of his defunct victims; but every one may not have had the curiosity to visit the knacker's yard. We cannot say, that it is either a very pleasant or a very entertaining sight; but we can vouch that it is a perfectly unique one. Bones, to which 'the rites of sepulchre' have been denied are heaped in whitened piles, in all directions; others, which have but recently been despoiled of the flesh which covered them, are strewed about 'a prey to the vultures:' these vultures are ducks, fowls, and pigs, who, mingled together, are, with disgusting greediness, disputing with swarms of blue bottles each unpicked morsel. Oh! ye epicures! can you relish the smoking capon, the savoury duck, or the flesh of the delicate porker, after this?

R. J.

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

(Concluded.)

They were in the same attitude in which he had left them; the servant was sleeping, but Ruth was earnestly gazing on the lower end of the room upon something, without the sight of Owen; his attention was next fixed upon the corpse, and he thought he had never seen any thing so lovely; and so calm was the aspect of her last repose, that Meredith thought it more resembled a temporary suspension of the faculties, than the eternal stupor of death; her features were pale, but not distorted, and there was none of the livid hue of death in her beautiful mouth and lips; but the flowers in her hand gave stronger demonstration of the presence of the power, before whose potency their little strength was fading; drooping with a mortal sickness, they bowed down their heads in submission, as one by one they dropped from her pale and perishing fingers. Owen gazed, till he thought he saw the grasp of her hand relax, and a convulsive smile pass over her cold and rigid features; he looked again; the eye-lids shook and vibrated like the string of some fine-strung instrument; the hair rose, and the head-cloth moved: he started up ashamed, 'does the madness of this woman affect all who would sleep beneath her roof?' said he, 'what is this that disturbs me—or am I yet in a dream? Hark! what is that?' It was the voice of Ruth; she had risen from her seat, and was standing near the coffin, apparently addressing some one who stood at the lower end of the room. 'To what purpose is thy coming now?' said she, in a low and melancholy voice, 'and at what dost thou laugh and gibe? lo! you; she is here, and the sin you know of, cannot be; how can I take the life which another hath already withdrawn? Go, go, hence to thy cave of night, for this is no place of safety for thee.' Her thoughts now took another turn; she seemed to hide one from the pursuit of others; 'lie still! lie still!' she whispered, 'put out thy light! so, so, they pass by and mark thee not; thou art safe; good night; now will I go home to sleep,' and she seated herself in her chair, as if composing her senses to rest.

Owen was again bewildered in the chaos of thought, but for this time he determined to subdue his imagination, and, throwing himself upon his bed, again gave himself up to sleep; but the images of his former dreams still haunted him, and their hideous phantasms were more powerfully renewed; again he heard the solemn psalm of death, but unsung by mortals—it was pealed thro' earth up to the high heaven, by myriads of the viewless and the mighty; again he heard the execrations of millions for some unremembered sin, and the wrath and the hatred of the world was rushing upon him; 'Come forth! come forth!' was the cry, and amid yells and howls they were darting upon him, when the pale form of the beautiful dead arose between them, and shielded him from their malice; but he heard her say aloud, 'it is for this, that thou wilt not save me; arise, arise, and help!'

He sprung up as he was commanded, sleeping or waking he never knew; but he started from his bed to look down into the chamber, as he heard the voice of Ruth loud in terrific denunciation; he looked, she was standing, uttering yells of madness and rage, and close to her was a well known form of appalling recollection—his father, as he had seen him last; he arose and darted to the door, 'I am mad,' said he, 'I am surely mad, or this is still a continuation of my dream;' he looked again, Ruth was still there, but alone.

But though no visible form stood by the maniac, some fiend had entered her soul, and mastered her mighty spirit; she had armed herself with an axe, and shouting, 'Liar, liar, hence!' was pursuing some imaginary foe to the darker side of the cottage; Owen strove hard to trace her motions, but as she had retreated under the space occupied by his bed, he could no longer see her, and his eyes involuntarily fastened themselves upon the coffin; there a new horror met them; the dead corpse had risen, and with wild and glaring eyes was watching the scene before her. Owen distrusted his senses till he heard the terrific voice of Ruth, as she marked the miracle he had witnessed. 'The fiend, the robber!' she yelled, 'it is he who hath entered the pure body of my child. Back to thy cave of blood, thou lost one!

back to thine own dark hell!' Owen flew to the door—it was too late—he heard the shriek—the blow—he fell into the room, but only in time to hear the second blow, and see the cleft hand of the hapless Rachel fall back upon its bloody pillow; his terrible cries brought in the sleepers from the barn, headed by the wretched Evan, and, for a time, the thunders of heaven were drowned in the clamorous grief of man. No one dared approach the miserable Ruth, who now, in utter frenzy, strode around the room, brandishing, with diabolical grandeur, the bloody axe, and singing a wild song of triumph and joy. All fell back as she approached, and shrunk from the infernal majesty of her terrific form; and the thunders of heaven rolling above their heads, and the flashings of the fires of eternity in their eyes, were less terrible than the savage glare and desperate wrath of the maniac; suddenly the house rocked to the foundation; its inmates were blinded for a moment, and sunk, felled by a stunning blow to the earth—slowly each man recovered and arose, wondering he was yet alive—all were unhurt, save one. Ruth Tudor was on the earth, her blackened limbs prostrate beneath the coffin of her child, and her dead cheek resting on the rent and bloody axe—it had been the destroyer of both!

Original Poetry.

THE KISS.

I lately stole a balmy kiss
From Laura's ruby lip,
And drew from thence immortal bliss
In one short mortal sip.

In all the joys of Paradise
There's none can equal this,
Ye woe fraught mortals take advice,
Seek raptures fount—a kiss.

Thy life will then for ever seem
An endless source of bliss,
And wake thee up from mis'ry's dream,
With one sweet thrilling kiss.

EDW. MACKEY.

THE JEW'S HARP.

A Parody on the 'Light Guitar.'

Oh! leave the gin-shop, charming Moll,
Where blackguard's often call,
And after we have ta'en a stroll,
I'll treat you at a stall
With oysters, which, while you devour,
To pass the time away
I'll sing of love's resistless power,
And on the Jew's-harp play.

I'll tell thee how Old Tom destroyed
The grocer, Mr. Hyson,
And how his sweetheart, Sally Lloyd,
To end her grief took *pison*;
I'll tell thee how from Wombwell's show
A tiger chanced to stray;
But if my tale prove but so, so,
The sweet Jew's-harp I'll play.

VULCAN.

ADIEU, MY LOVELY ROSE!

Adieu, adieu, my lovely rose,
How oft I've gazed on thee with pride,
And watch'd thy beauties all unclose
Their balmy tints, with pleasure ey'd;
In fragrant matchless blossoms blown,
My tending on thy infant state,
Thon fully then repaid I own,
And deeply I lament thy fate,
My rose, my rose, my lovely rose.

Adieu, adieu, my charming rose,
These hands that caused thy fatal blight,
Shall ever with my mind be foes,
For killing thus such beauties bright;
But I will save thy faded form,
Which bears its balmy sweetness still;
I'll keep it with affection warm,
And love thee ever, yes I will,
My rose, my rose, my beauteous rose!

EDW. MACKEY.

REASONS AGAINST SUICIDE.

The razor is dull, and the water too cold,
The rope's so curs'd rotten, my weight it won't hold;
The pistol is rusty, the powder is damp,
I can't jump the Monument now for the cramp;

Blown out brains and cut throats make
a great deal of spatter,
So I think I'd best quietly give up the
matter;
I am nervous beside, with a weak con-
stitution,
And to sum up the whole, *I have not re-
solution.*

EDW. MACKEY.

Varieties.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF ENGLAND.

ROCHFORD, ESSEX.

At King's-hill, about half a mile north east of Rochford church, is held what is called the lawless court, a whimsical custom, the origin of which is not known. On Wednesday morning next after Michaelmas day, the tenants are bound to attend upon the first cock crowing, and to kneel and do their homage, without any kind of light but such as the heavens afford. The steward of the court calls all such as are bound to appear, with as low a voice as possible, giving no notice when he goes to execute his office; however, he that gives not an answer is deeply fined. They all whisper to each other; nor have they any pen or ink, but supply that deficiency with a coal, and he that owes suit and service, and appears not, forfeits to the lord of the manor double his rent, every hour he is absent. A tenant of this manor forfeited not long ago, his land for non-attendance, but was restored to it, the lord only taking a fine.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

In some parts of Gloucestershire, at the approach of the evening on the vigil of the Twelfth Day, the farmers with their servants meet together, and about six o'clock walk out to a field where wheat is growing. In the highest part of the ground, twelve small fires, and one large one, are lighted up. The attendants, headed by the master of the family, pledge the company in old cyder, which circulates freely on these occasions. A circle is formed round the large fire, when a general shout takes place, which you have answered from all the adjacent villages. Sometimes fifty or sixty of these fires may all be seen at once. This being finished, the company return home, where the good housewife and her maids are preparing a good supper. A large cake is always provided with a hole in the middle. After supper, the company all attend the bailiff (or head of the oxen) to the wain house, where the following particulars are observed. The master, at the head of his friends, fills the cup, generally of strong ale, and stands opposite to the first or finest of his oxen. This being finished, the large cake is produced, and with much ceremony put on the horn of the first ox, through the hole above mentioned. The ox is then tickled to make him toss his head; if he throws the cake behind, then it is the perquisite of the mistress; if before, the bailiff himself claims the prize. The company then return to the house, the doors of which they find locked, nor will they be opened until some joyous songs are sung. On their gaining admittance a scene of mirth and jollity ensues, and which lasts the greatest part of the night.

Hoxton. T. WARD.

A VISIT TO DEVIL'S DYKE.

The Devil's Dyke is a spot so well known to almost every visitor of Brighton, that a brief description of this truly beautiful spot it is presumed, will not be uninteresting to the readers of The Casket. It is distant from Brighton about 8 miles. The ride from the town across the high hills is pleasant, as it affords extensive views of the sea. These hills are an immense chain, called the North and South Downs, which it is to be confessed cannot boast of much verdure; indeed, it is almost impossible for any thing to grow upon these heights, as the sun would entirely parch up the vegetation; nothing, therefore, is to be seen growing but furse, heath, and moss upon the hills, which only serve to make the contrast the greater on our arrival at the Dyke. But this enchanting spot would require no barrenness to contrast its delightful verdure, but as nature has so ordained it, it must be confessed that it serves to increase its beauties and to cause the visiter to

cast his eyes with greater admiration on the surrounding unlimited prospect. We here have a view in clear weather of no less than four counties, Sussex, Kent, Surrey, and Hampshire. The reader, in order to form a small idea of this delightful spot, must imagine that he is travelling over an uninteresting country, where are followed no agricultural labours, and totally uninteresting, excepting the view of the sea, then suddenly he arrives at the extremity of this mountainous portion of country; with pleasure has a view which he can scarcely believe to be real, consisting of woods, mansions, fields, gardens, villages, and farms, as far as the eye can reach. From this spot the descent is very sudden and precipitous, so much so, that my friend threw a stone from the summit, with but little force, which rolled to the bottom unobstructed. For the information of the visitor it is necessary to observe, that a long path is formed, which is accessible for horses as an easy descent into this spacious valley.

The nearest village we meet with after descending, is a very pretty little place called Poynings. There have been conjectures with regard to the origin of the term 'Devil's Dyke;' this question, has, I think, been solved satisfactorily, upon the following ground, that this sudden transition from mountainous to level country, must have received some human labour, but which seems almost improbable to have been effected by human efforts, and that it has given rise to the appellation of Devil's Dyke, as being the work of infernal labour. I must add, that I am sure that every visitor of Brighton will be amply repaid by making a little excursion to Devil's Dyke.

W. W. C.

THE CITY OF JERUSALEM AND ITS DESTRUCTION AT DIFFERENT TIMES.

Nebuchadnezar laid siege to Jerusalem in 3414, defeated the king of Egypt, who was marching to relieve it, and took that city in 3416, burned the temple, caused the eyes of Sedecias to be put out, whom he had formerly appointed king of Judea, and carried him to Babylon. But in the second year of Darius Hystaspis, of the world 3483, on the prophets Aggarus and Zachary encouraging the Jews, and with the leave of that prince, the foundation of the temple was laid. It was completed, and dedicated on the eighth year of his reign, and of the world 3488. He filled the throne 36 years, and his son Xerxes 21 years.

In the 7th year of Artaxerxes Lonjemanus, after he was associated by his father Xerxes, and the first after the death of Xerxes, Esdras, a holy priest and prophet, obtained leave to lead back from Babylon to Judea the remainder of his people, and to finish the buildings begun at Jerusalem. In the 20th year of the same prince, Nehemias, his cup-bearer, a most zealous and virtuous Jew, whether of the tribe of Juda or of Levi, is uncertain, procured the most ample authority to encompass Jerusalem with walls, and to restore its splendour; which authority was again confirmed to him two years after. This excellent man re-established over all Judea the common-wealth of the Jews, though still subject to the Persians. The empire of the latter flourished during 267 years, under 13 kings.

H. M. L.

RECEIPT TO KEEP A PERSON WARM THE WHOLE WINTER.

Take a billet of wood, and running up three pair of stairs, throw it out of the window, then run down and pick it up; repeat these exercises as often as you feel cold, but take care if another be passing, or you may chance to break a crown!

ERATO.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to numerous inquiries, we beg to state, that it is our intention to conclude the First Volume of THE CASKET with the end of the present year, and to commence the next as a New Series, with various improvements, both in matter and embellishments; which, we trust, will merit the approbation of all our Subscribers.

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The Casket.

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A TURKISH EXECUTION.

I once witnessed the trial and impalement of two men at Damascus. They had for a long time infested the neighbouring roads, and had committed many and cruel outrages. At length, a party of the Pasha's guard succeeded in tracing them to one of those obscure suburban haunts, with which every large and populous city abounds, and captured them, though not without a desperate resistance. They were immediately taken before the Pasha to receive the sentence of death, rather than for trial, their doom being already sealed. Both were powerful and athletic young men, with dark fiery eyes, swarthy complexions, and sinewy limbs; they were clothed in close dark coloured vests and sashes, with small turbans of the same materials; their legs and arms bare, and their sunburnt and hairy bosoms open and exposed.

The Pasha, a meagre, ferocious looking man, about forty years of age, listened to the accusation made against the ruffians with haughty calmness; and when the accusers had finished, he drew up the smoke of his 'hooka' with a long gurgle—a cold cruel smile just illumined his large black eye—slowly he lifted his

arm, and his jewelled finger pointed to the door! His minions well understood that deadly smile, and silent gesture; thrice they 'salaamed' reverently to their prince, then laying their hands on the prisoners, they led them forth from the divan, to an open space without the city: and the stubborn hardihood of the criminals was surprising; even now on the brink of so torturing and lingering a death, the stern fixed gaze quailed not, the habitual cold sneer still curled the nether lip, and they went forth to the death with a firm and free step.

I followed in the crowd, whom the report of an execution had collected to the spot on which the painful tragedy was to be acted: it was surrounded by a file of Turkish soldiers; within them were the executioners, two gigantic Nubians, and close at their feet laid the fatal stakes, made of a black hard wood, in length about fourteen feet, and cut into a triangular form, gradually lessening from one end, and ending at the other in a perfectly sharp point. The unhappy men entered within the line of soldiers—their features moved not—but there was a deadly paleness on them, and a yet darker tint than that of nature, blackened the eyelid and the hollow of the eye; they looked on each other with the vacant and spectre glare of unconsciousness, but they said not a word. One executioner approached his victim; he stripped him of his vest and turban, and threw him on his belly on the sand, and knelt his brawny knee on the wretch's back, and with a broad two-edged knife inflicted a deep gash, while at the same instant his fellow applied a composition to stanch the blood; they then raised the stake and thrust it into the robber's back, till it came out a few inches from his breast, and raising it on its blunt end, they planted it firmly in a hole that had been dug for the purpose:—And there he hung,—his face was towards me:—the teeth were firmly set, the muscles drawn up, and the brows knit, till they almost hid the staring, glassy eye beneath, as though with a desperate effort to suppress all audible tokens of the agony he endured, and the cold perspiration covered his shaking and shivering limbs:—one stifled groan alone had escaped him, when the Nubian plunged his long knife into his back,—afterwards with a firmness almost superhuman, he had preserved a stubborn silence.

All this time his companion stood watching that terrible operation so immediately to be inflicted on his own person:—and big drops of perspiration fell in rapid succession from his brow, low gasping moans burst from his blanched and livid lips, and his limbs shrank and quivered as though already under the torturing infliction.

The Nubian, his hands yet reeking with the other's blood, now turned to seize upon and strip him. Unconsciously and unresistingly, like the unhappy prey upon which the deadly serpent had fixed his fascinating gaze, he submitted to the iron gripe of the slave. At that moment there arose a confused murmur, and jostling to and fro among the crowd, and an aged woman veiless, her grizzled hair flying in disorder from her head, the long hollow features (so peculiar to the lower class of eastern women, at that advanced period of life) wan and horror-struck, and the full moist eye, starting from the socket, rushed frantically from the crowd, regardless of the threats and even blows of the soldiery, and throwing her arms around the neck of the robber, clasped him, with the passionate warmth of maternal affection to her breast, and exclaimed in a voice broken and indistinct, 'My son—my brave, my dear boy.' It was a moving sight, the wild agony of that aged mother—the cold desperate misery of her dying child!—They clung to each other's breasts, as though they would for ever grow together and become one! even the rugged, and scarcely human Nubian, faltered for a moment; the savage features of the Turkish soldier relaxed into something like emotion; and the multitude, that eastern multitude, the mussulman, the wild Arab, and the Syrian Christian, habituated as they were to the scenes of infernal torture, practised by their cruel Pacha, were moved, and a murmur of compassion, and a cry even of deprecation from the more fearless, or less cautious, arose on the still burning noon air. Alas! it was the pause—the feeling of a moment—the Turkish officer raised his sabre, in a threatening attitude, and impatiently exclaimed, 'You African dogs! to your duty—drive the old hag hence!' And the Nubians, with terror in their features, tore them apart, and the old woman's shrieks, and the silent sobbing anguish of the robber,

became more soul harrowing: but they thrust her through the line of soldiers, whose natural brutality had again resumed its ascendency; they replied to her frantic ravings with mockery and laughter, repulsing the efforts she made to again break through their line, with blows from the broad part of their sabres.

The Nubians cast her son naked to the earth, the upraised knife flashed in the sun light—it descended, and there was a cry so sharply, so abruptly piercing, it rang to the very heart, and every drop of blood that circled in my veins, seemed for an instant frozen; the wretched mother echoed back that thrilling shriek, and the wild birds who had sought shelter amid the deep foliage of those delightful groves in which Damascus may almost be said to be embowered, started from their shady retreats, and with clamourous alarm, circled rapidly and confusedly above our heads. I would have looked upon the man at that moment, but I could not; I turned my eyes that way, but with sickness and loathing I immediately withdrew them. I recollect a large gout of blood on the white sand—and two dark, they seemed to me almost fiend-like figures, struggling with a prostrate wretch, but even their united strength appeared scarcely able to subdue his convulsive, desperate writhing. A long succession of deep fetched sobbing groans announced the thrusting of the fatal stake through the criminal's body, and the unconcerned chattering of the Nubians, as they directed each other in its elevation, that the last and finishing act of the tragedy was performing. With a determined effort, I lifted my eyes to the sad spectacle. The first robber who had suffered still preserved his proud stubborn silence; the distorted and leaden features, and the creeping shivering of the limbs, told of the torments of hell—but the tongue was mute! But the other! the Nubians had been unable, as he struggled beneath them, to staunch the blood, as in his companion, and it issued from the gaping wound, made still more hideous by his writhings, in a black flood, trickling down his back, matting together with the black masses of his hair, and thence dvscending in clotted gouts to the ground. His face too! the eye was white and orbless, and the black and frothy lips muttered indistinct curses and appeals to his prophet. But the crowd! was pity and compassion there? Alas! no—the phlegmatic Turk looked on with cold indifference—the fiery restless eye of the Bedouin, bred in the desert, and familiarised from his childhood to acts of violence and blood, glared with savage satisfaction, and the native christian, though more painfully affected than these, yet, so callous had custom made him to such scenes, that even he looked on with pity and disgust, the mere fleeting impression of the moment.

I passed from the scene of death and horror. On the verge of the crowd, I beheld the poor childless mother—the violence of grief had passed away, and she had sat down on the sand, a very monument of despair and desolation; her head was bent down on her knees—her dishevelled and wild hair veiled her features—and the large folds of her dress hung loosely about her person, and were spread out on the sand around her. She uttered a low and continued moaning, heedless of the pity and entreaties of her companions, who would have compassionately led her from the spot.

I entered a coffee-house, and sat down among a group of the native Mussulmen, who, like me, had witnessed that morning's tragedy, and between each draw they took at their small 'hookahs,' they gravely discussed the subject. I learned that the robber, whose execution had been for a space interrupted by the agonized interference of his unhappy mother, was her only child—the stay—the supporter of her widowed age. Hassan Chia was originally an industrious porter in the bazars, (a favoured and trusted one among the most eminent traders,) and he supported his parent and himself by the honest fruits of his labour comfortably, and even reputably, till, at length, falling into dissolute and loose company, his principles were undermined, and gradually he went on in guilt, till at last he became one of a desperate few, the terror and scourge of Damascus. Such a course could not be pursued with impunity. Hassan at last met with the fate he had braved, and by a lingering death of torture expiated the deeds of rapine he had committed, and the blood in which he had stained his hands.

PURSER.

Mineral Waters.

[No. IV.

(*Continued*)

Derjodaff, Cavan. A sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Derry-hinch, Fermanagh. A sulphureous spring.

Dog and Duck, St. George's Fields, Southwark. A saline spring.

Drig-well, Cumberland. An acidulous chalybeate spring.

Drumasnave, Leitrim. A strong sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Dublin. Several weak saline springs.

Dulwich, Kent. Pretty strong saline springs.

Dunblane, Perthshire. Two saline springs, with a minute portion of iron.

Dunse, Scotland. A chalybeate spring,

Durham. A strong sulphureous water, slightly saline.

Egra, Bohemia. A celebrated saline chalybeate spring.

Epsom. A celebrated saline spring.

Felstead, Essex. A chalybeate spring.

Filah, Yorkshire. A saline chalybeate spring.

Francfort on the Maine. Saline sulphureous springs.

Galway, Ireland. A chalybeate spring.

Geyser, Iceland. Remarkable thermal springs.

Glanmille, Ireland. A chalybeate spring.

Glastonbury. [A chalybeate spring, slightly saline.

Granshaw, Downshire. A chalybeate spring.

Haigh, Lancashire. A chalybeate spring.

Hampstead. A chalybeate water.

Hanbridge, Lancashire. A chalybeate spring, slightly saline.

Hanlys, Shropshire. Two springs, one saline, and the other chalybeate.

Harrowgate. Saline sulphureous springs.

Hartfell, Annandale. A chalybeate spring.

Hartlepool. A chalybeate spring.

Holt, Wilts. A weak saline water.

Holt-Nevil, Leicestershire. A chalybeate spring.

Jessop's Well, near Cobham, Surrey. A strong saline water, slightly chalybeate.

Ilmington, Warwickshire. A chalybeate spring.

Inglewhite, Lancashire. A strong chalybeate spring.

Isle of Wight. A very strong chalybeate water, sulphate of iron.

Islington. A chalybeate spring.

Kanturk, Cork. A chalybeate spring.

Kaltrine Loch, Scotland. On the north side of this lake is a strong chalybeate spring.

Kiddlestone, Derbyshire. A strong sulphureous water.

Kensington. A saline spring.

Kilbrew, Meath. A chalybeate water; sulphate of iron.

Kilburn, Middlesex. A saline spring.

Kilroot, Antrim. A saline spring.

Kiling-shanvally, Fermanagh. A chalybeate water slightly saline.

Killaster, Fermanagh. A strong sulphureous water.

Kinalton, or Kynolton, Nottinghamshire. A weak saline water.

Kincardine. A chalybeate spring.

King's Cliff, Northampton. A chalybeate spring, weakly saline.

Kirby, Westmoreland. Two chalybeate springs.

Knaresborough, (the Dropping Well) Lime held in solution by carbonic acid.

Knowsley, Lancashire. A chalybeate spring.

Korytna, Moravia. A very strong sulphureous spring.

Kuka, Bohemia. A chalybeate acidulous water.

Lancaster. A chalybeate spring slightly saline.

Latham, Lancashire. A chalybeate spring.

Leuk, Valois, Switzerland. Thermal springs.

Llandrinod, Radnorshire. Three springs, one saline, another sulphureous, and the third chalybeate.

Llangybi, Carnarvonshire. A saline spring.

Leamington. A saline spring.

Leez, Essex. A chalybeate spring.

Lincomb, Bath. A chalybeate spring, slightly saline.

Lisbeak, Fermanagh, Two sulphureous springs.

(*To be continued.*)

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

THE TAX GATHERER.

No. XXIV.

'——— doomed to bear all the ill-humours and upbraidings of the populace; none of which of right belong to him.'

Tax gatherers are of all shapes and sizes; tall and awkward, short set and lusty, plump, meagre, corpulent, or thin; as square built as a Dutch fishing boat, or shaped as handsomely as a Thames galley; their behaviour is as various as their appearance, being either boorish or polite, feeling or indifferent, according to the peculiar bent of their characters or dispositions; their dress is varied according to their peculiar tastes, and their demeanour savours of their habits and education.

But, although differing one from the other in so many, and so important particulars, there is enough about every 'tax-gatherer,' to mark him out at first sight to the observing eye, without fear of error or mistake, in his proper, his peculiar character. He has his book in his hand, and pen and ink may be seen, in half concealment, in one of his waistcoat pockets; or should he not be 'collecting,' and these indispensable appendages to his employment be left in safe custody in his writing desk, there is a something in his very appearance which cannot be mistaken; this *je ne scai quois*, as the French term it, reigns triumphantly upon his visage, the deep laid furrows of which seem to be the channels of calculation and perseverance; his eyes, rolling in vacancy, seem to require a receipt to steady them, and he seems ever ready to 'call in' upon 'a defaulter;' offer him your hand, he will seize it as though it was your moiety of the 'poor's rate;' and should you ask him 'what news?' he will answer, that he cannot 'get any money in;' his look tells of 'assessments,' his speech of difficulties and 'seizures,' and the very cut of his coat points out 'per centage.'

The 'tax-gatherer,' as his receipts proclaim, is 'at home' till ten or eleven in the morning, up to which time he receives 'arrears,' which are due, and hears and determines all suits, &c. relating to an inability to pay on the part of some, and a fear of paying too much on the part of others; he then sallies forth, his legs in muddy weather duly fortified by spatterdashes or boots; and his whole self defended in winter by 'a great coat,' which, whatever be his size, is a great coat. House after house, street after street, is visited by this indefatigable searcher after the things that are Cæsar's. Some pay him readily, some begrudgingly, and some never! How many put them off with promises, which they are continually unable to perform! How many vent the indignation which they feel against the tax, upon the agent who had neither 'part nor lot' in its infliction, upon the innocent collector of it, 'the tax-gatherer!'

Rainy days are devoted by the 'tax-gatherer,' to arranging his 'books,' and 'making out' his 'receipts;' these, trifling as they may appear to some, are no easy tasks; his 'district' contains some hundreds of tax payers, and to take out from the 'collecting book,' the several items due from each, in the various ramifications of assess, or land tax, poor, church, or four rate, is a work of care and time; and as it sometimes happens, that 'the tax gatherer' is not the best accountant in the world, occupies to the full as many 'wet' days, as even our rainy climate can produce.

'The tax-gatherer' is blamed for all the evils which follow him; if he 'seizes,' which he is frequently obliged to do, the curses of the unfortunate beings to whom he is the instrument of distress, are poured out upon him without discrimination, and almost without end; he must bear all this with patience, or if he cannot do this, he must bear it without; his days must be devoted to 'collecting,' and his mind must, if he would ever enjoy peace, aid him in the painful, but (to him) necessary duties, which at times devolve upon him.

'The tax-gatherer' lives and dies in one unchanging course; he collects money, 'pays it in,' and accounts for it at 'the audit.' His gossip is of 'commissioners,' 'returned,' and 'collectors;' and his time is fully occupied in his calling, which is neither very profitable, nor very desirable.

R. J.

Original Poetry.

HOPE.

As safety, when at distance seen,
As sun, by mist obscured,
As break of day, to those who've been
By night born vapours lured,
As summer show'rs, that bless the ground,
Which, else would barren prove;
So, the bright beam of Hope is found
Each happier thought to move.

Sorrow, and Care, and Grief, in vain
Their torturing fancies bring,
To rack the heart, where, blithe her strain,
Hope, lovely nymph! can sing;
The sleep, her lay to mis'ry gives,
Destroys their magic pow'r;
Tho' strong their spell, if Hope but lives,
It lasts but for an hour.

As down life's track the trav'ller hies,
Full oft a flow'ret gay,
Fragrant and blooming, tempting lies
Just in the beaten way;
But there that flow'r would spoilt remain,
Its beauteous texture hid,
Its fragrance trodden on the plains,
If Hope did not forbid.

Dull would the warbling murmurs round
Fall on his listless ear,
Tho' Orpheus' lyre should lend the sound
It would not enter there;
Nor could the welcome smile of Peace
Light in his bosom joy,
If his fond mistress Hope should cease
With each new thought to toy.

Or should a cloud of sorrows, break
O'er his defenceless head,
Or pale faced Sickness rise, to take
Him pris'ner to her bed;
Where could he fly to 'scape from harm,
If Hope her gate should close?
Or how escape the sadd'ning charm,
If Hope did not oppose?

'Tis on Hope's rock, that frail man builds
His expectation high;
The gaudiest thought that fancy gilds,
Will thither eager fly.
'Tis there, alone, the future smiles,
Or bright the present seems,
Fair Hope, alone, from woe beguiles
And through misfortune gleams.

R. J.

Varieties.

ON THE ORIGIN OF WRITING AMONG THE ANCIENTS—AND THE MATERIALS USED FOR THAT PURPOSE.

S. Cassiæu was a Christian schoolmaster, and taught children to read or write, at Imala, a city 27 miles from Ravenna, in Italy. A violent persecution being raised among the Christians, probably that of Decius or Valerian, or according to some, that of Julian, he was taken up, and interrogated by the governor of the province. As he constantly refused to sacrifice to the gods, it was commanded that his own scholars should stab him to death with their iron writing pencils, called styles; for at that time it was the custom of scholars to write upon wax, laid on a board of boxen wood, in which they formed the letters with an iron style, or pencil, shaped at one end, but blunt and smooth at the other, to erase what was to be effaced or corrected. They also after wrote on boxen wood itself, as St. Ambrose mentions. As to the above mode of writing, see Casauban in Suet. Echard in Symbolis. p. 536, &c. from Cicero, &c.

Indeed the most ancient manner of writing was a kind of engraving, whereby the letters were formed in tablets of lead, wood, wax, or like materials This was done by styles, made of iron, brass, or bone. Instead of such tablets, leaves of papyrus, a weed which grew on the banks of the Nile, as also on the Ganges, were used first in Egypt; afterwards parchment, made of fine skins of beasts, was invented at Parganum: lastly, paper was invented, which is made of linen cloth. Books anciently writ only on one side, were done up in rolls, and when opened or unfolded, filled a whole room, as Martial complains; but when writ on both sides, on square leaves, were reduced to narrow bounds, as the same poet observes.

H. M. LANDER.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR INEXPERIENCED SPORTSMEN IN SHOOTING.

Let your gun be stocked to the muzzle, and as heavy as possible; the first will prevent its easily breaking, and the latter convince your companions of your bodily strength in being able to carry it.

Observe in particular, that the touch-hole is large enough; a large touch-hole has many advantages; in the first place as to the point of communication, and should you happen to lose your priming, a good sound knock on the other side will fill your pan in an instant. If it is apt to go off at half-cock, so much the better; it saves trouble, and you are always prepared.

Let your barrel be kept as bright as possible, and the rays of the sun reflecting from it will dazzle the eyes of your game, and prevent their seeing you; and when placed in a conspicuous part at home will make a much better appearance than one of your dull brown or dark blue pieces.

Let your shooting belts be very large, and that for the shot capable of holding twenty or thirty pounds; it is impossible for you to define what quantity you may want; and besides, when well filled and crossed on your breast, they will have a very handsome appearance, and convince people you intend to kill something.

As to the article of dress, there are various opinions concerning it; some represent *boots* as absolutely necessary; I think otherwise: get a pair of light thin *pumps*, with fine cotton or silk stockings; the advantages of being light about the heels are obvious; you will be able to pursue your game, jump over ditches, &c. with much greater ease then in a pair of heavy thick-soled boots; a few thorns running into your feet or legs are trifles not to be regarded by true sportsmen. Be sure you wear a cocked hat in preference to a round one, as it has a more martial appearance, and will not so much obstruct your sight as the latter. The other parts of your dress is immaterial; but at any rate let your coat have long full skirts,—this will enable you to cover your gun, and save your priming, if it rains; as to the colour, white, or a good crimson, is, in my opinion, preferable.

In your equipment, do not forget a game-bag.; as for myself, being like my uncle Geoffry, a plain man, I have generally substituted a large cabbage net, or a pillow-case; let your's be strong and capacious, and capable of carrying three or four pounds of bread and cheese, with a reasonable portion of gin or brandy, or any other liquor you like best.

The next thing to be considered is the choice of dogs; and here again there are various opinions; however, that you may not be at a loss, I advise you to take two or three of each species with you on all occasions; prefer those which bark most, and have the strongest tones, a few half grown puppies will also be serviceable; they will not keep sneaking at your heels like an old dog, but, by their continually frisking and yelping, they will assuredly raise all the game around you.

Some people are apt to despise that useful species of dogs, called curs. But this is an error; for as they are generally a mixture of two or three distinct kinds, it is more than probable they also inherit the respective qualities of their relations and ancestors.

Many sportsmen think a shooting poney a necessary appendage, but if your circumstances will not permit you to purchase one, borrow a Jerusalem hobby, vulgarly called a jack-ass, of some costermonger who has worked him hard, which, with the hard beating he may have had, will prevent him from being restive; another advantage attending this animal, will be his occasional braying, which will, very likely, put the birds on the wing.

All I shall say on the article of shot is, that as you are uncertain what kind of game you may meet with, be prepared for all, by loading with a mixture of the different kinds, from Bristol-drop to snipe-shot.

Never go out till the sun has been up some time; this will give you an opportunity of eating a good breakfast, and the dew being off the grass, will prevent your catching cold in your feet.

As you are going to the ground where you expect to meet with game, you may exercise yourself by shooting at crows, cats, or tame fowls; this will bring your hand in, and prevent your startling at the first report of your gun —a thing not unusual to young sportsmen. You may likewise train your

dogs by setting them at the flock of sheep or geese in your way; and your water-spaniels at any pond you may pass, where there are a few tame ducks.

The moment you draw your trigger, be sure you shut both your eyes; this will prevent the priming from hurting them, and you can open them time enough to see where the game falls.

Always carry your piece full cocked with the muzzle parallel with the horizon, you are then ready for any thing, and should you chance by this to lodge a few shot in your companion's breech or body, it is an accident so often happens to sportsmen, it will not be regarded.

Be sure to put powder enough in your gun; and let your wadding be of the strongest and thickest paper you can get; this will prevent the shot from mixing with it; nor be sparing of the latter, as from the quantity, you are less liable to miss your object.

Ram your shot down for at least five minutes, your gun will make the better report, and the execution be more certain.

Always get the wind at your back, if possible; it will hinder the smoke from flying in your eyes, and if the weather be dry, the dust also.

Hammer your flint well with the back of your knife after every discharge, this will give it a fine edge, and prevent your missing fire.

On coming to a bush or copse, beat it with the muzzle of your gun, and shout lustily, this will put your dogs in spirits, and if there is any game, you will be sure to put it up.

On stopping to rest yourself, always put the muzzle of your gun under one arm; it will serve to support you, and prevent any wet or rain from getting down the barrel.

After you have killed all you can, if you should refresh at a hedge-alehouse, assume airs of consequence, curse the practice, and offer a reward for the apprehension of poachers; threaten to discharge your game-keeper, talk of intimacy with great and noble sportsmen, and this will make you appear somebody, and the ignorant rustics will perhaps say you are a *gemman*.

When you return home let your game bag be full, if it is only grass; splash yourselves as much as possible, the dirtier you are, will prove you have been indefatigable in your pursuit; and when you join your associates, give an exaggerated account of your day's sport and what great quantities of game you have distributed to very particular friends on your way home.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS IN SEVERAL PARTS OF ENGLAND.

(*For the Casket.*)

DEVONSHIRE.—A superstitious notion prevails in the western parts of Devonshire, that at twelve o'clock at night on Christmas eve, the oxen in the stalls are always found on their knees, as in attitude of devotion, and that since the alteration of the old style they continue to do this only on the eve of old Christmas day.

An honest countryman being on the edge of St. Stephen's Down, near Launceston, Cornwall, informed me that he once made a trial of the truth of the practice, and watching several oxen in their stalls at the above time, at twelve o'clock at night, they observed the two eldest oxen only fall upon their knees, and, as he expressed it in the idiom of the country, make a cruel moan like Christian creatures.

T. WARD.

Horton.

LINES ON A FAIRY.

That little nymph who glides
In air so gracefully;
And on the breezes rides
So light and silently.

With step so soft and light,
And form so thin and airy,
And silken hair so bright;
What is she?—she's a fairy.

FRANK.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A comprehensive Index, Title page, &c. will be given at the end of the volume.

Many interesting communications are unavoidably delayed for want of room.

Unpaid letters are uniformly returned to the post office.

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The Casket.

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THE CHURCH-YARD WAGER!!!

About thirty years ago, some labouring mechanics met one Saturday evening, after receiving their wages, at a public-house, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, for the purpose of enjoying themselves convivially, after the cares and fatigues of the week. The glass circulated freely: every man told his story, or sung a song; and various were the subjects of conversation. At length that of courage was introduced; every man now considered himself a hero, as is generally the case when liquor begins to operate. One boasted his skill as a pugilist, and related how many battles he had fought, and came off victorious; another related a dreadful encounter he had lately had with a mad dog, whom he overpowered and left dead on the field; a third told a story of his sleeping in a haunted house, and his conversation with a dreadful ghost. In short, various and extravagant were the various tales they told; until one, who had hitherto remained silent, arose, and told them that, notwithstanding their boasted courage, he would wager a bet of five guineas, that not one of the company had resolution sufficient to go to the bone-house, in the parish church-yard

(which was about a mile distance), and bring a skull from thence with him, and place it on a table before the guests. This wager was soon accepted by one of the party, who immediately set off on his expedition to the church-yard. The wag who had proposed the bet, and who knew a nearer by-way to the bone-house than his opponent had taken, requested of the landlady to lend him a white sheet, and that he would soon cool this heroic man's courage. The landlady who enjoyed the joke, complied with his request, lent him the sheet, and off set our wag with the utmost speed. He arrived at the bone-house first, threw the sheet over him, and placed himself in one corner, waiting the arrival of his comrade. Presently after enters the first man, with slow deliberate pace; and observing a figure in white, he felt himself greatly alarmed (as he afterwards acknowledged). However, he resumed his courage, advanced, stooped down, and picked up a skull. Immediately the phantom exclaimed, in a deep and hollow tone, '*That's my father's skull!*' 'Well, then,' replied the adventurer, 'if it be thy father's skull, take it.' So down he laid it, and took up another; when the figure replied, in the same hollow tone, '*That's my mother's skull!*' 'Well, then,' the other again replied, 'if it be thy mother's skull, take it.' So down he laid it, and took up a third. The apparition now, in a tremendously awful manner cried out, '*That's my skull!*' 'If it be the devil's skull, I'll have it!' answered the hero; and off he ran with it in his hand, greatly terrified, and the spectre after him.

In his flight through the church-yard, he stumbled over a tomb stone, and fell; which occasioned the ghost likewise to fall upon him, which increased not a little his fright. However, he soon extricated himself, and again bent his flight towards the inn, which he soon reached; and, bolting suddenly into the room, exclaimed, with terrific countenance, his hair standing on end, 'Here is the skull you sent me for; but, by George, the right owner's coming for it!' Saying which, down went the skull, and instantly appeared the figure with the white sheet on. This unexpected intrusion so much frightened all the company, that they ran out of the house as fast as possible, really believing it was an apparition from the tombs come to punish them for their sacrilegious theft. Such power has fear over the strongest mind when taken by surprise! The undaunted adventurer, however, won his wager; which was spent at the same house the Saturday following, when the joke was universally allowed to be a very good one.

Mineral Waters.

No. V.

(*Concluded.*)

Lis-done-varna, Clare. A strong chalybeate water.

Lvansbury, Yorkshire. A sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Maccroom, near Cork. A chalybeate spring.

Mahereberg, Kerry. A saline spring.

Mallow, Cork. A pure thermal spring.

Malton, Yorkshire. A strong chalybeate, moderately saline.

Malvern, Worcestershire. Very pure springs.

Markshall, Essex. A chalybeate water.

Matlock, Derbyshire. Thermal springs.

Maudsley, Lancashire. A sulphureous water, moderately saline.

Mechan, Fermanagh. Two sulphureous springs.

Millars Spa. A chalybeate spring.

Moffat, Annandale. Two sulphureous springs.

Moss House, Lancashire. A chalybeate spring.

Moreton, Shropshire. A saline spring.

Mount Pallas. A chalybeate spring.

Nevil Holt. See Holt.

Newnham Regis, Warwickshire. Three chalybeate springs, slightly saline.

Newton Dale, Yorkshire. An acidulous water, holding lime in solution.

Nezdenice, Germany. An acidulous water.

Nobber, Meath. A chalybeate spring, sulphate of iron.

Nottington, Dorsetshire. A strong sulphureous water.

Orston, Nottinghamshire. A chalybeate spring.

Oulton, Norfolk. A weak chalybeate spring.

Owen Preun, Cavan. A sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Pancras, Middlesex. A saline spring.

Passy, near Paris. A moderately strong chalybeate spring.

Peterhead, Aberdeen. A strong chalybeate spring.

Petty-goe, Donegal. A strong sulphureous water, saline.

Pitcaithly, Perthshire. Saline springs.

Plombiers, France. A thermal spring.

Pontgibault, France. A weak acidulous spring.

Pyrmont, Westphalia. A highly acidulous chalybeate spring.

Queen's Camel, Somersetshire. A sulphureous spring.

Richmond, Surrey. A saline spring.

Road, Wiltshire. A chalybeate spring.

Rougham, Lancashire. A saline spring.

St. Bartholomew's Well, Cork. A chalybeate water, slightly saline.

St. Bernard's Well, Edinburgh. A sulphureous water, slightly saline.

St. Erasmus's Well, Staffordshire. A weak saline water.

St. Winifred's Well, Flintshire. A very pure spring.

Scarborough, Yorkshire. A saline chalybeate spring.

Schooley's Mountain, United States. A weak chalybeate spring.

Scollienses, Switzerland. An acidulous chalybeate spring.

Sedlitz. A saline water.

Seltzer. A highly acidulous water.

Sene, or Scend, Wiltshire. Two chalybeate springs.

Seyds-chutz, near Sedlitz. A saline water.

Shadwell. A saline chalybeate spring sulphate of iron.

Shapmoor, Westmoreland. A sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Shettlewood, Derbyshire. A sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Shipton, Yorkshire. A sulphureous spring, moderately saline.

Somersham, Huntingdonshire. A chalybeate spring, sulphate of iron.

Spa. Highly acidulous chalybeate springs.

Stanger, Cumberland. A saline chalybeate spring.

Stenfield, Lincolnshire. A chalybeate spring, slightly saline.

Streatham, Surrey. A saline spring.

Suchaloza, Germany. An acidulous spring.

Sulton Bog, Oxfordshire. A strong sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Swadlingbar, Cavan. A sulphureous spring.

Swansea, Glamorganshire. A chalybeate spring, sulphate of iron.

Sydenham, Kent. A weak saline spring.

Tarleton, Lancashire. A chalybeate spring, slightly saline.

Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire. A saline spring.

Thetford, Norfolk. A chalybeate spring, slightly acidulous.

Thoroton, Nottinghamshire. A chalybeate spring, slightly saline.

Thursk, Yorkshire. A saline chalybeate spring.

Tibshelf, Derbyshire. A chalybeate spring, slightly acidulous.

Tilbury, Essex. A saline spring, slightly chalybeate.

Toberbony, near Dublin. A saline spring.

Tonstein, Germany. A saline acidulous spring.

Tralee, Kerry. A chalybeate spring.

Tunbridge Wells, Kent. A chalybeate spring.

Upminster, Essex. A strong saline sulphureous spring.

Wardrew, Northumberland. A saline sulphureous spring.

Warmbruhn, Silesia. Thermal springs.

Weatherstack, Westmoreland. A saline chalybeate spring.

Wellingborough, Northampton. A weak chalybeate spring.

West Ashton, Wiltshire. A weak chalybeate spring.

Westwood, Derbyshire. A chalybeate spring, sulphate of iron.

Wexford, Ireland. A weak chalybeate spring.

White acre, Lancashire. A chalybeate spring.

Wigan, Lancashire. A chalybeate spring.

Wigglesworth, Yorkshire. A sulphureous spring, slightly saline.

Wildungan, Germany. A weak acidulous water.

Witham, Essex. A chalybeate spring

Wicksworth, Derbyshire. A saline sulphureous spring.

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

THE PIEMAN.—No. XXV.

'*Trash.* Why what stuff are they made on, brother Leatherhead? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

Leatherhead. Yes, stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

Trash. Thou wrongest me, for all thou art a parcel poet and an ingineer. I'll get a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee and thy cattle all over——'*

There is no being more easily distinguishable at a glance than the pieman: the plumpness of person, which is his invariable characteristic, would expose him to a whole world of prying observers: his rotundity of shape differs very materially from that of other men. The alderman, the common councilman, as well as Boniface and the beef-eater, are of 'portly make;' but, nevertheless, they are not made like the 'pie man.' The alderman and common councilman seem loaded beyond all reasonable limits; and although they show plenty of 'flesh,' appear not in 'good condition.' The publican's corpulency is of the barrel order: (*Honi soit qui mal y pense*) and while it does not appear burthensome to its possessor, seems unwarranted by any proportionate resemblance of size in his comparatively meagre limbs. The beef-eater, while his dimensions are all in unison, and health (it may sometimes be brandy) glows in his ruddy visage; yet we are sure none of our readers, who have once noticed the genuine pieman, could, for a moment, be so far deceived as to take the gigantic devourer of oxen for the vender of puffs and pasty: his size is a great deal too large for such an occupation—it is tremendous, he could not be a pieman, were his whole soul set upon it long before his pies were prepared for his customers, they would of necessity, be consumed by their almost ravenous manufacturer! We might as well imagine an ox officiating as haymaker, as a beef-eater filling the office of pieman. There is too much strength in his appearance; he is altogether too large. But the pieman is plump and gross—lusty but not corpulent; but his fair round belly does not seem to be crammed with too many of the good things of life; his appearance betokens a man quite at his ease; fattening, as it were, upon his guilt; he is not like pasty—'puffy:'—his rotundity is solid—it differs from the rotundity of other men—it is the rotundity of 'the pieman.'

The dress of the pieman is not so very peculiarly his own, as is that of many other classes of men. His apron, indeed, has an appearance of originality; its delicate whiteness, and its extensive pockets, in which he rattles about the halfpence that he constantly carries with him, would seem to a cursory observer of the peculiarity of his fellows, as belonging to him alone; but alas! they cannot be identified with him — the turnpikeman, and the eating-house waiter, equal him in this matter; it is his jacket, or, to speak more correctly, a kind of cross between that garment and a coat, which he substitutes in the place of either; that is in reality the most extraordinary part of his equipment—it is not a coat with the skirts shortened; it is not a large sailors jacket, cut open some inches at the bottom of the back; but it is something like both of these, and yet, in fact, unlike either—it is not a 'make shift;' it looks too respectable for that; there is something of independence about it, it was evidently made in so extraordinary a shape, to please the fancy of its owner. But this *jack coattee* (to venture upon coining a name for it) is beyond description; it is, in truth, as the song has it—

'Wery, wery pekooliar, wery pekooliar, indeed.'

The pieman's basket, too, is well worthy of notice: it is not one of your old, worn out, patched, ricketty, apple-women's baskets, but one of capacious dimensions, and substantial form: its shape is square, with a partition down

* Bartholomew fair in 1614.—*Hone's Every Day Book*, Vol. I.

the middle, to separate the different wares: it is supported, at a considerable height from the ground, upon four legs; between which is placed a tin oven or box, with a charcoal fire beneath, to keep a certain portion of his tempting dainties 'all hot.' Behind this, the pieman takes his stand, with his hands in his pockets; his voice 'ever and anon' proclaiming the variety of his eatable disposeables. How loudly does he bawl out mutton or veal?' and with what discriminating judgment does he soften down his voice, as he calls 'hot apple or mince.'

'The pieman' is a sad gambler: he does not perhaps risk his property upon 'a throw of the dice,' but he makes no scruple of risking his 'pies' upon 'the toss' of a halfpenny; indeed he keeps with him a machine, studded with bright farthings, for the avowed purpose of chancing away his goods. It is an entertaining, as well as an instructive sight, to watch an hungry school boy, with his solitary penny, approach the basket of 'the pieman:' how many reasons does he balance in his mind, as to whether he shall be contented with the certain single pennyworth, or 'try his luck' in 'a turn:' prudence seems bidding him choose 'the bird in the hand,' and he for a moment is determined to be wise; but fortune, immediately, bids him hope for a better one 'in the bush;' when—alas! the weakness of human resolution!—he turns the spinning arbiter of the fate of pies and pence, and watches with eager expectation the result:—at first he breathes quickly; almost as fast as the trembling brass revolves; but, as it slackens in velocity, so does his scarce throbbing pulse; and, when it comes to the last revolution, and seems indeterminate at what point to stop, his breath appears to be stopping with it:—his fate is determined:—he has 'lost;'—and, inwardly cursing piemen as cheats, he walks away, lamenting the loss of the delicious banquet, which he had promised himself from the pieman's basket.

Should 'the pieman' be the unfortunate loser, it does not affect him so much; he knows that he shall be repaid by the losses others may sustain at his 'turnabout!' he puts on a face of calm philosophy, which almost says 'who cares?' and shortly marches off, basket, pies, turnabout and all, to some other corner, where he hopes for better 'luck;' and at night he returns home to rest after the day's trouble, and to prepare 'the pastry' for the morrow.

R. J.

Original Poetry.

GOOD NIGHT, LOVE.

Again I bid 'good night, love:'
May pleasure haunt thy rest;
By visions soft and sweet, love,
Thy still repose be blest:
May fancy paint her scenes, love,
In beauty's happiest style,
As all thy wand'ring thoughts, love,
To bliss thy dreams beguile.

To sleep now give thine eyes, love,
Nor in oblivion lie;
I would the scenes that pleased, love,
By day, should round thee fly;
I would that ev'ry hope, love,
Thy waking hours have known,
Should fill thy breast, while far, love,
Thy sorrowing thoughts have flown.

So kind a heart as thine, love,
Should not in sleep be lost;
And, ignorant of thought, love,
On nothingness be tost;
But, dancing with each nymph, love,
That tutors Fancy's skill,
Blest visions on thy couch, love,
Should charm thy wond'ring will.

Entomb'd in slumber, soon, love,
In death thoul't seem to lie;
Oh! then may all thy soul, love,
Ascend the brightest sky;
For wert thou lost to life, love,
In paradise thoud'st stray,
Then wander in its bliss, love,
Whene'er from life away.

But wake again at morn, love;
And (with a smile of light,
Was stolen from thy lips, love,
For those of angels bright,)
Bid all the joys thy mind, love,
Had dwelt in while away,
Live till again 'good night, love,'
My falt'ring tongue shall say.

R. J.

A REPRIEVE.

And live I yet by power divine?
And have I still my course to run?
Again brought back in its decline,
The shadow of my parting sun?

Wond'ring Task, is this the breast
Struggling so late, with grief and pain,
The eyes that upwards look't for rest,
And dropt their weary lids again?

The recent horrors still appear,
Oh! may they never cease to awe!
Still be the King of Terrors near,
Whom late in all his pomp I saw.

But now the dreadful storm is o'er,
Ended at last the doubtful strife,
And living, I the Hand adore
That gave me back my liberty and life.

To thee, benign and sacred power,
I consecrate my lengthened days,
While mark'd with blessings every hour
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

S. D.

A TRUE AND FAITHFUL ACCOUNT OF THE GOODS BELONGING TO DR. S—T, UPON LENDING HIS HOUSE TO THE BISHOP OF ————, TILL HIS OWN WAS BUILT.

An oaken broken elbow chair,
A cawdle cup without an ear;
A battered, shattered ash bedstead,
A box of deal without a lid;
A pair of tongs, but out of joint;
A back sword poker without a point;
A pot that's crack'd across, around
With an old knotted garter bound;
An iron lock without a key,
A wig, with hanging, quite grown grey;
A curtain worn to half a stripe,
A pair of bellows without pipe;
A dish which might good meat afford once,
An Ovid and an old Concordance;
A bottle bottom, wooden platter,
One is for meal, and one for water;
There likewise is a copper skillet,
Which runs as fast as you can fill it;
A candlestick, snuff dish, and save all,
And thus his household goods you have all.
These to your Lordship, as a friend,
Till you have built, I freely lend;
They'll serve your Lordship for a shift,
Why not as well as Dr. Swift. C. F. D.

Varieties.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE FATAL END OF THE TYRANTS AMONG THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

Tertullian observes, that it was the glory of the Christian religion that the first emperor that drew his sword against it was Nero, the sworn enemy of all virtue. This tyrant, four years after he had begun, in 64, to exert his rage against the Christians, in his extreme distress attempted to kill himself, but, wanting resolution, he prevailed upon another to help him to take away his life, and perished under the public resentment of the whole empire, and the universal detestation of all mankind, for his execrable cruelties and abominations. Domitian persecuted the church in 95, and was murdered by his own servants the year following. Trajan, Adrian, Titus, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius, rather tolerated than raised persecutions, and escaped violent deaths. Severus, after he began in 202 to oppress the Christians, fell into disasters, and died weary of life, leaving behind him a most profligate son, who had attempted to take away the life of his father, and afterwards killed his brother, and his whole family perished miserably. Decius after a short reign, died in battle. Gallus was killed the year after he commenced persecutor. Valerian was a cruel enemy to the Christians, and died in a miserable captivity in Persia. Aurelian was killed in 274. Maximus I. was slain after a reign of three years. Nothing prospered with Dioclesian after he began his war against the church; out of cowardice he abdicated the empire, and at length put an end to his own life. His colleague, Maximian Herculeus, was compelled to hang himself in 310. Maximian Galerius, the most cruel author of Dioclesian's persecution, was seized with a grievous and terrible disease, for being extremely fat and unwieldy, the huge mass of flesh was overrun with putrefaction, and swarmed with vermin, and the stench that came from him was not to be borne, even by his own servants, as Eusebius relates. (lib. viii. cap. 16.) Maxentius was over-

come by Constantine, and drowned in the Tiber. Maximinus II. after being defeated by Sicinius, was compelled by him to repeal his edicts against the Christians, and died in 313, in exquisite torments, under a distemper not unlike that of Galerius. For whilst his army was drawn up in the field, he was lurking and hiding his cowardly head at home; and, flying to Tarsus, not knowing where to find a place of refuge on land or sea, but scared every where with his fears, he was struck with a sore distemper over his whole body. In the most acute and insufferable anguish, he rolled himself upon the ground, and pined away by long fasting, so that he looked like a withered and dried skeleton. At last, he who had put out the eyes of the Christians, lost his sight, and his eyes started out of his head; and yet still breathing and confessing his sins, he called upon death to come and release him, which advanced slowly, and not till he had acknowledged that he deserved what he suffered for his cruelty, and for the insults which he had committed against Jesus Christ (Eusebius Hist. l. ix. c. 19), who adds, that all the rulers of provinces, who had acted under him, and persecuted the Christians, were put to death, as Picentius, his principal favourite; Calcianus, in Egypt; Theotecnus and others. Urbanus, the cruel governor of Palestine, had been convicted for many crimes at Cæsaria, and condemned to a shameful death by Maximinus himself; and his successor, Firmilianus had met with the same fate, from the hands of his master, whom by his cruelties, he had studied to please. Sicinius, the last of the persecutors, was a worthless and stupid prince, who could not read or write his own name, hated all men of learning, and was a foe to religion. He, to please Constantine, for some time favoured the Christians, and pretended himself to be ready to become one, but at last threw off the mask, and persecuted the church, when he was conquered and put to death by Constantine in 323. See M. Sortin, t. 3, Tillemont Hist. de Emp.

H. M. LANDER.

FANATICISM.

In a book printed at Bourdeaux, and composed to exalt the merit of one set of monks, St. Peter is supposed to ask of St. Michael, who is it that knocks at the door?' the answer is 'A Carmelite,' 'A Carmelite?' repeats St. Peter, peevishly 'a carmelite! I think we have none at the gate of heaven, but carmelites, from morning to night. Well, he must stay, I shall not open the gate till there is a dozen together of them.'

A CHRISTIAN ANSWER TO A PAGAN.

An eminent Pagan said to one of the primitive Christians during a period of extreme persecution and suffering, how can any one of you hope to escape while your whole flesh is but one silly sheep, amid swarms of the fiercest wolves?' 'It is true that we are so,' answered the Christian, 'but then we are guarded by a shepherd who can much more easily destroy all the wolves in the world, than all the wolves combined can kill one sheep.'

SARCASM.

'Once,' said a quaker in a dispute concerning the propriety of titles, I had the honour to be in company with an excellence and a highness. His excellence was the most ignorant of his species, and his highness measured 4 feet 8 inches without his shoes.

THE EVERLASTING PEN.

Many years ago, the celebrated Dr. Warner happened to be in the shop of an eminent stationer in the Strand, when a member of the House of Commons came in and purchased a hundred quills for six shillings. When he had gone, the doctor exclaimed, 'Oh, the luxury of the age! Six shillings for a hundred quills! Why, it never cost me sixpence for quills in all my life.' 'That is somewhat surprising, doctor,' said the gentleman of the shop, for your writings are very voluminous.' 'I declare,' replied the doctor, 'I wrote my Ecclesiastical History, and my Dissertation of the book of Common Prayer, with a single pen.' This relation was spread about, and a celebrated countess begged the pen of the doctor, and her ladyship had a gold case made for it, with a short history written upon it and placed it in her cabinet of curiosities.

LIFE OF LORD BACON, CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

Lord Bacon, baron of Verulam, viscount of St. Albans, and lord high chancellor of England under James I., was born in 1560, and was the son of sir Nicholas Bacon, lord keeper of the great seal under queen Elizabeth, by Ann, daughter of sir Anthony Cooke, who was eminent for her great proficiency in the classics. In his 13th year, he was entered as a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he made such progress in his studies, that at sixteen years of age, he had ran through the whole circle of the liberal arts, as they were then taught. On his leaving the University, he was sent by his father to France; where, before he had attained his nineteenth year, he wrote a work entitled, 'A general View of the State of Europe,' but his father dying, he was obliged to return to England, where he commenced applying himself to the study of common law, at Gray's Inn; his merit, great application, and superior abilities, at length raised him to the highest dignities in his profession, viz. those of Attorney General and Lord Chancellor; being abandoned by the king, and having by that means lost all power, he became an object of persecution by many of those upon whom he, in his affluence and power, had conferred favours, honours, and situations innumerable; he was at length charged by them with bribery and corruption, and was accordingly tried by the House of Lords upon these charges, and was, contrary to all justice, found guilty, and sentenced by them to pay a fine of 40,000l., and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure. The king, however, soon after remitted both the fine and imprisonment, and offered to reinstate him in all his honours, but his misfortunes had given him a distance for public affairs, and he afterwards lived a retired life, closely pursuing his philosophical and classical studies, during which time he composed the greater part of his English and Latin works, but so greatly was his soul wrapt up in the cause of learning, that even in the midst of his public employments as Chancellor, he was known, instead of retiring to bed after the fatigues of the day, to sit up whole nights writing a work called 'Novum Organum.' After some few years spent in philosophical retirement, he was seized with the most excruciating pains in his head and stomach, as he was leaving London for a short tour, but these continuing to increase, he was obliged to stop at Highgate, at the earl of Arundel's where he expired on the 9th of April, A. D. 1627, in the 66th year of his age.

R. H. THOMAS.

AUTHORS.—Poets are lions among the dabblers in literature; but they are not company (generally speaking) for the world; and do not much value the society of their fellow apprentices to the muse. Their thoughts are much among the bower of Parnassus—their spirits bathe too long and too often in the streams of Helicon and Agathippe, to let them be agreeable. They are a tart and tetchy race, and far too apt to mount their Pegasus among men of the world. If popular—they are vain and insufferable; if the contrary—snappish and lachrymose. An author in embryo, attempts to be too much in conversation. A man who is ever and anon concocting an essay, or fashioning the scenes of a comedy, is flat as Fleet ditch. He comes abroad from his study to create, by an adulterous communion between another's uttered and his own silent thoughts, a family of bastard images and ideas, to populate the work in hand. If he hits upon a good idea, he will not give it breath—he wants it for an essay—his wit is only uttered by his pen, he hoards all his jokes for the new comedy.

LEONIDAS. — Leonidas, king of Sparta, was told by a citizen, that, otherwise than his being king, he was nothing better than any of them. 'Had I not been superior to any of you,' replied Leonidas, 'I had not been your king.'

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THE WARLOCK FISHER!!!

In a lonely part of the bleak and rocky coast of Scotland, there dwelt a being, who was designated by the few who knew and feared him, the Warlock Fisher. He was, in truth, a singular and a fearful old man. For years he had followed his dangerous occupation alone; adventuring forth in weather which appalled the stoutest of the stout hearts that occasionally exchanged a word with him, in passing to and fro in their mutual employment. Of his name, birth, or descent nothing was known; but the fecundity of conjecture had supplied an unfailing stock of *material* on these points. Some said he was the devil incarnate: others said he was a Dutchman, or some other 'far away foreigner,' who had fled to these comparative solitudes for shelter, from the retribution due to some grievous crime; and all agreed that he was neither a Scot nor a true man. In outward form, however, he was still a 'model of a man,' tall, and well-made; though in years, his natural strength was far from being abated. His matted black hair, hanging in elf locks about his ears and shoulders, together with the perpetual sullenness which seemed native in the expression of features neither regular nor pleasing, gave him an appearance unendurably disgust-

ing. He lived alone, in a hovel of his own construction, partially scooped out of a rock—was never known to have suffered a visitor within its walls—to have spoken a kind word, or done a kind action. Once, indeed, he performed an act, which, in a less ominous being, would have been lauded as the extreme of heroism. In a dreadfully stormy morning, a fishing-boat was seen in great distress, making for the shore—there were a father and two sons in it. The danger became imminent, as they neared the rocky promontory of the fisher—and the boat upset. Women and boys were screaming and gesticulating from the beach, in all the wild and useless energy of despair, but assistance was nowhere to be seen. The father and one of the lads disappeared for ever; but the younger boy clung, with extraordinary resolution, to the inverted vessel. By accident, the Warlock Fisher came to the door of his hovel, saw the drowning lad, and plunged instantaneously into the sea. For some minutes he was invisible amid the angry turmoil; but he swam like an inhabitant of that fearful element, and bore the boy in safety to the beach. From fatigue or fear, or the effects of both united, the poor lad died shortly afterwards; and his grateful relatives industriously insisted that he had been blighted in the grasp of his unhallowed rescuer.

Towards the end of autumn, the weather frequently becomes so broken and stormy in these parts, as to render the sustenance derived from fishing extremely precarious. Against this, however, the Warlock Fisher was provided; for, caring little for weather, and apparently less for life, he went out in all seasons, and was known to be absent for days, during the most violent storms, when every hope of seeing him again was lost. Still nothing harmed him; he came drifting back again, the same wayward, unfearing, unhallowed animal. To account for this, it was understood that he was in connexion with smugglers; that his days of absence were spent in their service—in reconnoitring for their safety, and assisting their depredations. Whatever of truth there might be in this, it was well known that the Warlock Fisher never wanted ardent spirits; and so free was he in their use, and of tobacco, that he has been heard, in a long and dreary winter's evening, carolling songs in a strange tongue, with all the fervour of an inspired bacchanal. It has been said, too, at such times, he held strange talk with some who never answered, deprecated sights which no one else could see, and exhibited the fury of an outrageous maniac.

It was towards the close of an autumn day, that a tall young man was seen surveying the barren rocks, and apparently deserted shores, near the dwelling of the fisher. He wore the inquiring aspect of a stranger, and yet his step indicated a previous acquaintance with the scene. The sun was flinging his boldest radiance on the rolling ocean, as the youth ascended the rugged path which led to the Warlock Fisher's hut. He surveyed the door for a moment, as if to be certain of the spot; and then, with one stroke of his foot, dashed the door inwards. It was damp, and tenantless. The stranger set down his bundle, kindled a fire, and remained in quiet possession. In a few hours the fisher returned. He started involuntarily at the sight of the intruder, who sprang to his feet, ready for any alternative.

'What seek you in my hut?' said the Fisher.

'A shelter for the night—the hawks are out.'

'Who directed you to me?'

'Old acquaintance!'

'Never saw you with my eyes—shiver me! But never mind, you look like the breed—a ready hand and a light heel, ha! All's right—tap your keg!'

No sooner said than done. The keg was broached, and a good brown basin of double hollands was brimming at the lips of the Warlock Fisher. The stranger did himself a similar service, and they grew friendly. The fisher could not avoid placing his hand before his eyes, once or twice, as if wishful to avoid the keen gaze of the stranger, who still plied the fire with fuel, and his host with hollands. Reserve was at length annihilated, and the fisher jocularly said—

'Well, and so we're old acquaintance, ha?'

'Aye,' said the young man, with another searching glance. 'I was in doubt at first, but now I am certain.'

'And what's to be done?' said the fisher.

'An hour after midnight, you must put me on board ——'s boat, she'll be abroad. They'll run a light to the mast-

head, for which you'll steer. You're a good hand at the helm in a dark night and a rough sea,' was the reply.

'How, if I will not?'

'Then—*your life or mine!*'

They sprang to their feet simultaneously, and an immediate encounter seemed inevitable.

'Psha!' said the Fisher, sinking on his seat, 'what madness is this! I was a thought warm with the liquor, and the recollections of past times were rising on my memory. Think nothing of it. I heard those words once before,' and he ground his teeth in rage—'Yes, once—but in a shriller voice than your's! Sometimes, too, the bastard rises to my view; and then I smite him so—bah! give us another basin-full?' He stuck short at vacancy, snatched the beverage from the stranger, and drank it off. 'An hour after midnight, said ye?'

'Ay—you'll see no bastards then.'

'Worse—may be—worse!' muttered the Fisher, sinking into abstraction, and glaring wildly on the flickering embers before him.

'Why, how's this?' said the stranger. 'Are your senses playing bo-peep with the ghost of some pigeon-livered coast captain, eh? Come, take another pull at the keg, to clear your head-lights, and tell us a bit of your ditty.'

The Fisher took another draught, and proceeded—

'About five and twenty years ago, a stranger came to this hut—may the curse of God annihilate him!'

'Amen to that,' said the young man.

'He brought with him a boy and a girl, a purse of gold,———and the arch fiend's tongue to tempt me! Well, it was to take these children out to sea—upset the boat—and lose them!'

'And you did so!' interrupted the stranger.

'I tried—but listen. On a fine evening, I took them out; the sun sank rapidly, and I knew by the freshening of the breeze there would be a storm. I was not mistaken. It came on even faster than I wished. The children were alarmed—the boy, in particular, grew suspicious; he insisted that I had an object in going out so far at sun-set. This irritated me, and I rose to smite him, when the fair girl interposed her fragile form between us. She screamed for mercy, and clung to my arm with the desperation of despair. I could not shake her off! The boy had the spirit of a man; he seized a piece of spar, and struck me on the temples. "How, you villain!" said he, "*your life or mine!*" At that moment the boat upset, and we were all adrift. The boy I never saw again—a tremendous sea broke between us—but the wretched girl clung to me like hate!—damnation!—her dying scream is ringing in my ears like madness! I struck her on the forehead, and she sank, all but her hand,—one little white hand would not sink! I threw myself on my back, and struck at it with both my feet—and then I thought it sunk for ever. I made the shore with difficulty, for I was stunned and senseless, and the ocean heaved as if it would have washed away the mortal world—and the lightnings blazed as if all hell had come to light the scene of warfare! I have never since been on the sea at midnight but that hand has followed or preceded me; I have never———' Here he sank down from his seat, and rolled himself in agony upon the floor.

'Poor wretch!' muttered the stranger, 'what hinders now my long-sought vengeance? Even with my foot———but thou shalt share my murdered sister's grave!'

'A shot is fired—look out for the light!' said the young man.

The Fisher went to the door; but suddenly started back, clasping his hands before his face.

'Fire and brimstone; there it is again!' he cried.

'What!' said his companion, looking coolly round him.

'That infernal hand! Lightnings blast it!—but that's impossible,' he added in a fearful under-tone, which sounded as if some of the eternal rocks around him were adding a response to his imprecations—'that's impossible! It is a part of them—it has been so for years—darkness could not shroud it—darkness could not separate it from my burning eyeballs!—awake, it was there—asleep, it flickered and blazed before me;—it has been my rock a-head through life, and it will herald me to hell!' So saying, he pressed his sinewy hands upon his face, and buried his head between his knees, till the rock beneath him seemed to shake with uncontrollable agony.

'Again it beckons me!' said he,

starting up—'ten thousand fires are blazing in my heart—in my brain!—where, where can I be worse? Fiend, I defy thee!'

'I see nothing,' said his companion, with unalterable composure.

'You see nothing!' thundered the Fisher, with mingled sarcasm and fury—'look there!' He snatched his hand, and pointing steadily into the gloom, again murmured, "Look there—look there!'

At that moment the lightning blazed around with appalling brilliancy; and the stranger saw a small white hand pointing tremulously upwards.

'I saw it there,' said he, 'but it is not hers! Infatuated, abandoned villain!' he continued with irrepressible energy, 'it is not my sister's hand—no! it is the incarnate fiend's who tempted you, and who now waves you to perdition—begone together!'

He aimed a dreadful blow at the astonished fisher, who instinctively avoided the stroke. Mutually wound up to the highest pitch of anger, they grappled each the other's throat, set their feet, and strained for the throw, which was inevitably to bury both in the wild waves beneath. A faint shriek was heard, and a gibbering, as of many voices, came fluttering around them.

'Chatter on,' said the Fisher, 'he joins you now!'

'Together—it will be together!' said the stranger, as with a last desperate effort he bent his adversary backward from the beetling cliff. The voice of the Fisher sounded hoarsely in execration, as they dashed into the sea together, but what he said was drowned in the hoarser murmur of the uplashing surge. The body of the stranger was found on the next morning, flung far up on the rocky shore—but that of the murderer was gone for ever.

The superstitious peasantry of the neighbourhood still consider the spot as haunted; and at midnight, when the waves dash fitfully against the perilous crags, and the bleak winds sweep with long and angry moan around them, they still hear the gibbering voices of the fiends, and the mortal execrations of the Warlock Fisher!—but after that fearful night, no man ever saw THE PHANTOM HAND!—*Literary Magnet.*

ACCOUNT OF THE HAGUE AND SCHEVELING.

(From the *Entertaining Magazine* for July, 1814.)

The Hague is celebrated as the most magnificent village in Europe: streets of very large dimensions, with spacious canals planted with fine trees, added to a situation rather more elevated, and a better air than that of other Dutch towns make this really a desirable abode; the eye, long accustomed to watery flatness and Dutch regularity, cannot but be peculiarly sensible to the charms of a fine natural and extensive wood, about a mile from the town, adjoining to which stands the country seat of the Prince of the Netherlands. The palace, a large irregular pile, is situated on one side of the Vyver. The building of it was begun in the year 1249, by William the Second, who was the eighteenth earl of Holland, and whose predecessors had resided at Haarlem.

The principal apartments in the palace, particularly those finished about 14 years ago, are in a good stile of architecture, and faced with free-stone; the rest of this heterogeneous pile is entirely composed of brick. The drawing room is handsome, and the adjoining apartments of the princesses are elegantly furnished with Gobelin tapestry, and chairs and tables of the same manufacture. The inhabitants universally regret, in an equal degree with strangers, the loss of the prince's cabinet, which contained a most valuable collection of subjects in natural history, and many other curiosities from various parts of the globe. This museum was opened once a week to the inspection of the public.

In the state room, lately called the Hall of Confederation, from the circumstance of the treaty between France and Holland having been signed in it, is an allegorical picture representing the union of the Gallic and Batavian republics. There are several other apartments in different parts of the palace, most of which formerly contained pictures of great merit, especially the productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools. The churches, hospitals, schools, and charitable foundations of various kinds have given the Hague a high rank among the Dutch towns.

In the Voorhout, or principal street,

are many elegant and classical buildings, forming a complete contrast to the leaning mercantile structures of Rotterdam; but the most beautiful part of the Hague is the Vyverburgh. It is a vast oblong square, adorned with a noble walk, or mall strewed with broken shells, and shaded by avenues of trees on one side, and on the other by the palace, and a large basin of water, called the Vyver, almost a quarter of a mile in length, variegated by an island of poplars in its centre. Besides these, there are many others, very noble ones, and all remarkably clean; but the canals are almost all of them green and stagnant, and in the summer emit an unpleasant effluvia. Here, as in many cities in France, the armorial ensigns of distinguished families, which used to dignify the front of their dwellings, have been cut away, and many a shield remains despoiled of its quarterings. Some of them, since the new order of things has occurred, have been restored. In a square planted on all sides with trees, the parade is held.

About half a league from the Hague is the celebrated Palace in the Wood. This spot, so dear to the Dutch, is nearly two English miles long, about three quarters of a mile broad, and contains a fine display of magnificent oaks, growing in native luxuriance.

Antony Waterloo made the greatest part of his studies from this spot and its environs. The ground upon which it grows, and the country about it, undulate a little, a circumstance of agreeable novelty; and the whole is a truly delightful walk, more romantic and umbrageous than our mall of St. James's, and surpassed only by the garden of the Thuilleries. This wood has been held sacred with more than Pagan piety. War and national want, which seldom spare in their progress, committed no violations here. Although the favorite place of royal recreation, yet, in the fury of the revolution, not a leaf trembled, 'but in the wind.' Philip II. in the great war with Spain, issued his mandate for preserving it; hostile armies have marched through it without offering it a wound, and the axe of the woodman has never resounded in it. Even children are taught or whipped into veneration for it, so that their mischievous hands never stript it of a bough. Once, however, it is recorded that, at a period of great state necessity, in 1576, their High Mightinesses sat in judgment upon its noble growth, and doomed it to fall. The moment their decree was known, the citizens flew to the meeting, and remonstrated with a degree of feeling, which did honour to their taste. Upon learning that the object of its doom was to raise a certain sum to assist in replenishing the nearly exhausted coffers of the republic, they immediately entered into a contribution, and presented the amount to the high and mighty masters of the sacred grove.

In this palace, among many other precious works of art, was the celebrated picture of king William the Third, who appointed the famous Godfrey Scalken, when he was in London, to paint his portrait by candle light. The painter placed a taper in the hands of his majesty, to hold it in a situation more favourable to the designs of the artist; during which, the tallow melted, and dropped on the finger of the monarch, who endured it with great composure, for fear of embarrassing the painter, who very tranquilly continued his work, without offering to pause for a minute. It is not much to the credit of the prince of the country, to record that this blunt enthusiasm for his art lost poor Scalken the favour of the court, and of persons of fashion; and he retired to the Hague, where he had a prodigious demand for his small paintings.

A number of carriages are always ready at the Hague, to convey passengers to Scheveling, a distance of two miles, for about sixpence English. This village is deserving of a visit on account of the avenue leading to it, which is nearly two miles, perfectly straight, and thickly planted with beech, limes, and oaks; at the end of which superb vista, the church of Scheveling appears.

The Dutch value this beautiful avenue as much as they do their wood, and care is taken to preserve it from violation. At the entrance, in a most romantic spot, is the turnpike gate, where all passengers, except the fishermen of Scheveling, pay a fraction of a farthing for permission to enter; and here are stuck up orders, threatening with punishment those who may attempt to injure, in the smallest degree, this consecrated forest. At short intervals, cautionary inscriptions are placed in conspicuous situations, to warn the mischievous 'apple munching

urchins' from cutting the smallest twig.

Constantine Kuygens, brother to the celebrated mathematician and mechanist of that name, had the honour of designing this avenue, in which there are many stately trees, upwards of a century and a half old; a terrible storm which took place a few years ago, laid about fifty of these noble objects low, to the great grief and consternation of the country. Here, and perhaps here only throughout Holland, the traveller may be gratified by the sound of a running brook. The foot-paths are on a Sunday crowded with pedestrians of both sexes, in their holiday clothes; and the slanting rays of a brilliant sun, flashing through the openings in the branches of the limes, beech trees, and oak, upon a crowd of merry faces, jolting in the most whimsical carts and waggons, to their favorite spot of carousal, have a very pleasing and picturesque effect. The village is very neat and pretty: at the end of the vista large sand-hills, rising near the base of the church, preclude the sign of the ocean, which, when they are surmounted, opens upon the view with uncommon majesty.

The beach, at low water, is very firm to the tread, and forms a beautiful walk of nearly six miles in extent. The ocean on a fine day is like a mirror, and fishing vessels may be seen lying on the sand in the most picturesque forms, just surrounded with water; their owners, with their wives and children, parade up and down in their sabbath suits, and the whole sand, for a mile, presents a fine marine mall, covered with groups, who appear as capable of appreciating the beauties of the scene as the worshippers of the Steyne at Brighton, or of the parade at Bath. The Dutch are said to have an antipathy to the sea air; but this is not generally true. Certain it is, that they are not fond of sea-bathing; otherwise this beach would be crowded with bathing machines, and the country above it with lodging houses.

Water is no novelty to a Dutchman, and he prefers, and there seems some sense in his preference, his neat commodious country house, and his gardens, and all the comforts of life about him, to the pleasure of bathing and contemplating a waste of waters from the windows of a cheerless inn or lodging-house.

The coast of Scheveling is considered very dangerous in rough weather. The spire of the church here, and those of Gravesande and Monster, three leagues to the south, serve for land marks; yet, owing to the coast of the provinces of Holland lying very low and flat, they are scarcely discernible three or four leagues at sea; for want of sand banks to break the force of the sea, the coast is much exposed; and the fishermen are obliged, after their return, to haul their vessels on rollers up the beach, beyond the water's reach. This labour must be very great, for many of them are from twenty to thirty-five tons burthen.

This place has been at different periods subject to dreadful irruptions of the sea, particularly in the year 1754, when it broke in and carried away 190 houses. Scheveling has its portion of historic celebrity. In 1650 the expatriated Charles II., after a long exile, embarked from this place for Scotland, to which he was invited, with a promise of assistance in recovering the rest of his dominions.

In the village is a pauper-house for the poor and aged, founded in 1614. On a week day, the road from Scheveling is more characteristically gay than on a Sunday, being covered with fish-women running and singing to the Hague, under loads of soles, cods, turbots, &c., In the neighbourhood of that city are several fine flower gardens: the passion of the Dutch for flowers is well known.

The tower of St. Jaques, the only high devotional building at the Hague (except the new church) is well worth ascending. The view from this elevation is exquisitely beautiful; below, on one side, lie expanded the square, the venerable pile of the town palace, its superb basin, the noble streets leading towards the wood, and the spires of distant villages fading in the midst of the horizon; while on the other side stretch the avenues of Scheveling, terminated by the blue and sparkling ocean.

It was from the Hague, in the midst of winter, during a stormy night, and in an open boat, that the prince of Orange, with his family, assailed by the horrid dangers of the late revolution, embarked for England; and in this wretched and perilous situation were they exposed for 36 hours before they could reach the port of Harwich.

In the fish-market may be seen a number of storks, which parade about in perfect security, and are every now and then regaled by the offal of the fish. The Dutch are so fond of these birds, that they frequently erect frames of wood upon the tops of their houses to encourage them to build their nests there. They have two valuable qualities, the first of which is peculiar to the stork—an exemplary regard for its aged parents, and a quick perception of fire, which they show by making a great noise.

ON THE ORIGIN OF ROMANCES.

Romances are so called, because, in the first invention of such compositions, whilst other writings in France continued still to be published in Latin, these fictitious histories of imaginary adventures were the first compositions that were committed to writing in the vulgar language called romanciere, when the Latin began to be corrupted among the common people. Rivet, in his History of Literature, proves that this kind of book was first introduced in the *tenth* century, two hundred years before Fleury, Calmet, and the last historian of the city of Paris, date their original. Such compositions are extremely pernicious, both to morals and to true literature. In them the laws neither of order or method, nor of truth or probability, are usually observed. Those few that are wrote with some degree of elegance and spirit, are generally very defective in those particulars, and tend to destroy all the true taste in studies, being quite different from the parables and fables, under which the ancients sometimes couched moral precepts, to render them more agreeable, and the better to strike the senses. Secondly, romances, by substituting falsehood for true history, and a foolish idle amusement instead of solid instruction, destroy in the mind that laudable thirst after truth which the author of nature imprinted in it, and inspire a baneful love of trifles, vanity, and folly. A third most pernicious effect of such reading, is, that, instead of forming, it perverts and depraves the heart, poisons the morals, and excites the passions, which it is the greatest business of a Christian to restrain. This is true, even of the writings of this kind which seem least dangerous, since such fictions only please by insensibly flattering vanity, pride, ambition, and the like criminal inclinations. If this be so with regard to these romances, which, by some persons in the world are called innocent, what censures shall we find harsh enough for the generality of such compositions, which are filled with scenes and intrigues of love, and tend to awake, cherish, and entertain the most dangerous of passions. S. Teresa writes thus of herself: 'This fault (of reading romances) failed not to cool my good desires, and was the cause of my falling insensibly into other defects. I was so enchanted with the extreme pleasure I took therein, that methought I could not be content if I had not some new romance in my hands. I began to imitate the mode, to take delight in being well dressed, to take care of my hands, to make use of perfumes, and to affect all the vain trimmings which my condition permitted. Indeed my intention was not bad; for I would not for the world, in the immoderate passion which I had, to be decent, give any one an occasion of offending God; but I now acknowledge how far these things, which for several years appeared to me innocent, are effectually and really criminal.' These empoisoned lectures change all the good inclinations a person has received from nature and virtuous education; they chill, by little and little, pious desires, and in a short time banish out of the soul all that was there of solidity and virtue. By them young girls on a sudden lose a habit of reservedness and modesty, take an air of vanity and gallantry, and make shew of no other ardour than for those things which the world esteems, and which God abominates. They espouse the maxims, spirit, conduct, and language of the passions, which are there artfully instilled, under various disguises; and, what is most dangerous, they cloak all this irregularity with the appearance of civility, and an easy, complying, gay humour and disposition. Let all young people avoid this dangerous snare laid to entrap their innocence. 'Let them not be hurried away with the dismal torrent,' says Austin (Conf. l. 1. c. 6.) 'which drags along the children of Eve into that vast and dangerous sea, out of which even they scarce can escape and save themselves, who pass over upon the

wood of the cross of Christ;' that is, by a penitential Christian life of mortification, modesty, and devotion.

Teresa, writing of the danger of bad company, says, 'Were I to give counsel to parents, I would warn them to be well advised what persons frequent their children in their tender age; because the bent of our corrupt nature bears us rather to bad than to good. I found this myself; for I made no profit of the great virtue of those about me, whereas I retained all the evil example which those gave me who haunted my father's house.' Chrysostom, exhorting parents to keep their children at a distance from balls, assemblies, and public dances, and to teach them to flee these as a plague, the poison whereof is mortal to their souls, says, 'Surely, when we see a lighted torch, we seriously forbid him to carry it into places where there is straw, hay, or such combustible matter, for fear, when he least thinks fit, a spark should fall into it, and set fire to the whole house. Let us use the same precaution towards our children, and not carry their eyes to such places. If such persons dwell near us, let us forbid our children to look upon them, or to have with them any commerce or conversation; lest some spark, falling into their souls, should cause a general conflagration and an irreparable damage.'

H. M. L.

Original Poetry.

There are moments when joy, on distant wing roving,
Seems lost to the mind's weeping eye,
When each future prospect once ecstacy moving,
Brings nought from the heart but a sigh.

There are hours when the heart, warp'd to sad'ning sorrow,
Looks through a dark glass on each scene;
When happiness past points to woe on the morrow,
And bliss seems misfortune to mean.

There are days when weak fancy has stray'd from her throne,
To wander in Misery's train;
When pleasure appears from the breast to have flown,
And we seek for a comfort in vain.

So is darken'd the sun-beam, when clouds, in their flight,
Obscure his enlivening ray;
When storms hover over, or when the drear night
Displaces the glorious day.

But lasting through darkness and outliving gloom,
With lustre resplendent, his light
Shines forth, the glad flowers renew their perfume,
And brightness springs full on the sight.

And thus do our hopes last through deadliest woe,
And outlive each grief-swollen hour;
Till down death's darken'd stream our freed spirits flow,
And glide to serenity's bow'r.

R. J.

THE RING.

To a Young Lady.

Thou hast sent me a circle of gold,
Undeck'd with the diamond's shine;
But a lovelier sight I behold—
Thy initial united with mine!
And e'er to the 'eye of my mind'
Thy picture it seems to unfold,
For, when beauty and goodness are join'd,
They seem as—a circle of gold.

Let the life of profusion and pride,
To shine like a jewel be seen;
'Twill be found like a jewel beside—
As cold and as callous within.
But the beauties of wisdom and worth
Are in modest apparel enroll'd;
Yet when tenderness summons them forth,
They shine like—a circle of gold.

May the hop'd day of happiness haste,
When our joys like the circle shall be,
When the future shall vie with the past,
And thou take a circle from me;
Content in our cot shall be found,
Our life love and friendship enfold,
And each year as it dances around,
Shall to us be—a circle of gold,

H. M. LANDER.

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The Casket.

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THE BANDIT CHIEF.

Family affairs obliged me to undertake a journey to the mountainous region of Bohemia, and I arrived, without the slightest accident, at the estate of my uncle in that kingdom. There I used generally to spend the evening in walking. In one of these perambulations night overtook me in a wood bordering on my uncle's domain, and extending on the coptrary side to a chain of mountains. My imagination was so occupied with the idea of my native land, and the dear objects I had left behind, that I wandered unconsciously from the path. On awaking from this delicious dream, I found that I had totally lost my way; all my endeavours to regain the right track were unavailing, and such was my situation, when I heard a sudden rustling near me in the thicket. On raising my eyes, a man stood by my side, and inquired whither I was going? I replied that I had lost my way, and at the same time mentioned the name of my uncle's mansion, requesting him to conduct me the nearest road to it. He paused for a few seconds, and then answered:—'Tis a great way, and I cannot possibly conduct you now; but if you will accept of a night's lodging in my house, follow me.' I hesitated not a moment to accept this proposal. He

walked along by my side in profound silence, answered none of my questions, and appeared to be quite absorbed in thought. At length he said:—'You have not been long in this kingdom.'—'No,' replied I, 'but who made you acquainted with my situation?' 'Yourself.' I stood still, and looked at him with the utmost astonishment. 'Myself,' cried I, in amaze. 'Yes, yourself; this wood is frequented by robbers, and you seem not to be afraid.' 'Why should I be afraid? I have nothing about me that can be of any value to robbers?' He now grasped my hand with eagerness. 'Young man,' said he, 'you have nothing to fear; the robbers in this wood never commit murder.'

Amidst this conversation we arrived at the door of a habitation, concealed in a deep recess of the wood. My companion knocked three times; a rough voice cried from within—'Who is there?' 'A son of night,' was the reply of my conductor.

The door opened; I saw myself, by the light of a lamp, in a spacious apartment, painted black; the walls were decorated with arms; a few chairs, and two tables, composed the whole of the furniture. One of them stood beneath a looking-glass, was covered with a white cloth, and upon it lay a human skull.

'Jacob,' said my companion, to a man with a frightful physiognomy, 'make a fire in the chimney, and bring provision for my guest.'

In a few minutes a fire blazed on the hearth; he took me by the hand, and we seated ourselves before it. I had now, for the first time, an opportunity of examining this extraordinary man. I must candidly confess that I never beheld a more perfect model of manly beauty; but never were the characters of the most profound sorrow and affliction so legibly inscribed on any brow.

No sooner did our conversation commence, than esteem and astonishment took possession of my soul. Meanwhile a clock that stood in the next room struck twelve, and at the same time I heard the report of a gun from without. I started. 'That is the signal for dinner,' said my host; 'we turn day into night, and night into day. You will sit down with the refuse of mankind, with a band of robbers, but you have nothing to fear.' He took me by the hand; a table was spread beneath a moss-grey oak in the front of the hut. I seated myself beside my host; eighteen other persons partook of the simple repast, seasoned only by the narratives of the leader.

The repast being finished, I returned with my former companion alone to the apartment we had quitted. I was struck with the unusual colour of his room, and at length asked:—'Why did you choose black? that colour makes one sad, and it is our duty to be cheerful.' 'You are right if you speak of yourself, but as for me, I know joy only by name; to me that sensation has long been a stranger. You look at those walls; their black colour excites your surprise. It is the colour of my fate, and ——— Oh! that it were also the colour of my heart!' 'An extraordinary wish!' 'It only appears so to you. With a black heart I had perhaps been happy; now I am wretched, inexpressibly wretched! All my riches consist in yonder skull (at the same time pointing to it with a terrific look and distorted features.) It is my all,' continued he; 'when in the hours of serious meditation I stand before it, and the thought that I too shall cease to exist arises in my soul, then alone am I rich, richer than your princes, or the greatest of fortune's favourites. They lose, I gain; to them death is terrible, to me it is a blessing. Oh, there are moments in which it would be happiness to be deprived of reason, a fearful truth, which in the days of prosperity I could not have believed.' The clock now struck two. My host shuddered. 'Already so late?' said he, and added, in a milder tone:—'Pardon me, stranger, for having so long deprived you of your rest; in that room my bed is prepared for you; sleep and be not afraid.' I cordially grasped his right hand. 'You have told me too much,' said I; 'you have excited my curiosity; may I intreat you to communicate to me your history.'

'My history,' replied he, with a ghastly smile, 'would make the hair of your head stand on end, and will perhaps cause you to repent your request; but you shall know the history of my life. I am the only son of a man of high rank in this kingdom; my father, who was very rich, expended large sums on my education, and I flatter myself that

they were not thrown away. I shall pass over the early years of my life, which cannot have any interest for you, and shall begin my narrative with my leaving the academy. On my return I received promotion, and in a few years had the fairest prospect of being called to conduct the helm of the state. Insatiable pride swayed the bosom of my father; he loved me only because my progressive elevation was flattering to that passion. Such was my situation; surrounded with brilliant prospects, I, arrogant boy, imagined that I could read the book of futurity, forgetful that the wisest of men cannot predict with certainty the events of the next minute. I saw a young female belonging to the lower class of the people. That inexplicable passion which has precipitated many an useful statesman, many a valiant warrior, from the pinnacle of glory, took entire possession of my heart. At first I employed every possible expedient to subdue her virtue. She repulsed me wiih contempt, and the fire burned still more fiercely. I threw myself at the feet of my father, and implored his consent to our union. 'Are you mad?' thundered he, spurning me from him: 'a drab from the scum of the people, my daughter-in-law! rather could I see you and her on the gallows than at the altar.' What room had I now for hope? Half a year passed away; I saw her seldom, but my passion daily increased in violence. In more tranquil hours, I certainly advanced every possible objection that could be made against such an union; but what influence has cold reason over a heart replete with glowing passions? Vanquished at length in this conflict, I fled with her to one of the remotest provinces of the kingdom, where the hand of the priest united us. With the little money I had taken with me I purchased a small farm. Here Rosalia and myself lived by the labour of our hands. These, these were the halcyon days of my life! Beneath the lowly roof of my cottage I enjoyed greater happiness than the prince with his diadem, or the hero crowned with laurels. But let us hasten over these scenes. At the expiration of a year I pressed a pledge of our love to my bosom, and for two more blissful years continued to taste the delights of conjugal and paternal love, out of the cup of human felicity. One evening, on my return from the chace, I found my father at home with my wife. This spectacle excited sensations which it is impossible to express. Rosalia, penetrated with gratitude, was embracing his knees, my little boy was bathing his hand with tears of infantine love. Joy threw me senseless on his bosom, for his consent was alone wanting to complete the measure of my happiness. In a word, it was the greatest festival that filial love and gratitude ever celebrated. But pardon me, stranger, I scarcely know how to proceed. In three days my wife and child died of poison, given them by my father; and on the fourth died that father by the dagger of his son! Adieu, stranger.'

He pressed my hand at parting; the copious tears trickled from his large blue eyes, and attested the truth of his narrative. 'Adieu! that was the skull of my wife.'

I left him, and, accompanied by his servant, arrived at the skirt of the wood, whence I easily found my way back to the mansion of my uncle.

Sketches of Character.

(*For the Casket.*)

No. 26.—ITINERANT MUSICIANS.

"I have a reasonable good ear in music;—let us have the tongs and the bones."

That 'the times degenerate,' is a frequent complaint with elderly people, who cannot any longer look on the passing scene with the joyous eye of youth; it is a complaint, however, the truth of which we mean *in toto* to deny: and we appeal, as a reason for our incredulity, and obstinacy, to the wonderful improvement which, even in our own limited recollection, has taken place in the class of people that we have chosen as the subject of our present sketch. We mean not that they are more virtuously disposed, or that their worldly circumstances are more inviting than they were when, first to the sound of the catgut's tremor we 'bent the listening ear;' but we allude (and can vouch for the crorectness of the fact, as we go no farther than our own experience) to

the superiority of the harp, the flute, and the clarionet, which *now* send forth their thrilling sounds 'in harmony divine,' compared with the noise which once annoyed us, when the mirth-making violin and the sonorous bass were tortured into a combination of groaning and squealing discord, sufficient to have brought down even Cecilia's self, to punish the profanation of her rites, by the attempt of such unhallowed hands to intrude their imperfect performances on the sound-bearing winds.

But there is an itinerant musician of 'the old school' still in existence. Let any of our readers, who may have sufficient curiosity, take a walk down Lothbury, and turn up Princes Street: there, sitting upon one of the stone steps which lead up to a door, or the resemblance of one (never having seen it open, we cannot undertake to say which) on the side of the Bank of England, is an old man; we mean a *very* old man—whose few grey locks, and whose many-furrowed cheeks, tell you he has been as a football to fortune: his dress would have been considered old-fashioned by any of the exquisites who flourished at the accession of George the Third: it is *extremely* old—older than the man; we dare to say as much as this, upon the authority of the 'cut,' and the shape of the button-holes; we cannot be mistaken, or, if we are, we are certain that it was made in the fashion of 'sixty years since,' long before the nineteenth century threw its first ray of light upon the world. There he sits, with a something upon his knees, to which, out of courtesy, we suppose we must give the name of a violin: the date of its manufacture is far beyond calculation: were we allowed to guess, we should think first of the days of Henry the Eighth: his bony fingers grasp that magic wand of music, 'the bow,' which we beg leave to say is somewhat more modern in its appearance. We think, now, that we hear our readers exclaiming against this rambling into the days of Henry the Eighth after a violin, and the useless introduction of a dissertation upon the antiquity of a coat, into a Sketch of an Itinerant Musician. Our *fair* readers, too, are wondering at the impertinence we have displayed in meddling with their affairs, and asking themselves, what *we* have to do with the fashions. Fair and softly, ladies and gentlemen, if you please; we are endeavouring to establish the proposition we set out with; *viz.* that 'there has been a visible improvement in the subjects of this article for many years back, and we have *a r g u t* to produce evidence to prove our case; so let us return, for a moment, to the old man, with an old violin, sitting in an old-fashioned dress on the steps of the Bank. We have described his appearance as an old man, and we may now suppose it may have been guessed that he is an old Itinerant Musician. 'Where there's smoke there must be fire,' is an old proverb, and 'where there's a violin there must be music,' seems deducible from it; but Heaven defend us from the music of the old violin, when acted upon, not played on. No, it is past *play*, by the old man on the steps of the Bank! The grinding organ, or the pandean pipes, when pouring forth their most excruciating tones, are delightful music to it: it is the very caricature of melody—it is past description. Such is the only remaining specimen we are acquainted with of 'the old style' of street-performers; and haunted, as we continually are, by the remembrance of his most awful scraping, we gladly leave him to introduce his more successful successors.

As a description of the different costumes, styles of playing, &c. of the various groups which now enliven our streets with their 'harmonious strains,' would occupy a great deal more space than can be allotted to such a purpose, we must content ourselves with giving a kind of catalogue of the most distinguished that have come under our notice.

And first a *trio*, consisting of a clarionet, bass-viol, and flute, performed on, with considerable taste: this is a sort of moving orchestra, stopping at intervals to play two or three tunes; and then, after collecting the contributions of listeners, moving away in careless silence.

Next a *quartette*, composed of blind men in the Highland costume; two of whom play on flutes, one on a violin, and the other on 'a bass:' they play mostly Scotch airs, and, owing either to their skill in playing, or the affliction with which they are visited, seem to be pretty successful in their 'collections;' if this were not the case, so numerous a 'firm' must inevitably dissolve part-

nership. Your trifle is solicited by a woman with a tambourcen, who, as she is the only one of the party whose eyes are open, cannot be considered as a *sleeping* partner.

But the most esteemed set of 'itenerant musicians' that London can boast of, is a band which is frequently engaged on board the steam-packets. One has a harp (rather an expensive instrument by-the-bye for a street-player); his companions have clarionets, flutes, and French horns. This band frequents 'the city,' and may most generally be seen in the courts leading to the different avenues of the Stock Exchange,—What a glorious opportunity for an essay upon the effects of music on those unruly animals, *bulls and bears!* but space will not allow it, and we must return to our subject.

There is a man whose countenance proclaims him to be either a Jew or a foreigner; who, with a barrel-organ slung in front of him, and a set of pandean pipes held to his mouth by one hand, as with the other he turns the winch, which makes the machine he carries pour forth its variety of sounds, will bear comparison with any in his department of the profession, and appear by the comparison only more superior. He is the very paragon of organ grinders, and draws forth the shrill treble from his 'pipes' with true musical correctness.

Then there is 'blind Jemmy,' as he is called! he is a professor of the flute, whose softest notes he can elicit in the most melodious style; his appearance is so far from being cleanly, that few would venture within a yard of him. His flute is of the same cast; it was once of a light colour, but it now approaches very nearly to black: the 'wax-end' which is twisted round the numerous fissures which time has made in the wood, contributes no contemptible share to this alteration.

But yet another itinerant player, and we are done. This is a stout man, with features inclining to the Hebrew; *his* instrument is a violin, and he *can* play on it. With him there is no sawing, no groaning: all is melody and music. He has a bad habit of shaking his head about, but that matters not; his playing is good. Reader, do you think 'the times degenerate?'—Compare him with the old man on the Bank steps, and your opinion will be altered. R. J.

CHRISTMAS AS IT WAS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Christmas, as it was two hundred years ago, is faithfully depicted in the following merry Carol by George Wither; in which it will be seen, the same complaints prevailed then as of late, in regard to the decay of hospitality, the hardship of the times, and the extravagancies practised in the upper classes of life:—

So now is come our joyfulst feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let Sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun;
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance,
With crowdy-muttons out of France;
And Jack shall pipe, and Jyll shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetcht his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn,
With dropping of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year,
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the Justices
With capons make their errands;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants;

But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day,
And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares;
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine, or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound,
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassel bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in it bringing.
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now Kings and Queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mute with every body;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelayes
To make our mirth the fuller;
And, while thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring—
Woods and hills, and every thing,
Bear witness we are merry.

ANECDOTES OF DRESS.

No. I.

In 1135, shoes were made without heels, came up to the ankles, and had a slip on the instep, where they were tied. In this way they appeared greatly improved from the time of William Rufus, whose subjects chose to encumber themselves with taper-twisted points at the extremities. This folly, in 1388, had arrived to such excess, that the wearers actually had recourse to the ridiculous expedient of securing these points to the knee by chains of gold or silver, or silken cords. Exasperated at the pitiful aberrations of fashion, parliament prohibited the making of shoes with points exceeding two inches in length beyond the toe. In the reign of Mary, the fashion in this article of dress had taken a direct turn, and the shoes were worn with square toes so enormously large, that the parliament limited their breadth, at this part, to six inches.

An act for reformation of excess of apparel, made in the reign of Henry the Eighth, enforces more strictly propriety in dress. Soon after this monarch came to the crown the doublet was worn with many slashes and cuts, and the waistband, coming but very little below the armpit, was guarded by eight long skirts; the pantaloons were clasped to the doublet; the ample fronts of those supplied the place of pockets, and had two wings, which were secured on the hips by points. The gloves were hung to the girdle, which also supported a pouch for money, secured by a ring. A cloak completed this dress, which was by no means unpicturesque.

Masks and visors, made of velvet, with glasses for the eyes, were used at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, and held on the face by a bead attached to the inner part, and put into the mouth of the wearer; and the gentlemen cross-gartered to the knees.

Love-locks, as they were called, were in great fashion in the reign of James the First, and were much inveighed against by bishop Hall, in one of his sermons. He describes the dress of a then modish female as composed principally of a verdingale, a yellow ruff, and a perriwig, with perhaps some feathers waving at the top; and asks what would one of her forefathers

think, could he come to life again, and see her so accoutred—with a powdered frizzle, a painted hide, shadowed with a fan not more painted, breasts displayed, and a loose lock (also a love-lock, swung wantonly over her shoulder betwixt a painted cloth and skin—and exclaims, 'they must pronounce her a monster.'

John Bulwer Christopher, in a work published in 1656, mentions jessamine butter as a then favourite ointment for the hair, and mentions the gallant's noddles to 'be put into such a pure witty trim, the dislocations of every hair so exactly set, the whole bush so curiously candied, and (what is most prodigious) the natural jet of some of them so exactly exalted into a pure azure, that their familiar friends had much to do to know their faces; for by their powdered heads you would take them to be mealmen.'—This is a sufficient proof of the then attachment to hair-powder.

Burton as severely handles the females of that age, and asks why such setting up with corks, straightening with whaelbone, perfuming their persons, wearing artificial flowers, &c. but that they use them as a day-net to catch larks, to make young ones stoop to them.

(To be continued.)

POVERTY.

AN ESSAY.

Books, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail. I dislike, therefore, the philosopher, who describes the inconveniences of life in such pleasing colours, that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, and meets poverty without dread, nor fears its miseries till he severely feels them.

A youth who hath thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with men, but by philosophic information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the errors of the wise. Utterly unqualified for a journey through life, he sets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himself at last involved in perplexities, traduced in character, and irreparably injured in fortune.

He has first learnt from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in excess; and he has been long taught to love virtue and detest vice. Warm, therefore, in his attachments, and steady in enmities, he treats every creature as a friend or foe; expects from those he loves unerring integrity, and consigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds, and here begin his disappointments. Upon a closer inspection of human nature, he perceives that he should have moderated his friendships, and softened his severity; for he often finds the excellence of one part of mankind clouded with failings, or perhaps vice, and the faults of the others brightened by some virtues. He finds most characters are mixed. He now, therefore, but too late, perceives that his regard should have been more cool; his hatred less violent; that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendships with the good, and avoid, if possible, even the resentment of the wicked. Every day gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are frequently broken, and that those whom he has treated with disrespect more than retaliate, by injuring him to the utmost of their power. At length he is obliged to confess that he has declared war with the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous, to take a part in his quarrel.

Our book-taught philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede; and though diminished credit and reduced circumstances are the natural consequence of the many enemies he has created, yet he is resolved to meet them without shrinking. The philosopher has described poverty in most charming colours; and even his vanity is touched in thinking that he shall show the world, in himself, one more example of patience, fortitude, and resignation. "Come then, O Poverty! for what is there in thee dreadful to the wise? Temperance, health, and frugality walk in thy train, cheerfulness and liberty are ever thy companions. Shall any be ashamed of thee, of whom Cincinnatus was not ashamed? The running brook—the herbs of the field can satisfy nature. 'Man wants but little here

below, nor wants that little long.' Come then, O Poverty! and let the world gaze with admiration at the true philosopher's resignation." The Goddess appears, for Poverty ever comes at the call; but, alas! he finds her by no means the charming figure that books and his imagination painted. All the fabric of enthusiasm is at once demolished, and a thousand miseries rise upon its ruins; he sees her in her real form, followed by her real attendants; while Scorn, with pointed finger, and Contempt, with various insults, are foremost in the hideous procession. Such appears Poverty to her new entertainer!

The poor man finds that he can get nobody to admire him while he is dining upon herbs; that, in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philosopher in all the dignity of solitude.

" Here, by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
He wastes the tedious gloom—"

Thus is he forsaken of men, while his fortitude wants the satisfaction, even of self-applause; for he either does not feel his present calamities (and that is natural insensibility), or he disguises his feelings (and that is dissimulation). Spleen now begins to assault him. Not distinguishing in his resentments, he regards all mankind with detestation; and, commencing mysanthropist, has the liberty of railing at the world in unenvied solitude.

It has been said that he who lives alone, is either an angel or a brute. The censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited. The discontented being who retires from society, is generally some good natured person, who began life without experience, and knew not how to act in his intercourse with mankind, till he finds himself in declining age, with little money, and few, perhaps no, friends.

E. S. B.

Varieties.

Under this head, we this week present our readers with a few *jeu d'esprits* taken at random, from a new work, entitled, '*Harcourt's Original Jests.*' Their own intrinsic worth we consider a sufficient recommendation:—

A COWARD.

'You are a coward,' said a low Londoner to a poor countryman, who had refused to fight. 'No, I beant,' said the countryman, 'I have nothing to do with *cows*; I am a *shepherd*.'

THE HEN-PECKED HUSBAND.

'I like the Bible, Prayer-book, in short, every thing but the *Companion to the Altar*,' said a hen-pecked husband.

A HANGING SUBJECT.

A police officer, on being asked the difference between hung criminals and hung venison, replied, that one was tried before it was hung, and the other hung before it was tried.

THE GUINEA.

A person who had lost a guinea at cards, laid down a sovereign. 'You have mistaken,' said the other, 'we played for a guinea.' 'Very well,' said the loser, 'and there is one pound *won*.'

THE OCULIST.

'You see I have changed my occupation,' said an oculist (formerly a schoolmaster) to a friend. 'Nearly the same thing,' was the answer, 'you still *attend to pupils*.'

To Correspondents.

Press of matter obliges us to postpone the request of R. J.—Received communications from S. D., J. E. E., and M.

With the next week's Casket will be published a Supplementary Number, containing Title-page, Index, &c.

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THE YARMOUTH WITCH.

In the year 1644, sixteen women were accused at Yarmouth as witches by Mr. Hopkins; and sent by the magistrates to Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Brinsley, ministers of that place, to be examined. Among these was an old woman who used to be relieved twice a week at Mr. Whitfield's door, who made the following confession:—That she used to work for Mr Moulton (a stocking merchant, and alderman of the town) and went to his house for work; but he being from home, his man refused to let her have any till his master returned; whereupon being exasperated against the man, she applied herself to the maid, and desired some knitting work of her; and when she returned the like answer, she went home in great discontent against them both. That night when she was in bed, she heard a knock at her door, and going to her window, she saw (it being moon-light) a tall black man there; and asked what he would have? He told her that she was discontented, because she could not get work; and

that he would put her into a way that she should never want any thing. On this, she let him in, and asked him what he had to say to her? He told her he must first see her hand; and then taking out something like a pen-knife, he gave it a little scratch, so that a little blo followed, and the mark remained to that time, which she then showed them; then he took some of the blood in a pen, and pulling a book out of his pocket, bid her write her name; and when she said she could not, he said he would guide her hand. When this was done, he bid her now ask what she would have. And when she desired first to be revenged on the man, he promised to give her an account of it next night, and so leaving her some money, went away. The next night he came to her again, and told her he could do nothing against the man, for he went constantly to church, and said his prayers morning and evening. Then she desired him to revenge her on the maid; and he again promised her an account thereof the next night; but then he said the same of the maid, and that therefore he could not hurt her. But she said that there was a young child in the house, which was more easy to be dealt with. Whereupon she desired him to do what he could against it. The next night he came again, and brought with him an image of wax, and told her they must go and bury that in the church-yard, and then the child, which he had put in great pain already, should waste away as that image wasted. Whereupon they went together, and buried it. The child having laid in an anguishing condition for about eighteen months, and being very near death, the minister sent this woman with this account to the magistrates, who thereupon sent her to Mr. Moulton's, where, in the same room that the child lay, almost dead, she was examined concerning the particulars aforesaid; all which she confessed again, and had no sooner done, but the child, who was three years old, and was thought to be dead or dying, laughed, and began to stir and raise up itself; and from that instant began to recover. This woman and all the rest were convicted upon their own confessions, and executed accordingly.

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

We extract the following from the work of Prince de Ligne, an intelligent modern traveller: the manners and customs of these people will, we apprehend, in recent events, be found peculiarly interesting to our readers:—

The Turks are a people of antitheses; brave and cowardly, active and lazy, profligate and devout, refined and course, filthy and clean, keeping in the same room roses and a dead cat. The grandees are lofty and mean, mistrustful and ungrateful, generous, and yet thieves. All these qualities, of which the first are more numerous than the second, depend on circumstances, and are concealed by an ignorance and insensibility, which prevents their possessors from being miserable.

The Turks are open to impressions of gratitude and kind treatment, and in every circumstance of their life, they adhere to their word with constancy. Their utmost effort is to smile, and to reply with the head, the eyes, the arms, and the hands, which they move with nobleness. They scarcely ever speak; and even the servant of a janissary, though with naked legs and feet, and without a shirt, is a coxcomb after his fashion, and has an air superior to that of the young lords of European courts; the poorest of the Tuakish soldiery have no clothes to wear, but their arms of ornamented steel are covered with silver.

They resemble the Greeks in some points, and the Romans in many. They have the predilections of the one, and the customs of the other. Their works are charming, and full of taste; and their ideas are subtle and delicate. Like the Romans, they will not give themselves the trouble of laughing or dancing; like them also, they have their buffoons, and always recline at meals. They take great pleasure in having beautiful figures to bring their coffee, pipe, aloes-wood to burn, perfumes of amber, and essence of roses. Tuincs and slippers prove that they are not fond of walking. Nothing can equal the violence and rage of cold and phlegmatic persons among them; they even set a value on revenge; but with this exception, they are gentle and peaceable; never quarrelling, nor even disputing, and, if the disposition of a sultan and two or three great

officers of the empire, did not constantly keep them alarmed, they would be the best people in the world.

Ignorant through idleness and policy, and superstitious from habit and calculation, they are guided by a natural and a happy impulse. In war, they are equally adroit on foot, on horseback, or by water, and, individually, they are intrepid. Ranks being here confounded, since each has a right to all he can obtain, every one awaits the situation which chance may reserve for him; the *soap merchant* may become the prime minister—a *gardener* the high-admiral of the empire—and a *lackey* the commander of its armies.

In the small and unglazed shops; in the style of architecture observed in the dwellings; in the long covered-walks, now serving as *bazars;* in the loose-flowing habit worn by the natives; as well as in the practice of concealing the features of the women; and, above all, in the remarkable ceremonies and observances of the public baths, we behold those customs and appearances which characterized the cities of the Greeks There is every reason to believe, that the Turks themselves, at the conquest of Constantinople, adopted many of the customs and embraced the refinements of the people they had subdued. Their former habits had been those of Nomade tribes; their dwellings were principally tents; and the camp, rather than the city, distinguished their abode. Hence it followed, that with the houses, the furniture, and even the garb, would necessarily be associated; neither do the *divans* of Turkish apartments differ from those luxurious couches on which the Greeks and Romans were wont to repose.

ANECDOTES OF DRESS.

No. II.

The sugar-loaf hats of Charles the First's time are declared by an author, who ridiculed them, to have deprived, with every puff of wind, the wearers of their services, who were compelled to hold them on. The ruffs just before worn were still more outré. One author describes them as those 'abominable pedigrees of cobweb lawn, yellow starched ruffs, which disfigured the nation, and rendered it ridiculous and fantastical.' Yellow starch, mentioned to have been used in the ruffs of this period, is well known to have been introduced from France by the infamous Mrs. Turner, a midwife, who was hung for assisting in the murder of sir Thomas Overbury. The circumstance of her making her exit in one of them soon terminated the fashion, which had prevailed in the time of James I.

The fashion of forked shoes seems to have been revived in the reign of Charles I. "A fashion we have lately taken up," says a writer of that time, 'is to wear our forked shoes almost as long again as our feet, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foot; and not only so, but they prove an impediment to reverential devotion; for, as one notes, "our boots and shoes are so long mounted, that we can hardly kneel in God's house.' "

On the subject of the hair, much has been said by old writers. One author, who is loud in his praise of beards and whiskers (which were thought the very pink of manhood in that age), thus exclaims against the modern practice of shaving:—'That shaving the chin is justly to be accounted a note of effeminacy, what greater evidence can be given than to be transformed into the appearance of a woman?—a shameful metamorphosis:' He continues, 'With a razor, then, to go so deep as to leave no impression of hair upon the skin, as if we would with the same iron invade the roots, but that we fear wounds and deforming scars of the skin, is to turn rebel.' 'So we, against the edicts of God, the oracles of the prophets, the placits of councils, and the judgment of learned men, hold fast the foolish custom of shaving, and will sooner forbid ourselves fire and water than execute commands contrary to our custom; like wicked outlaws, despising the fulminations of Divine anger.'

Trimming of beards was at this time the great employment of the barber, as shaving is now. The exercising of this art on a Sunday, was, however, strictly prohibited in the puritanical times of the Commonwealth. Among the entries in the parish-book of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, we find various fines for this offence. 'William Glover, in Queen-street, and Isaac Thomas, a barber in Holborn,' seem to have been particularly unlucky; several entries of

their being fined 'for trimming of beards on the Lord's day,' occurring between the years 1649 and 1650.

Nor were the gallants of that day, who prided themselves on this masculine appendage, ignorant of some of the nostrums of modern times to prevent its exhibiting too soon the effects of age. 'That Grecian water,' now frequently advertised, or some compound resembling it, 'for changing grey hair to beautiful shades of brown or black,' is noticed by Dr. Bulwer, and is by him thus ridiculed as well as its users, 'A rebellious grey or white hair is offensive, as pointing out the approaches of age and decrepitude. Art must be summoned to the assistance of nature, and the aggrieved dye their beards, deceiving themselves, and every body else, if they could, contrary to all truth and reason —as if any man were so ignorant,' he ludicrously adds, 'and did not know, that there are none of these changeable-coloured beards, but at every motion of the sun, and every cast of the eye they present a different colour, and never a one perfect; much like unto those in the necks of your doves and pigeons; for, in every hair of those old coxcombs, you shall meet with three divers and sundry colours—white at the roots, yellow in the middle, and black at the points, like one of your parrot's feathers.'

Advertisements of articles of dress stolen, furnish the most authentic description of the materials composing it, we can possibly obtain. In 1680, a Mrs. Hankisson mentions, among other articles she had lost, 'a black cloth serge gown, stiff bodied; a Ferradine skirt; a crape shirt; lustring petticoat; another of mohair; a serge and damask mourning gown, lined with red and white chequered silk; a riding-hood; two large flowered silk skirts; a white silk petticoat, faced; a mantua, lined with pink-coloured silk; a white mohair petticoat laced; and a yellow silk net petticoat, with bone lace.'

Near the same time a young gentleman is advertised as being lost, who wore, 'strait long brownish hair, a suit of sad-coloured cloth, lined with flowered silk, the ground buff colour, with peach colour and green flowers, and a waistcoat of the same silk; a pair of silk stockings of the same colour of the cloth, and a sad-coloured cloth cap, turned up with sables, and laced down the seams with gold braid.' Soon after, 'a light-coloured cloth coat, lined with blue serge, the cape and sleeves faced with blue shag, gold and silver buttons, and silk, gold and silver loops, and the cape bound round with broad gold galloon, above three inches broad, was left in a coach,' and directed to be returned to the Master of the Rolls, in Chancery Lane. Blue blush caps were worn in the year 1681, and cloth coats lined with red, and satin ribbands of different colours, round the hat. The female servant of that day, in one instance, had on a red petticoat, a grey cloth waistcoat, a linsey woolsey apron, a red handkerchief, a black hood, and a white hat.

John Hall, a lad of fifteen, wore a perriwig in 1668, when he left his friends. Another young man, advertised for the same offence, had curled hair; his coat was of the favourite sad colour, with black buttons; his breeches of purple shag; white sleeves; black fringed gloves, and a black castor, with a silver-twisted hat-band.

The *Protestant Mercury* of Feb. 11, 1698, thus describes the French male dress of that period:—"Some gentlemen lately come from France, report, that the fashion there for men is as follows:—'A hat about two inches broad; a peruque very thin of hair; a coat fully plaited all round, with short cuffs; and the quarters of their shoes not over an inch broad; a small neckcloth tucked within their coats, with a very full string tied upon the same.'" Shoulder-knots were introduced by some ridiculous person, but without success.

In 1699, Spanish drugget coats and waistcoats, lined with Persian silk, were fashionable; the button and button-holes silver-frosted; the waistcoat trimmed with silver oris lace, and silver buttons. Flanders lace, at the same time, was in such high estimation, that even fans were composed of it. Such were some of the more prominent features of the fashions in dress, from near the time of the Conquest, until the conclusion of the seventeenth century; since which period we have had our trunk small-clothes, toupés, tails, and powdered pates. The good people of the next century will look upon the costume of 1827 with perhaps as much surprise as we survey that of our progenitors: the *cot!age-roofs* of our modern belles are not far behind, in point of absurdity, the sugar-loaf of Charles's time.

'THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF.'

I was born to a considerable inheritance and a title, my father, through his mother, who was the daughter of a Scotch earl, being heir, after the death of a distant relation, to a Scotch barony. You may be pretty sure that all this was not unknown to many of the visitors at Grumblethorpe-hall, and that the clod-pole was an object of interest to others besides my worthy parents. In the very next parish lived a gentleman a·d lady, who had inherited an overgrown fortune from a most distinguished ancestor, viz., John Twist, esq. the great tobacconist. Seventy or eighty thousand pounds were nothing—they were thought to have got from him in all as much as three or four hundred thousand, with which they had purchased a magnificent seat in the neighbourhood, and, unluckily for me, their lands joined my father's. I wish every acre of it had been in Nova Zembla. These good folks happened, as is generally the case, I think, not to be overburdened with children—had they been day-labourers they would have had a hundred; but all their progeny was one only daughter, heiress, of course, in the eye of the world, to all the leavings of the rich tobacconist.

My father, God bless him, was not covetous, but he knew that a title brought with it large and ungovernable expences; he had no more pride than covetousness, and I believe would as willingly see the barony branch suddenly off from the main stem of his inheritance, into ever so distant a collateral ramification, as come down perpendicularly or zigzag upon his head; but come it would, and who could help it? While the lands originally attached to it were expected some of them to stick to the earldom, which went into another line, and come to an elder barony, and some to this, and that, and t'other, till nothing but an *empty coronet* seemed left to my poor father. His own estate was excellent for a private gentleman, but he did not like this poor barony that was coming down to make him more conspicuous.

Miss Grizilda Twist was just three years younger than myself—all the pains that were possible had been taken to render her extremely disagreeable—she had been indulged from her infancy in every whim and caprice that could enter her weak mind, and overloaded with accomplishments that filled her head with conceit.

She was abominably proud, as might be expected, and by no means of an amiable temper. I would describe her person, but it might seem invidious, for perhaps many more amiable persons may jointly or severally have similar features; and as I mean that every body in the world shall read what I write, I wish to give no personal offence to any. I leave you all therefore, gentle readers, to guess whether her hair was black, brown, or bright red; whether her eyes were hazle, blue, or emerald green; whether her nose was Roman, Grecian, aquiline, or turned up in front, with large open nostrils; whether her teeth were ivory-white and even, or black and jagged;—I will fairly say I did not myself admire her person—but nothing more, readers.

One day, as my father and myself were walking round the grounds, he began about the peerage that was likely to come to us; says he, 'Bob, you know you are to be a lord!' 'I have heard so, sir,' says I. 'So much the worse, my boy,' says he. 'Certainly, sir,' says I, (for I never contradicted him); but, Thinks-I-to-myself, all the while, why so? 'You know, I suppose,' says he, 'that no estate comes with it.' 'Not till you told me, sir,' says I. 'A title without an estate is a sad incumbrance,' says he; I assented, though I cared no more about it than the man in the moon. 'This property is great enough in its way,' added my father, 'but not sufficient for a peer.' I forget what reply I made to this, for just at that moment he turned his right leg over the upper bar of the style, and there he sat—Thinks-I-to-myself, we'll a cock horse to Bandbury Cross. 'What in the world makes him sit so?' Says my father, slapping his left thigh, 'This leg, Bob, is in Grumblethorpe's domains,' Thinks-I-to-myself he's going mad—then, slapping his right thigh, 'In what domain is this leg, Bob?'—Thinks-I-to-myself he foams at the mouth!—however, he went on: 'This stile, Bob, you must know, exactly divides our property from Mr. Twist's.' I was delighted to hear him talk like a rational creature again; he looked at me, however, as if waiting for a reply, though I had said, Does it, sir?' or 'yes,' or some such

thing, in answer already: he repeated the remark.

Thinks-I-to-myself, what can my father mean? 'Many estates, Bob,' continued he, 'pass down straight forward through a long line of lineal descendants; some get off at right angles, one knows not where, for want of children to succeed: some gently and smoothly glide into other families, as by adoption, sale, or marriage:' he again made a solemn pause. Thinks-I-to-myself, what next? 'What a pity,' says he, 'Bob, that poor Mr. Twist should have no son.'—I said not a word—'A daughter,' continued he, 'must carry it all into some other family.'—I said nothing—'I suppose,' said he, 'there's many a young man looking out for Miss Twist.'—Thinks-I-to-myself let them look. Just at this moment we were interrupted; my father was called home to some person who wanted him on business: so recommending it to me to continue my walk, *on the Twist side of the style*, he quitted me. and returned to the house. T. R

Exhibitions.

No. I.

MISS LINWOOD'S GALLERY.

This interesting collection of pictures has been so long exhibited, as to be familiar in name to most of our readers: we wish every individual was able to speak of it from their own acquaintance with its contents. When we first visited it, we were surprised at their richness and beauty, and were puzzled to discover the difference between them and the originals. The Woodman and the Litter of Foxes (itself a treasure) in the first room, and the Salvator Mundi in the third, are superb and inimitable productions. We could almost swear to the axe and knife being steel, so correct are the colours. The Salvator, as now arranged, might form an appropriate altar-piece for a church. We enter the Gothic gallery through a door on the left of the first room, which has a half-dropped portcullis: the distribution of light and shade, the 'dim religious light' and the splendid piece so curiously introduced to notice, are alone worth seeing.

APOLLONICON.

Among the numerous exhibitions in the metropolis, few are so well calculated to gratify the refined taste, as the one which we now notice. The amazingly complicated machinery by which this self-acting instrument performs, must produce sensations of astonishment at the powers of mind required to its invention; and the tones which are produced by it strike the listener with admiration. We were never more gratified in our lives, though we went on one of the ordinary days; but to be present on a Saturday, when that excellent musician, Mr. Purkis, performs, must be a treat of no ordinary description. The room is very commodious, and the case of the instrument is designed with great taste.

Original Poetry.

THE MISLETOE.

Thou yellow bunch, with berries white,
By juice of neighbour nourish'd;
'Tis said, in Druid's holy rite,
Thy brittle branches flourish'd.
Found on the mossy arms of oak,
With golden blade they cut thee;
And, as the mystic words they spoke,
On sacred pile they put thee.

But Druid rites are over now,
Yet never be thou missing;
I'll sacred hold thy hallow'd bough,
Because it sanctions kissing:
Thy branches o'er my couch I'll twine,
And round my brows I'll wreathe them,
And rites, than Druid's more divine,
I'll celebrate beneath them.

Ah! what's the luscious lip to me,
Tho' dews of nectar tip it?
Unless I'm privileg'd by thee,
Alas! I dare not sip it.
Then, while the Gorse, with golden blow,
Shall kissing keep in fashion,
Be thou at hand, O Misletoe,
And help the harmless passion.

But so it haps, if one is near,
The other's out of season;
Or if the other should be there,
To touch it would be treason.
Ye pretty plants! admir'd of me;
Oh, by ye both I swear it,
Whene'er the one of ye I see,
I wish the other near it!

H. M. LANDER.

JANUARY.

Stern winter's icy breath, intensely keen,
Now chills the blood, and withers every green.
Bright shines the azure sky serenely fair,
Or driving snows obscure the turbid air.

Civilized nations in general have agreed to date the commencement of the year on the first of January, within a few days after the *winter solstice*, or shortest day, which always takes place on the 21st of December. — In the month of January, the weather in the British islands is commonly either a clear dry frost, or fog and snow, occasionally intermingled with rain. Nothing can be more wonderful than the effects of frost, which in the space of a single night, stops the running stream in its course, and converts the lake, that was curled by every breeze, into a firm plain. Water when frozen is expanded; that is, it takes up more room than before. If a bottle of water, close corked, be set to freeze, the bottle will be broken for want of room for the water to expand in. Even cannons filled with water, plugged up at the muzzle and touch-hole, have been burst by intense frost. This property of frost produces a beneficial effect to the farmer; for the hard clods of the ploughed fields are loosened and broken to pieces by the swelling of the water wirhin them when it freezes, and thus the earth is prepared for receiving the seed in the spring. The water of clouds freezing, slowly christallizes in little icy darts or stars, forming by their assemblage the beautiful flakes of snow. Its whiteness is owing to the smallness of the particles into which it is divided; for ice, when pounded, becomes equally white. Snow is very useful hy protecting the plants it covers from of the frost. Hail-stones are drops of rain suddenly congealed into a hard mass, so as to preserve their figure. They often fall in warmer seasons of the year, as even the upper regions of the atmosphere are very cold. When dew or mist freezes, as it frequently does, on every object on which it falls, it becomes hoar frost, producing figures of incomparable beauty and elegance. As the cold of this inclement season advances, the birds collect in flocks, and rendered bold by want, approach the habitations of man. The wild quadrupeds also are driven from their accustomed haunts; hares enter the gardens to browze on cultivated vegetables, and; leaving their tracks in the snow, are frequently hunted down or caught in snares. The hen-roosts are pillaged by foxes, polecats, and other small beasts of prey, bred in this country; but, in these islands, we are happily unacquainted with the troops of wolves, bears, and other fierce creatures, which, urged by famine at this season of the year, often terrify the villagers in the mountainous and woody regions on the continent.—The domestic cattle require all the care of the farmer. Sheep are often lost in the sudden storms by which the snow is drifted into hollows, so as to bury them a considerable depth beneath it; yet they have been known to live many days in this situation. Cows receive their subsistence from the provision of the farm-yard; and early lambs and calves are kept within doors, and tended with nearly as much care as the farmer's own children. The plants at this season are defended by nature from the effects of cold. Those called *herbaceous*, which die down to the root every autumn, are safely concealed under ground; and the shrubs and trees that are exposed to the open air, have all their soft and tender parts closely wrapped up in buds, which, by their texture, resist the effects of frost, and are hence aptly termed by Linnæus the *hybernacula*, or winter quarters of the young shoots.

We have now waded through the peculiarities of the month of January; and in commencing the new year, wish our readers health, happiness, and prosperity.

NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

On the commencement of January, presents, called new year's gifts, are sent to friends and acquaintances. The custom was probably adopted from the Saturnalia, which were feasts instituted in honour of Saturn, and kept at Rome on December 17, or the sixteen calends of January. They continued about a week, during which there were frequent and luxurious feastings amongst friends, and presents were sent mutually. But as the heathens imagined the sending presents at this season was unlucky, and an omen of the success of the following year; and as some christians ap-

pear to have entertained the same notion, several holy men, and some general councils, forbade any such custom, because the observance of it out of any such design or view, was superstitious and sinful. The practice itself, however, is innocent, if not praiseworthy. Accordingly, Mr. Bourne says, 'If I send a new year's gift to my friend, it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy, and give praise and adoration to the Giver of all good gifts.' Those little white spots which sometimes grow under the nails of the fingers, are denominated gifts. The reason of their being called gifts, is as wise a one as that of letters, winding-sheets, &c. in a candle. Those spots are from white glittering particles, which are mixed with red in the blood, and happen to remain there some time.

Varieties.

SIGNAL SELF-PUNISHMENT.

Three German robbers, having acquired, by various atrocities, what amounted to a valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil, and retire from so dangerous a vocation: when the day arrived which they had appointed for that purpose, one of them was despatched to a neighbouring town to purchase provisions for their last carousal; the other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that each might come in for half the plunder instead of one-third: they did so; but the murdered man was a closer calculator than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned part of the provisions, in order that he might appropriate the whole to himself: the triumvirate of worthies were found dead together.

LABOUR.

It has been computed by political arithmeticians, that if every man and woman would work for four hours each day in something useful, that labour would produce sufficient to procure all the necessaries and comforts of life; want and misery would be banished from the world, and the rest of the twenty-four hours would be leisure and pleasure.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING A GOOD LADY.

MR. EDITOR.— It is with the greatest veneration that I address the fair readers of '*The Casket*,' on behalf of the following receipt, for I consider a virtuous lady, not only as an ornament to society, but a person from whom we derive a great part of our present happiness, therefore I the more forcibly recommend my receipt to their immediate notice, assuring them it will raise their thoughts from every trifling pursuit, and lift them to that perfection, from whence our primeval parents unhappily fell, and to which it is our indispensable duty to aspire. Sensible that the ladies will readily patronise what is of the greatest utility to their well-being, I shall, without farther apology, lay before them my infallible prescription:

Take four ounces of good nature, one drachm of discretion, half a pound of good manners, separated from all affectation, one ounce of risibility, tempered with two and a half of moderation, three quarters of a pound of knowledge drawn from experience, three scruples of religion, purified from all hypocrisy, five ounces of pity, blended with an equal quantity of benevolence, two drachms of sincerity refined from the pernicious dregs of deceit, two ounces of love, a quarter of a pound of reason, seven ounces of industry, one pound of frugality, a cup-full of modesty, and a thimble-full of judgment: these, properly complicated, and a large table-spoonfull taken night and morning, will make your company desirable, your conversation pleasing, yet instructing, your virtues as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore, and in short you will appear like an inhabitant descended from the celestial regions. The consideration of these, I think, will be sufficient to induce you to have recourse to this incomparable medicine, without hesitating a moment. L. D——T.

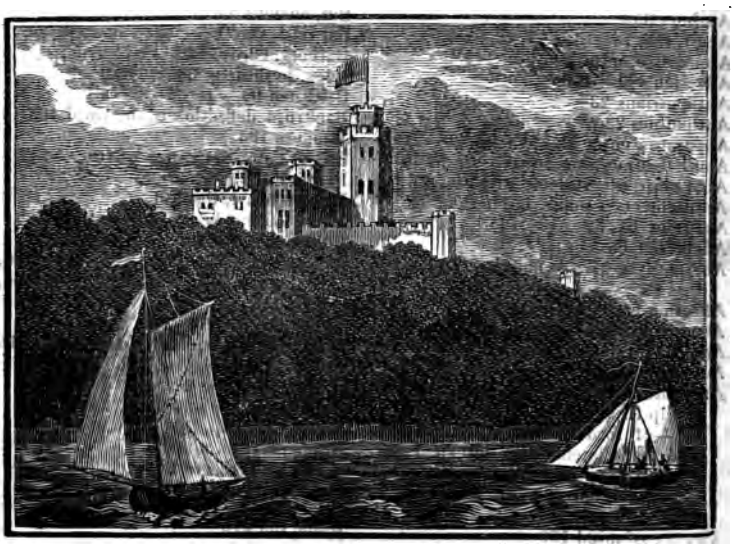
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The Casket.

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COWES CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

This elegant building was erected by John Nash, esq., architect to the King, the Board of Works, the Bank of England, &c., and we believe, is the only private edifice ever erected by him in the style of pointed architecture. The interior is particularly splendid, embracing a suite of rooms, as extensive as those in the south wing of Windsor Castle, and possessing an equally enchanting prospect; among the principal objects of which are Southampton, Portsmouth, the beautiful sylvan scenery of the New Forest, and the broad expanse of water, known by the name of Spithead, upon which are always floating some of the wooden walls of old England. On the site of this unique mansion (of which the above is so faithful a representation), King Henry VIII. erected a fort, corresponding to the one on the western side of the river Medina (known as West Cowes Castle) which Mr. Nash destroyed previous to building the present structure.

The grounds attached to this mansion, and the proximity of the seat to several fashionable watering places, including West Cowes, Southampton, and Ryde, make it one of the most delightful residences in the acknowledged 'Paradise of England,' the Isle of Wight.

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In bringing the first Volume of THE CASKET *to a close, the Editor returns his grateful acknowledgments to the Public for their liberal patronage of his little work. Many of the articles are original; and in his selections, the Editor has endeavoured to suit the tastes of all classes of readers. The grave and the gay—the sprightly and the sad—will all find* morçeaux *adapted to their respective palates. We beg our numerous correspondents to accept our best acknowledgments, and invite them to a continuance of their favours. We have only to add that, in our second Volume, (the first Number of which will appear on Friday next) no exertions shall be spared to render it one of the most amusing periodicals of the day.*

END OF VOL. I.

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